

# SEQUEL

TO

## THE ENGLISH READER:

OR,

ELEGANT SELECTIONS

*IN PROSE AND POETRY.*

DESIGNED TO IMPROVE

THE HIGHEST CLASS OF LEARNERS IN READING;

TO ESTABLISH

A TASTE FOR JUST AND ACCURATE COMPOSITION;

AND TO PROMOTE

THE INTERESTS OF PIETY AND VIRTUE.

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BY LINDLEY MURRAY,

*Author of an "English Grammar adapted to the different  
Classes of Learners," &c.*

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STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON, PHILADELPHIA.



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THE ENGLISH READER  
BY  
J. W. B. WILSON  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY  
J. W. B. WILSON  
AND  
J. W. B. WILSON  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOLUME I  
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VOLUME I

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# RECOMMENDATIONS

## OF MURRAY'S WORKS.



### 1. SEQUEL TO THE ENGLISH READER.

"WE notice this useful volume of Mr. Murray, for the sake of the additions and improvements which it has received in this edition. The selections are enlarged by nine different articles; of which it is enough to say, that they display Mr. Murray's taste, judgment, and acquaintance with English literature; and that enlightened regard to religion and morality, which so eminently qualifies him to guide the studies of youth. What, however, chiefly deserves our remark, is an appendix annexed to this edition, containing Biographical Sketches of the authors mentioned in the "Introduction to the English Reader," the "English Reader" itself, and the "Sequel to the Reader;" with occasional strictures on their writings, and references to the particular works by which they have been most distinguished. These sketches are uncommonly well done. They form a sort of introduction to Literary History and Criticism, which must prove both interesting and instructive to the juvenile mind."

*Literary Journal, February, 1805.*

"We have already borne our testimony to the high merit of Mr. Murray, as an acute grammarian, and as blending in his various works, with uncommon happiness, a delicate and correct taste both in literature and morals. We are pleased, though not surprised, to see that the public has demanded a new edition of the respectable work now before us."

*Annual Review, 1804.*

"We regard as a very valuable improvement, the biographical and critical *Appendix* introduced into this edition, of the "Sequel to the English Reader." It contains short, but instructive accounts, of all the authors from whose works both these selections have been formed, those excepted, who are yet living. This compilation (the *Sequel*) appears more free from objectionable passages, and better adapted to the improvement of youth, than any other of the kind which we have seen."

*Eclectic Review, June, 1805.*

"The second edition of this excellent school book contains the addition of nine extracts selected from Addison, Carter, Hawkesworth, &c. An *Appendix* also of 62 pages is subjoined, containing Biographical Sketches of the authors from whom this selection is made. These are executed with brevity and neatness.—We have no hesitation in recommending this selection, as the best of its kind."

*Critical Review, May, 1805.*

### 2. ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

"Mr Murray's Grammar, Exercises, and Key to the Exercises, form altogether, by far, the most complete and judicious analysis of the English language, that has hitherto been published. The rules for composition are excellent; the examples are selected with taste and judgment; and the execution of the whole displays an unusual degree of critical acuteness and sagacity."

*Annual Review, 1802.*

"Mr. Murray's English Grammar, English Exercises, and Abridgment of the Grammar, claim our attention on account of their being composed on the principle we have so frequently recommended, of combining religious and moral improvement with the elements of scientific knowledge. But as it is not a part of our plan, to enter into a particular examination of works of this nature, we shall only say, that they have long been in high estimation."

"The late learned Dr. Blair gave his opinion of them in the following terms:—Mr. Lindley Murray's Grammar, with the Exercises and the Key in a separate volume, I esteem as a most excellent performance. I think it superior to any work of that nature we have yet had; and am persuaded that it is, by much, the best Grammar of the English language extant. On Syntax, in particular, he has shown a wonderful degree of acuteness and precision, in ascertaining the propriety of language, and in rectifying the numberless errors which writers are apt to commit. Most useful these books must certainly be to all who are applying themselves to the arts of composition."

*Guardian of Education, July, 1803.*

"This Grammar is a publication of much merit, and fully answers the professions in the title. The *Appendix* contains some of the best rules for writing elegantly, and with propriety, that we recollect to have seen."

*Monthly Review, July, 1796.*

"We have been much pleased with the perusal of Mr. Murray's 'English Exercises.' They occupy, with distinguished excellence, a most important place in the science of the English language; and, as such we can warmly recommend them to the teachers of schools, as well as to all those who are desirous of attaining correctness and precision in their native tongue."

*Monthly Review, July, 1797.*

"These Exercises are in general well calculated to promote the purpose of information, not only with regard to orthography and punctuation, but also in point of phraseology, syntax, and precise perspicuity of composition."

*Critical Review, October, 1797*

"The very general approbation, which this Grammar has received from the public, is sufficiently indicative of its merits: and we have much pleasure in confirming the decision of the public, respecting its superiority over all other English Grammars. We request the author to continue his exertions for the instruction of the rising generation."

*Critical Review, June, 1807.*

"The principle upon which all the publications of Mr. Murray, for the instruction of the rising generation, are founded, is such as gives him an unquestionable claim to public protection. The man who blends religion and morals with the elements of scientific knowledge, renders an eminent service to society: and where ability of execution is added to excellence of design, as in the present case, the claim becomes irresistible."

*Anti-Jacobin Review, January, 1804.*

"Mr. Murray's Grammar, as well as his other publications, has received the uniform approbation of literary characters and journalists. We do not hesitate warmly to recommend them to the instructors of youth in every part of the United States, as eminently conducive to pure morality and religion, and to the acquisition of a correct and elegant



style. They deserve to take place of all other works of the same kind which are now used in our schools."

*The American Review and Literary Journal, for July, August, and September, 1801.*

"Our sentiments, with regard to the omission or insertion of the relative pronoun, are exactly stated by Mr. Lindley Murray, the ingenious author of the best English Grammar, beyond all comparison, that has yet appeared."

*Imperial Review, September, 1805.*

"We have to close our avowal of the pleasure, with which we have read this excellent work, (the Grammar,) by expressing our entire approbation of the author's *Appendix*, which will enable the student to make a proper use, in composition, of the instructions dispersed through the Grammar. It concludes with a serious and affectionate exhortation to youth; which manifests the purity and dignity of the author's principles, as the general execution of his work demonstrates his talent and research. We rejoice that it has attained to so extensive a circulation and we earnestly recommend it to all, who are desirous of acquiring a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the English language; but more especially to those who are engaged in the grammatical instruction of youth; as we have no doubt that they will derive from it the most valuable assistance to their labours."

*Eclectic Review, September, 1805.*

### 3. INTRODUCTION TO THE ENGLISH READER.

"Our pages bear ample testimony, both to the ability and the diligence of Mr. Murray. His different publications evince much sound judgment and good sense; and his selections are very well calculated to answer the intended purpose. What Mr. Murray observes in his system of rules for assisting children to read with propriety, is worth attention; the precept with which he concludes, is particularly so: 'Find out, and imitate a good example.'"

*British Critic, November, 1801.*

### 4. THE ENGLISH READER.

"This selection reflects much credit on the taste of the Compiler; and the arrangement of the various pieces is judicious. The preliminary rules for enunciation are useful and clearly delivered. We therefore recommend this small volume to those who wish to attain, without the help of instructors, the important advantages of thinking and speaking with propriety."

*Monthly Review, August, 1799.*

### 5. THE POWER OF RELIGION ON THE MIND.

"This work, which has been long and justly admired, has, in the last edition, received many alterations and improvements; and, in its present enlarged state, forms, in our opinion, one of the best books that can be put into the hands of young people. The subject is grave and important; but Mr. Murray has rendered it highly interesting and engaging, by a judicious selection of anecdotes and examples; which, by the intermixture of pious reflections, he teaches the reader to apply to his own benefit."

*Guardian of Education, Aug. 1803.*

"That 'examples draw where precepts fail,' is a truth which has been acknowledged in all ages and nations; and on the strength of this principle, Mr. Murray has had recourse to experience, in evincing the power and importance of religion. He has thus furnished an interesting and

lection of testimonies ; and we wonder not, that a work so instructive and amusing, as well as impressive, should have been generally patronised. It is a book which may be read, with profit, by persons in all situations : and with the rising generation, it may answer the double purpose, of improving them in biography and in virtue."

*Monthly Review, August, 1801.*

#### 6. INTRODUCTION AU LECTURE FRANCOIS.

"This little Volume, which is designed for the use of persons who have just begun to learn the French language, is composed of extracts from French writers of reputation, who are distinguished by the propriety and usefulness of their sentiments. Mr. Murray has exercised his usual caution and judgment in these selections ; and his explanations, in the Appendix, of the idiomatical expressions and difficult phrases, which occur in the extracts, are well calculated to simplify, and consequently to facilitate the study of the language."

*Anti-Jacobin Review, April, 1807.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE second edition of this work has received the Author's particular attention. Many of the pieces in the former edition, are omitted, and others inserted which are of superior importance, or more interesting to young persons. The new edition contains also, in an Appendix, Biographical Sketches of the authors mentioned in the "Introduction to the English Reader," the "English Reader" itself, and the "Sequel to the Reader," with occasional strictures on their writings, and references to the particular works by which they have been most distinguished.\* The strictures are derived from authors of taste and celebrity.

By these Biographical Sketches, it is the Compiler's intention, not only to gratify the young reader's curiosity, respecting the authors of the pieces he has perused ; but also to present to him such facts and sentiments as are peculiarly instructive and interesting, and calculated to make durable impressions on his mind. The language too of these sketches has been studiously regarded ; that no want of accuracy or perspicuity in the composition, might prevent this part of the book from forming an additional number of occasional exercises in reading.

In the THIRD edition, several Biographical Sketches will be found, of authors who died since the publication of the work.

\* From the difficulty of obtaining accurate and impartial information, and from motives of delicacy, no account is given of living authors.

## INTRODUCTION.



THE "English Reader" has been so favourably received by the public, as to encourage the Compiler to hope, that the present volume will not be deemed unworthy of attention. It pursues the same objects as the former work; it preserves the same chaste attention to the morals of youth; its materials are taken from the most correct and elegant writers; and as the pieces are generally more extended, and contain a greater variety of style and composition, it is presumed that it forms a proper "Sequel to the Reader," and is calculated to improve, both in schools and in private families, the highest class of young readers.

In selecting materials for the poetical part of his work, the Compiler met with few authors, the whole of whose writings were unexceptionable. Some of them have had unguarded moments, in which they have written what is not proper to come under the notice of youth. He must not therefore be understood as recommending every production of all the poets who have contributed to his selection.\* Judicious parents and tutors, who feel the importance of a guarded education, will find it incumbent upon them to select for their children and pupils, such writings, both in prose and poetry, as are proper for their perusal; and young persons will evince their virtue and good sense, by cordially acquiescing in the judgment of those who are deeply interested in their welfare. Perhaps the best reason that can be offered, in favour of poetical selections for the use of young and innocent minds, is, the tendency which they have, when properly made, to preserve the chastity of their sentiments, and the purity of their morals.

In "The Sequel," as well as in "The English Reader," several pieces are introduced, which in a striking manner display the beauty and excellence of the Christian religion. Extracts of this kind, if frequently diffused amongst the elements of literature, would doubtless produce happy effects on the minds of youth; and contribute very materially to counteract, both the open and the secret labours of Infidelity. With these views, the Compiler derived particular satisfaction, in selecting those pieces which are calculated to attach the young mind to a religion perfectly adapted to the condition of man; and which not only furnishes the most rational and sublime enjoyments in this life, but secures complete and permanent felicity hereafter.

\* Justice to the authors from whose writings the extracts were made, and regard to the credit of the present work, rendered the insertion of names indispensable.

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# SEQUEL TO THE ENGLISH READER.

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## PART I. PIECES IN PROSE.

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### CHAPTER I. NARRATIVE PIECES.

#### SECTION I.

*Religion the foundation of Content. An Allegory.*

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises in the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated. The man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion; and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city. The angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to HIM only from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

"It is now six years since our mighty lord the caliph Alnalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense. In the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. He dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond

the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean, it was neat; and though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions, and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied: he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear: thou art greater than I; and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life and happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty; and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition. To exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue."—He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

"As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated. I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamed of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, feasting, and pleasures; and waked only to regret the illusions that had

vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

"In the first moon of the following year, the caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan," said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb forever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed. Thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

"When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character. I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansary in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured

an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away. Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such thou knowest was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

“His son Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy. He suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger, and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. Oh! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. Oh! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter: for the pleasures of neither can return.”—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upwards, burst into tears.

Omar having waited till this agency was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, “My son,” said he, “more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.”

“Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou had believed that, by the tenor of thy life, these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet; to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven.”

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the



counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind, like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

DR JOHNSON.

## SECTION II.

### *The vision of Mirza; exhibiting a picture of human life*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was in reality a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock; and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and, upon further examina-

tion, perceived there were innumerable trap doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them: but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and setting upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it,



but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

ADDISON

## SECTION III.

*Endeavours of mankind to get rid of their burdens; a dream.\**

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further: he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

\* Dr Johnson used to say, that this Essay of Addison's on the burdens of mankind, was the most exquisite he had ever read.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it: but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that

every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length: I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

#### SECTION IV.

##### *The same subject continued.*

IN my last paper I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted

an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor humpbacked gentleman, mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.—These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made so awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my



cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

ADDISON.

## SECTION V.

*The Vision of Almet.*

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose :  
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those :  
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear.

POPE.

ALMET, the dervise who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed steadfastly on him, with a look of mournful complacency and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose

"Almet," said the stranger, "thou seest before thee a man whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off, and my heart sinks, when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me. For this purpose, I am come: a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed." Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and stretching out his hands towards heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the knowledge which I have received from the prophet, I will communicate to thee."

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, my eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which were visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are you busy? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves, whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those, to whom custom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a sense of toil and danger; of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! And if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made.

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The



streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared. I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast my eyes upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "Almet," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read with understanding: it is again opened before thee: look up, consider it, and be wise."

I looked up, and beheld an enclosure, beautiful as the gardens of paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty. On the one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other, were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace. His eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power. His features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eyes were again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with his appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to inquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: "The book of nature," said he, "is before thee: look up, consider it, and be wise." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren. On the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade. The sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up: but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active. He kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence. Sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way: but the sprightliness

of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again towards the angel, impatient to inquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request: "Almet," said he, "remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablet of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end. The value of this period of thy existence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy. The song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred, that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed, and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

"What then has eternal wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayst direct the wanderer to happiness and justify God to man."

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts, to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee; but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou "rejoice in hope." and look forward to the end of life, as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spoke, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

HAWKESWORTH.

## SECTION VI

*Religion and Superstition continued.*

## A VISION.

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember every word of it; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

I thought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures that imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest; from every baleful tree, the night raven uttered his dreadful note; and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner.

“Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn, that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched. This is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I espied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow, sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; enlarga-



glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts; when with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

"My name is RELIGION. I am the offspring of TRUTH and LOVE, and the parent of BENEVOLENCE, HOPE, and JOY. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called SUPERSTITION; she is the child of DISCONTENT, and her followers are FEAR and SORROW. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character; and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the borders of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink."

"Look round, and survey the various beauties of the globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race; and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is, to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have faculties assigned them for various orders of delights."

"What!" cried I, "is this the language of RELIGION? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indulgence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures, corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it: both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adorning the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing and invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angels



natures, unmingled felicity forever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excess, must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulf into which thou wast just now going to plunge.”

“Whilst the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure, in this pursuit, of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, are at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities: but yet whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final destination.”

“Return then with me from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity: return from the contracted views of solitude, to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. RELIGION is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrain-

ed to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of SUPERSTITION, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember that the greatest honour you can pay the Author of your being, is a behaviour so cheerful as discovers a mind satisfied with its own dispensations."

Here my preceptress paused; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new rising sun darting his beams through my windows, awoke me

CARTER.

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## CHAPTER II.

### DIDACTIC PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

#### *Vicious connexions the ruin of virtue.*

AMONG the numerous causes which introduce corruption into the heart, and accelerate its growth, none is more unhappily powerful than the contagion which is diffused by bad examples, and heightened by particular connexions with persons of loose principles, or dissolute morals. This, in a licentious state of society, is the most common source of those vices and disorders which so much abound in great cities; and often proves, in a particular manner, fatal to the young; even to them whose beginnings were once auspicious and promising. It may therefore be a useful employment of attention, to trace the progress of this principle of corruption; to examine the means by which "evil communications" gradually undermine, and at last destroy "good morals." It is indeed disagreeable to contemplate human nature, in this downward course of its progress. But it is always profitable to know our own infirmities and dangers.

As certain virtuous principles are still inherent in human nature, there are few who set out at first in the world without good dispositions. The warmth which belongs to youth naturally exerts itself in generous feelings, and sentiments of honour; in strong attachment to friends, and the other emotions of a kind and tender heart. Almost all the plans with which persons who have been liberally educated, begin the world, are connected with honourable views. At that period, they repudiate whatever is mean or base. It is pleasing to them to think of commanding the esteem of those among whom they live, and of acquiring a name among men. But alas: how soon does this flattering prospect begin to be overcast! Desires of pleasure usher in temptation, and forward the growth of disorderly passions. Ministers of vice are seldom wanting to encourage and flatter the passions of the young. Inferiors study to creep into

favour by servile obsequiousness to all their desires and humours. Glad to find any apology for the indulgences of which they are fond, the young too readily listen to the voice of those who suggest to them that strict notions of religion, order, and virtue, are old fashioned and illiberal; that the restraints which they impose are only fit to be prescribed to those who are in the first stage of pupilage; or to be preached to the vulgar who ought to be kept within the closest bounds of regularity and subjection. But the goodness of their hearts, it is insinuated to them, and the liberality of their views, will fully justify their emancipating themselves, in some degree, from the rigid discipline of parents and teachers.

Soothing as such insinuations are to the youthful and inconsiderate, their first steps, however, in vice, are cautious and timid, and occasionally checked by remorse. As they begin to mingle more in the world, and emerge into the circles of gaiety and pleasure, finding these loose ideas countenanced by too general practice, they gradually become bolder in the liberties they take. If they have been bred to business, they begin to tire of industry, and look with contempt on the plodding race of citizens. If they are of superior rank, they think it becomes them to resemble their equals; to assume that freedom of behaviour, that air of forwardness, that tone of dissipation, that easy negligence of those with whom they converse, which appear fashionable in high life. If affluence of fortune unhappily concurs to favour their inclinations, amusements and diversions succeed in a perpetual round: night and day are confounded; gaming fills up their vacant intervals; they live wholly in public places; they run into many degrees of excess, disagreeable even to themselves, merely from weak complaisance, and the fear of being ridiculed by their loose associates. Among these associates, the most hardened and determined always take the lead. The rest follow them with implicit submission; and make proficiency in this school of iniquity, in exact proportion to the weakness of their understandings, and the strength of their passions.

How many pass away, after this manner, some of the most valuable years of their life, tost in a whirlpool of what cannot be called pleasure, so much as mere giddiness and folly! In the habits of perpetual connexion with idle or licentious company, all reflection is lost; while circulated from one empty head, and one thoughtless heart, to another, folly shoots up into all its most ridiculous forms; prompts the extravagant, unmeaning frolic in private; or sallies forth in public into mad riot; impelled sometimes by intoxication, sometimes by mere levity of spirits.

Amidst this course of juvenile infatuation, I readily admit, that much good nature may still remain. Generosity and attachments may be found; nay, some awe of religion may still subsist, and some remains of those good impressions which were made upon the mind in early days. It might yet be very possible to reclaim such persons, and to form them for useful and respectable stations in the world, if virtuous and improving society should happily succeed to the place of that idle crew, with whom they now associate; if important busi-



ness should occur, to bring them into a different sphere of action ; or, if some seasonable stroke of affliction should in mercy be sent, to recall them to themselves, and to awaken serious and manly thought. But if youth and vigour, and flowing fortune continue ; if a similar succession of companions go on to amuse them, to engross their time, and to stir up their passions ; the day of ruin—let them take heed, and beware !—the day of irrecoverable ruin, begins to draw nigh. Fortune is squandered ; health is broken ; friends are offended, affronted, estranged ; aged parents, perhaps, sent afflicted and mourning to the dust.

There are certain degrees of vice which are chiefly stamped with the character of the ridiculous, and the contemptible : and there are also certain limits, beyond which, if it pass, it becomes odious and detestable. If, to other corruptions which the heart has already received, be added the infusion of sceptical principles, that worst of all the “evil communications” of sinners, the whole of morals is then on the point of being overthrown. For, every crime can then be palliated to conscience ; every check and restraint which had hitherto remained, is taken away. He who, in the beginning of his course, soothed himself with the thought, that while he indulged his desires, he did hurt to no man ; now, pressed by the necessity of supplying those wants into which his expensive pleasures have brought him, goes on without remorse to defraud, and to oppress. The lover of pleasure now becomes hardened and cruel ; violates his trust, or betrays his friend ; becomes a man of treachery, or a man of blood, satisfying, or at least endeavouring all the while to satisfy himself, that circumstances form his excuse ; that by necessity he is impelled ; and that, in gratifying the passions which nature had implanted within him, he does no more than follow nature.

Miserable and deluded man ! to what art thou come at the last ? Dost thou pretend to follow nature, when thou art contemning the laws of the God of nature ? when thou art stifling his voice within thee, which remonstrates against thy crimes ? when thou art violating the best part of thy nature, by counteracting the dictates of justice and humanity ? Dost thou follow nature, when thou renderest thyself a useless animal on the earth ; and not useless only, but noxious to the society to which thou belongest, and to which thou art a disgrace ; noxious, by the bad example thou hast set ; noxious, by the crimes thou hast committed ; sacrificing innocence to thy guilty pleasures, and introducing shame and ruin into the habitations of peace ; defrauding of their due the unsuspecting who have trusted thee ; involving in the ruins of thy fortune many a worthy family : reducing the industrious and the aged to misery and want ; by all which, if thou hast escaped the deserved sword of justice, thou hast at least brought on thyself the resentment, and the reproach, of all the respectable and the worthy.—Tremble then at the view of the gulf which is opening before thee. Look with horror at the precipice, on the brink of which thou standest : and if yet a moment be left for retreat, think how thou mayst escape, and be saved.



## SECTION II.

### *On Cheerfulness.*

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider an act, the former a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. They who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy, are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth; on the contrary, cheerfulness though it does not give the mind a gladness so exquisite, prevents it from falling into any depth of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth, as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart, that are inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions. It is of a serene and composed nature. It does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity; and is very conspicuous in the characters of those, who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those, who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him; tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured around him; and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence, towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of the mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise

and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is, the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind, which are the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in a bad man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of; and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy in themselves, should be so to the rest of the world: and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with tranquillity, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose a man, who is sure it will bring him to a joyful harbour.

He who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which was so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity; when

it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being causes a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man; and makes him feel as much happiness as he is capable of conceiving.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means; whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him; and whose unchangeableness will secure for us this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart, which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us: to which I may likewise add, those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us so even and cheerful a temper, as will make us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we are made to please.

ADDISON.

### SECTION III.

#### *Happy effects of contemplating the works of nature.*

WITH the Divine works we are in every place surrounded. We can cast our eyes no where, without discerning the hand of Him who formed them, if the grossness of our minds will only allow us to behold Him. Let giddy and thoughtless men turn aside a little from the haunts of riot. Let them stand still, and contemplate the wondrous works of God; and make trial of the effect which such contemplation would produce.—It were good for them that, even independently of the Author, they were more acquainted with his works; good for them, that from the societies of loose and dissolute men, they would retreat to the scenes of nature; would oftener dwell among them, and enjoy their beauties. This would form them to the relish of uncorrupted, innocent pleasures; and make them feel the value of calm enjoyments, as superior to the noise and turbulence of licentious gaiety. From the harmony of nature, and of nature's works, they would learn to hear sweeter sounds than those which arise from "the viol, the tabret, and the pipe."

But to higher and more serious thoughts these works of nature give occasion, when considered in conjunction with the Creator who made them.—Let me call on you, my friends, to catch some interval



of reflection, some serious moment, for looking with thoughtful eye on the world around you. Lift your view to that immense arch of heaven which encompasses you above. Behold the sun in all his splendour rolling over your head by day; and the moon by night, in mild and serene majesty, surrounded with the host of stars which present to your imagination an innumerable multitude of worlds. Listen to the awful voice of thunder. Listen to the roar of the tempest and the ocean. Survey the wonders that fill the earth which you inhabit. Contemplate a steady and powerful Hand, bringing round spring and summer, autumn and winter, in regular course; decorating this earth with innumerable beauties, diversifying it with innumerable inhabitants; pouring forth comforts on all that live; and at the same time, overawing the nations with the violence of the elements, when it pleases the Creator to let them forth. After you have viewed yourselves as surrounded with such a scene of wonders; after you have beheld, on every hand, so astonishing a display of majesty united with wisdom and goodness; are you not seized with solemn and serious awe? Is there not something which whispers within, that to this great Creator reverence and homage are due, by all the rational beings whom he has made? Admitted to be spectators of his works, placed in the midst of so many great and interesting objects, can you believe that you were brought hither for no purpose, but to immerse yourselves in gross and brutal, or, at best, in trifling pleasures; lost to all sense of the wonders you behold; lost to all reverence of that God who gave you being, and who has erected this amazing fabric of nature, on which you look only with stupid and unmeaning eyes?—No: let the scenes which you behold prompt correspondent feelings. Let them awaken you from the degrading intoxication of licentiousness, into nobler emotions. Every object which you view in nature, whether great or small, serves to instruct you. The star and the insect, the fiery meteor and the flower of spring, the verdant field and the lofty mountain, all exhibit a supreme Power, before which you ought to tremble and adore; all preach the doctrine, all inspire the spirit of devotion and reverence. Regarding, then, the work of the Lord, let rising emotions of awe and gratitude call forth from your souls such sentiments as these: “Lord, wherever I am, and whatever I enjoy, may I never forget thee, as the Author of nature! May I never forget that I am thy creature and thy subject! In this magnificent temple of the universe, where thou hast placed me, may I ever be thy faithful worshipper; and may the reverence and the fear of God be the first sentiments of my heart!”

BLAIR.

## SECTION IV.

*Reflections on the universal presence of the Deity.*

IN one of my late papers, I had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to show, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence; or, in other words, that



his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his presence, than such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is inattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness, which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us: especially when we consider,

Secondly, The deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, than such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation. We may assure ourselves that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. They who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is sensible of the being of his Creator, only by what he suffers from him! He is as

essentially present in hell as in heaven ; but the inhabitants of those dismal regions behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, that, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, who, at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors ? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition ! “ Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burthen to myself ? ”

But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness ! The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects ; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied. or placed in glorified bodies, will, by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produces in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him. We may, however, taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds ; by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us ; by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls ; and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are frequently springing up, and diffusing themselves among the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul ! Though the whole creation frowns, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings ; and perceives within himself, such real sensa-

tions of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be only the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the Scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage in one of his epistles: "There is (says he) a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation: "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

ADDISON.

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## CHAPTER III.

### ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

*Our imperfect knowledge of a future state, suited to the condition of man.*

THE sceptic, who is dissatisfied with the obscurity which Divine Providence has wisely thrown over the future state, conceives that more information would be reasonable and salutary. He desires to have his view enlarged beyond the limits of this corporeal scene. Instead of resting upon evidence which requires discussion, which must be supported by much reasoning, and which, after all, he alleges yields very imperfect information, he demands the everlasting mansions to be so displayed, as to place faith on a level with the evidence of sense. What noble and happy effects, he exclaims, would instantly follow, if man thus beheld his present and his future existence at once before him! He would then become worthy of his rank in the creation. Instead of being the sport, as now, of degrading passions and childish attachments, he would act solely on the principles of immortality. His pursuit of virtue would be steady; his life would be undisturbed and happy. Superior to the attacks of distress, and to the solicitations of pleasure, he would advance, by a regular progress, towards those divine rewards and honours which were continually present to his view.—Thus fancy, with as



much ease and confidence as if it were a perfect judge of creation, erects a new world to itself, and exults with admiration of its own work. But let us pause, and suspend this admiration, till we coolly examine the consequences that would follow from this supposed reformation of the universe.

Consider the nature and circumstances of man. Introduced into the world in an indigent condition, he is supported at first by the care of others; and, as soon as he begins to act for himself, finds labour and industry to be necessary for sustaining his life, and supplying his wants. Mutual defence and interest give rise to society; and society, when formed, requires distinctions of property, diversity of conditions, subordination of ranks, and a multiplicity of occupations, in order to advance the general good. The services of the poor, and the protection of the rich, becomes reciprocally necessary. The governors and the governed, must co-operate for general safety. Various arts must be studied; some respecting the cultivation of the mind, others the care of the body; some to ward off the evils, and some to provide the conveniences of life. In a word, by the destination of his Creator, and the necessities of his nature, man commences, at once, an active, not merely a contemplative being. Religion assumes him as such. It supposes him employed in this world, as on a busy stage. It regulates, but does not abolish, the enterprises and cares of ordinary life. It addresses itself to the various ranks in society; to the rich and the poor, to the magistrate and the subject. It rebukes the slothful; directs the diligent how to labour; and requires every man to do his own business.

Suppose, now, that veil to be withdrawn which conceals another world from our view. Let all obscurity vanish; let us no longer "see darkly, as through a glass;" but let every man enjoy that intuitive perception of divine and eternal objects, which the sceptic was supposed to desire. The immediate effect of such a discovery would be, to annihilate in our eye all human objects, and to produce a total stagnation in the affairs of the world. Were the celestial glory exposed to our admiring view; did the angelic harmony sound in our enraptured ears; what earthly concerns could have the power of engaging our attention for a single moment? All the studies and pursuits, the arts and labours, which now employ the activity of man, which support the order, or promote the happiness of society, would lie neglected and abandoned. Those desires and fears, those hopes and interests, by which we are at present stimulated, would cease to operate. Human life would present no objects sufficient to rouse the mind; to kindle the spirit of enterprise, or to urge the hand of industry. If the mere sense of duty engaged a good man to take some part in the business of the world, the task, when submitted to, would prove distasteful. Even the preservation of life would be slighted, if he were not bound to it by the authority of God. Impatient of his confinement within this tabernacle of dust, languishing for the happy day of his translation to those glorious regions which were displayed to his sight, he would sojourn on earth as a melancholy



exile. Whatever Providence has prepared for the entertainment of man, would be viewed with contempt. Whatever is now attractive in society, would appear insipid. In a word, he would be no longer a fit inhabitant of this world, nor be qualified for those exertions which are allotted to him in his present sphere of being. But, all his faculties being sublimated above the measure of humanity, he would be in the condition of a being of superior order, who, obliged to reside among men, would regard their pursuits with scorn, as dreams, trifles, and puerile amusements of a day.

But to this reasoning it may perhaps be replied, that such consequences as I have now stated, supposing them to follow, deserve not much regard.—For what though the present arrangement of human affairs were entirely changed, by a clearer view, and a stronger impression of our future state; would not such a change prove the highest blessing to man? Is not his attachment to worldly objects the great source both of his misery and his guilt? Employed in perpetual contemplation of heavenly objects, and in preparation for the enjoyment of them, would he not become more virtuous, and of course more happy, than the nature of his present employments and attachments permits him to be?—Allowing for a moment, the consequence to be such, this much is yielded, that upon the supposition which was made, man would not be the creature which he now is, nor human life the state which we now behold. How far the change would contribute to his welfare, comes to be considered.

If there be any principle fully ascertained by religion, it is that this life was intended for a state of trial and improvement to man. His preparation for a better world required a gradual purification, carried on by steps of progressive discipline. The situation, therefore, here assigned him, was such as to answer this design, by calling forth all his active powers, by giving full scope to his moral dispositions, and bringing to light his whole character. Hence it became proper, that difficulty and temptation should arise in the course of his duty. Ample rewards were promised to virtue; but these rewards were left, as yet, in obscurity and distant prospect. The impressions of sense were so balanced against the discoveries of immortality, as to allow a conflict between faith and sense, between conscience and desire, between present pleasure and future good. In this conflict, the souls of good men are tried, improved, and strengthened. In this field, their honours are reaped. Here are formed the capital virtues of fortitude, temperance, and self-denial; moderation in prosperity, patience in adversity, submission to the will of God, and charity and forgiveness to men, amidst the various competitions of worldly interest.

Such is the plan of Divine wisdom for man's improvement. But put the case, that the plan devised by human wisdom were to take place, and that the rewards of the just were to be more fully displayed to view; the exercise of all those graces which I have mentioned, would be entirely superseded. Their very names would be unknown. Every temptation being withdrawn, every worldly attachment being subdued by the overpowering discoveries of eternity, no trial of

sincerity, no discrimination of characters, would remain; no opportunity would be afforded for those active exertions, which are the means of purifying and perfecting the good. On the competition between time and eternity, depends the chief exercise of human virtue. The obscurity which at present hangs over eternal objects, preserves the competition. Remove that obscurity, and you remove human virtue from its place. You overthrow that whole system of discipline by which imperfect creatures are, in this life, gradually trained up for a more perfect state.

This, then, is the conclusion to which at last we arrive: that the full display which was demanded, of the heavenly glory, would be so far from improving the human soul, that it would abolish those virtues and duties, which are the great instruments of its improvement. It would be unsuitable to the character of man in every view, either as an active being, or a moral agent. It would disqualify him from taking part in the affairs of the world; for relishing the pleasures, or for discharging the duties of life: in a word, it would entirely defeat the purpose of his being placed on this earth. And the question, why the Almighty has been pleased to leave a spiritual world, and the future existence of man under so much obscurity, resolves in the end into this, why there should be such a creature as man in the universe of God?—Such is the issue of the improvements proposed to be made on the plans of Providence. They add to the discoveries of the superior wisdom of God, and of the presumption and folly of man. ELAIR.

## SECTION II.

*Youth is the proper season for gaining knowledge, and forming religious habits.*

THE duty which young people owe to their instructors, cannot be better shown, than in the effect which the instructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to consider the advantages of an early attention to these two things, both of great importance, knowledge and religion.

The great use of knowledge, in all its various branches, (to which the learned languages are generally considered as an introduction,) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it juster and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, we add the experience of others to our own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man; and gives one man a real superiority over another.

Besides, the mind must be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much engrossed by those employments, in which the necessities of life engage them: and it is happy that they have. Labour stands in the room of education; and fills up those vacancies of mind, which in a state of idleness, would be engrossed by vice. And if they, who have more leisure, do not substitute something in the room of this, their minds also will become the prey

of vice; and the more so, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that house mentioned in the gospel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, they took possession. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each succeeding vice becomes more depraved. If then the mind must be employed, what can fill up its vacuities more rationally than the acquisition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities he has afforded us and not turn into a curse those means of leisure, which might be come so great a blessing.

But however necessary to us knowledge may be, religion we know, is infinitely more so. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, superiority, and rank in life: but the other is absolutely essential to his happiness.

In the midst of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleasing scene: it engages our desires; and, in a degree, satisfies them also. But it is wisdom to consider, that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us: and if disappointment and vexation do not sour our taste for pleasure, at least sickness and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloomy seasons, and above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where shall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and resignation to his will, and trust in him for deliverance, what is there that can secure us against the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a studious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we shall never do it: that we shall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice, by neglecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fittest season. The mind is then ready to receive any impression. It is free from all that care and attention which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is stronger and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more suited to those parts of learning which are conversant in words. Besides, there are sometimes in youth a modesty and ductility, which, in advanced years, if those years especially have been left a prey to ignorance, become self-sufficiency and prejudice; and these effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge.—But above all, unless habits of attention and application are early gained, we shall scarcely acquire them afterwards.—The inconsiderate youth seldom reflects upon this; nor knows his loss, till he knows also that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the season to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue it will make every thing smooth and easy. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world now



now and then, draw the well-principled youth aside : yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation : whereas he, who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. In the common course of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep forever. How much better is it then to make that easy to us, which we know is best ; and to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed !

There are persons, who would restrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themselves ; lest they should imbibe prejudice for truth. But why should not the same caution be used in science also : and the minds of youth left void of all impressions ? The experiment, I fear, in both cases, would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during so long a period, though nothing else should find entrance, vice certainly would : and it would make the larger shoots, as the soil would be vacant. It would be better that young persons receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind comes to reflect, it may deposite its prejudices by degrees, and get right at last : but in a state of stagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life, we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which will qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposit'e kind, instead of gaining that exalted state, which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory into manhood ; to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted. If we have sauntered away our youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life ; and make us a burden to ourselves, and useless to society. If again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new strength, and end in dissolute lives. But if we cultivate our minds in youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety, we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life ; and, what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation, as soon as it appears



## SECTION III.

*The truth of Christianity proved from the conversion of the Apostle Paul.\**

THE conversion of St. Paul, with all its attendant circumstances, furnishes one of the most satisfactory proofs, that have ever been given, of the Divine origin of our holy religion. That this eminent person, from being a zealous persecutor of the disciples of Christ, became, all at once, a disciple himself, is a fact which cannot be controverted, without overturning the credit of all history. He must, therefore, have been converted in the miraculous manner alleged by himself, and of course the Christian religion be a Divine revelation; or he must have been an impostor, an enthusiast, or a dupe to the fraud of others. There is not another alternative possible.

If he was an impostor, who declared what he knew to be false, he must have been induced to act that part, by some motive. But the only conceivable motives for religious imposture, are, the hopes of advancing one's temporal interest, credit, or power; or the prospect of gratifying some passion or appetite, under the authority of the new religion. That none of these could be St. Paul's motive for professing the faith of Christ crucified, is plain from the state of Judaism and Christianity, at the period of his forsaking the former, and embracing the latter faith. Those whom he left, were the disposers of wealth, of dignity, of power, in Judea: those to whom he went, were indigent men, oppressed, and kept from all means of improving their fortunes. The certain consequence, therefore, of his taking the part of Christianity, was the loss not only of all that he possessed, but of all hopes of acquiring more: whereas, by continuing to persecute the Christians, he had hopes, rising almost to certainty, of making his fortune by the favour of those who were at the head of the Jewish state, to whom nothing could so much recommend him, as the zeal which he had shown in that persecution.—As to credit or reputation, could the scholar of Gamaliel hope to gain either, by becoming a teacher in a college of fishermen? Could he flatter himself, that the doctrines which he taught would, either in or out of Judea, do him honour, when he knew that “they were to the Jews a stumblingblock, and to the Greeks foolishness?”—Was it then the love of power, that induced him to make this great change? Power! over whom? over a flock of sheep, whom he himself had endeavoured to destroy, and whose very Shepherd had lately been murdered! Perhaps it was with the view of gratifying some licentious passion, under the authority of the new religion, that he commenced a teacher of that religion! This cannot be alleged: for his writings breathe nothing but the strictest morality; obedience to magistrates, order, and government; with the utmost abhorrence of all licentiousness, idleness, or loose be-

\* This piece is extracted from the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*.” It is an abridgment of Lord Lyttleton's celebrated “*Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul*”

haviour, under the cloak of religion. We no where read in his works, that saints are above moral ordinances; that dominion is founded in grace; that monarchy is despotism which ought to be abolished; that the fortunes of the rich ought to be divided among the poor; that there is no difference in moral actions; that any impulses of the mind are to direct us against the light of revealed religion and the laws of nature; or any of those wicked tenets, by which the peace of society has been often disturbed, and the rules of morality have been often violated, by men pretending to act under the sanction of Divine revelation. He makes no distinctions, like the impostor of Arabia, in favour of himself; nor does any part of his life, either before or after his conversion to Christianity, bear any mark of a libertine disposition. As among the Jews, so among the Christians, his conversation and manners were blameless.

As St. Paul was not an impostor, so it is plain he was not an enthusiast. Heat of temper, melancholy, ignorance, credulity, and vanity, are the ingredients of which enthusiasm is composed: but from all these, except the first, the apostle appears to have been wholly free. That he had great fervour of zeal, both when a Jew and when a Christian, in maintaining what he thought to be right, cannot be denied; but he was at all times so much master of his temper, as, in matters of indifference, to "become all things to all men;" with the most pliant condescension, bending his notions and manners to theirs, as far as his duty to God would permit; a conduct compatible neither with the stiffness of a bigot, nor with the violent impulses of fanatical delusion.—That he was not melancholy, is plain from his conduct in embracing every method, which prudence could suggest, to escape danger and shun persecution, when he could do it, without betraying the duty of his office, or the honour of his God. A melancholy enthusiast courts persecution; and when he cannot obtain it, afflicts himself with absurd penances; but the holiness of St. Paul consisted in the simplicity of a pious life, and in the unwearied performance of his apostolical duties. That he was ignorant, no man will allege who is not grossly ignorant himself; for he appears to have been master, not only of the Jewish learning, but also of the Greek philosophy, and to have been very conversant even with the Greek poets. That he was not credulous, is plain from his having resisted the evidence of all the miracles performed on earth by Christ, as well as those that were afterwards worked by the apostles; to the fame of which, as he lived in Jerusalem, he could not have been a stranger.—And that he was as free from vanity as any man that ever lived, may be gathered from all that we see in his writings, or know of his life. He represents himself as the least of the apostles, and not meet to be called an apostle. He says that he is the chief of sinners; and he prefers, in the strongest terms, universal benevolence to faith, and prophecy, and miracles, and all the gifts and graces with which he could be endowed. Is this the language of vanity or enthusiasm?

Having thus shown that St. Paul was neither an impostor nor an enthusiast, it remains only to be inquired, whether he was deceived

by the fraud of others ; but this inquiry needs not be long ; for who was to deceive him ? A few illiterate fishermen of Galilee ? It was *morally* impossible for such men to conceive the thought of turning the most enlightened of their opponents, and the cruellest of their persecutors, into an apostle ; and to do this by a fraud, in the very instant of his greatest fury against them and their Lord. But could they have been so extravagant as to conceive such a thought, it was *physically* impossible for them to execute it in the manner in which we find his conversion was effected. Could they produce a light in the air, which at mid-day was brighter than the sun ? Could they make Saul hear words from that light, which were not heard by the rest of the company ? Could they make him blind for three days after that vision, and then make scales fall from his eyes, and restore him to sight by a word ? Or, could they make him, and those who travelled with him, believe that all these things had happened, if they had not happened ? Most unquestionably no fraud was equal to all this.

Since then St. Paul was not an impostor, an enthusiast, or a person deceived by the fraud of others, it follows, that his conversion was miraculous, and that the Christian religion is a Divine revelation

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## CHAPTER IV.

### DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

*The heavens and the earth show the glory and the wisdom of their Creator.—The earth happily adapted to the nature of man.*

THE universe may be considered as the palace in which the Deity resides ; and the earth, as one of its apartments. In this, all the meaner races of animated nature mechanically obey him ; and stand ready to execute his commands, without hesitation. Man alone is found refractory ; he is the only being endued with a power of contradicting these mandates. The Deity was pleased to exert superior power in creating him a superior being ; a being endued with a choice of good and evil ; and capable, in some measure, of co-operating with his own intentions. Man, therefore, may be considered as a limited creature, endued with powers imitative of those residing in the Deity. He is thrown into a world that stands in need of his help ; and he has been granted a power of producing harmony from partial confusion.

If, therefore, we consider the earth as allotted for our habitation, we shall find, that much has been given us to enjoy, and much to amend ; that we have ample reasons for our gratitude, and many for our industry. In those great outlines of nature, to which art cannot reach, and where our greatest efforts must have been ineffectual, God himself has finished every thing with amazing grandeur and

beauty. Our beneficent Father has considered these parts of nature as peculiarly his own; as parts which no creature could have skill or strength to amend: and he has, therefore, made them incapable of alteration, or of more perfect regularity. The heavens and the firmament show the wisdom and the glory of the Workman. Astronomers, who are best skilled in the symmetry of systems, can find nothing there that they can alter for the better. God made these perfect, because no subordinate being could correct their defects.

When, therefore, we survey nature on this side, nothing can be more splendid, more correct, or amazing. We there behold a Deity residing in the midst of a universe, infinitely extended every way, animating all, and cheering the vacuity with his presence. We behold an immense and shapeless mass of matter, formed into worlds by his power, and dispersed at intervals, to which even the imagination cannot travel. In this great theatre of his glory, a thousand suns, like our own, animate their respective systems, appearing and vanishing at Divine command. We behold our own bright luminary, fixed in the centre of its system, wheeling its planets in times proportioned to their distances, and at once dispensing light, heat, and action. The earth also is seen with its twofold motion; producing, by the one, the change of seasons; and, by the other, the grateful vicissitudes of day and night. With what silent magnificence is all this performed! with what seeming ease! The works of art are exerted with interrupted force; and their noisy progress discovers the obstructions they receive; but the earth, with a silent steady rotation, successively presents every part of its bosom to the sun; at once imbibing nourishment and light from that parent of vegetation and fertility.

But not only provisions of heat and light are thus supplied; the whole surface of the earth is covered with a transparent atmosphere, that turns with its motion, and guards it from external injury. The rays of the sun are thus broken into a genial warmth; and, while the surface is assisted, a gentle heat is produced in the bowels of the earth, which contributes to cover it with verdure. Waters also are supplied in healthful abundance, to support life, and assist vegetation. Mountains rise, to diversify the prospect, and give a current to the stream. Seas extend from one continent to the other, replenished with animals, that may be turned to human support; and also serving to enrich the earth with a sufficiency of vapour. Breezes fly along the surface of the fields, to promote health and vegetation. The coolness of the evening invites to rest; and the freshness of the morning renews for labour.

Such are the delights of the habitation that has been assigned to man: without any one of these, he must have been wretched; and none of these could his own industry have supplied. But while, on the one hand, many of his wants are thus kindly furnished, there are, on the other, numberless inconveniences to excite his industry. This habitation, though provided with all the conveniences of air, pasturage, and water, is but a desert place, without human cultivation. The lowest animal finds more conveniences in the woods of



nature, than he who boasts himself their lord. The whirlwind, the inundation, and all the asperities of the air, are peculiarly terrible to man, who knows their consequences, and, at a distance, dreads their approach. The earth itself, where human art has not pervaded, puts on a frightful, gloomy appearance. The forests are dark and tangled; the meadows are overgrown with rank weeds; and the brooks stray without a determined channel. Nature, that has been kind to every lower order of beings, seems to have been neglectful with regard to him: to the savage uncontriving man, the earth is an abode of desolation, where his shelter is insufficient, and his food precarious.

A world thus furnished with advantages on one side, and inconveniences on the other, is the proper abode of reason, and the fittest to exercise the industry of a free and a thinking creature. These evils, which art can remedy, and prescience guard against, are a proper call for the exertion of his faculties; and they tend still more to assimilate him to his Creator. God beholds, with pleasure, that being which he has made, converting the wretchedness of his natural situation into a theatre of triumph; bringing all the headlong tribes of nature into subjection to his will; and producing that order and uniformity upon earth, of which his own heavenly fabric is so bright an example.

GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION II.

*An eruption of mount Vesuvius.*

IN the year 1717, in the middle of April, with much difficulty I reached the top of mount Vesuvius, in which I saw a vast aperture full of smoke, that hindered me from seeing its depth and figure.—I heard within that horrid gulph, extraordinary sounds, which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the mountain: and, at intervals, a noise like that of thunder or cannon, with a clattering like the falling of tiles from the tops of houses into the streets. Sometimes, as the wind changed, the smoke grew thinner, discovering a very ruddy flame, and the circumference of the crater streaked with red and several shades of yellow. After an hour's stay, the smoke being moved by the wind, we had short and partial prospects of the great nollow; in the flat bottom of which I could discern two furnaces almost contiguous: that on the left, seeming about three yards over, glowing with ruddy flame, and throwing up red hot stones, with a hideous noise, which, as they fell back, caused the clattering already taken notice of. May 8, in the morning, I ascended the top of Vesuvius a second time, and found a different face of things. The smoke ascending upright, afforded a full prospect of the crater, which, as far as I could judge, was about a mile in circumference, and a hundred yards deep. Since my last visit, a conical mount had been formed in the middle of the bottom. This was made by the stones, thrown up and fallen back again into the crater. In this new hill remained the two furnaces already mentioned. The one was seen to throw up every three or four minutes, with a dread-

ful sound, a vast number of red hot stones, at least three hundred feet higher than my head; but as there was no wind, they fell perpendicularly back from whence they had been discharged. The other was filled with red hot liquid matter, like that in the furnace of a glass house; raging and working like the waves of the sea, with a short abrupt noise. This matter sometimes boiled over, and ran down the side of the conical hill, appearing at first red hot, but changing colour as it hardened and cooled. Had the wind set towards us, we should have been in no small danger of being stifled by the sulphurous smoke, or killed by the masses of melted minerals that were shot from the bottom. But as the wind was favourable, I had an opportunity of surveying this amazing scene for above an hour and a half together. On the fifth of June, after a horrid noise, the mountain was seen at Naples to work over; and about three days after, its thunders were so renewed, that not only the windows in the city, but all the houses shook. From that time, it continued to overflow, and sometimes at night exhibited columns of fire shooting upward from its summit. On the tenth, when all was thought to be over, the mountain again renewed its terrors, roaring and raging most violently. One cannot form a juster idea of the noise, in the most violent fits of it, than by imagining a mixed sound, made up of the raging of a tempest, the murmur of a troubled sea, and the roaring of thunder and artillery, all confused together. Though we heard this at the distance of twelve miles, yet it was very terrible. We resolved to approach nearer to the mountain; and, accordingly, three or four of us entered a boat, and were set ashore at a little town, situated at the foot of the mountain. From thence we rode about four or five miles, before we came to the torrent of fire that was descending from the side of the volcano; and here the roaring grew exceedingly loud and terrible. I observed a mixture of colours in the cloud, above the crater, green, yellow, red, blue. There was likewise a ruddy dismal light in the air, over that tract where the burning river flowed. These circumstances, set off and augmented by the horror of the night, formed a scene the most uncommon and astonishing I ever saw; which still increased as we approached the burning river. A vast torrent of liquid fire rolled from the top, down the side of the mountain, and with irresistible fury bore down and consumed vines, olives, and houses; and divided into different channels, according to the inequalities of the mountain. The largest stream seemed at least half a mile broad, and five miles long. I walked before my companions so far up the mountain, along the side of the river of fire, that I was obliged to retire in great haste, the sulphurous steam having surprised me, and almost taken away my breath. During our return, which was about three o'clock in the morning, the roaring of the mountain was heard all the way, while we observed it throwing up huge spouts of fire and burning stones, which falling, resembled the stars in a rocket.— Sometimes I observed two or three distinct columns of flame, and sometimes one only that was large enough to fill the whole crater. These burning columns, and fiery stones, seemed to be shot a thou

sand feet perpendicular above the summit of the volcano. In this manner the mountain continued raging for six or eight days after. On the eighteenth of the same month the whole appearance ended, and Vesuvius remained perfectly quiet, without any visible smoke or flame.

BISHOP BERKLEY

### SECTION III.

#### *Description of the preparations made by Xerxes, the Persian monarch, for invading Greece.*

IN the opening of spring, Xerxes directed his march towards the Hellespont, where his fleet lay in all their pomp, expecting his arrival. When he came to this place, he was desirous of taking a survey of all his forces, which formed an army that was never equalled either before or since. It was composed of the most powerful nations of the East, and of people scarcely known to posterity, except by name. The remotest India contributed its supplies, while the coldest tracts of Scythia sent their assistance. Medes, Persians, Bactrians, Lydians, Assyrians, Hyrcanians, and many other nations of various forms, complexions, languages, dresses, and arms, united in this grand expedition. The land army, which he brought out of Asia, consisted of seventeen hundred thousand foot, and four-score thousand horse. Three hundred thousand more that were added upon crossing the Hellespont, made his land forces all together amount to above two millions of men. His fleet, when it set out from Asia, consisted of twelve hundred and seven vessels, each carrying two hundred men. The Europeans augmented his fleet with a hundred and twenty vessels, each of which carried two hundred men. Besides these, there were two thousand smaller vessels fitted for carrying provisions and stores. The men contained in these, with the former, amounted to six hundred thousand, so that the whole army might be said to amount to two millions and a half; which, with the women, slaves, and sutlers, always accompanying a Persian army, might make the whole above five millions of souls: a number, if rightly conducted, capable of turning the greatest monarchy; but which, commanded by presumption and ignorance, served only to obstruct and embarrass each other.

Lord of so many and such various subjects, Xerxes found a pleasure in reviewing his forces; and was desirous of beholding a naval engagement, of which he had not hitherto been a spectator. To this end a throne was erected for him upon an eminence; and in that situation beholding the earth covered with his troops, and the sea crowded with his vessels, he felt a secret joy diffuse itself through his frame, from the consciousness of his own superior power. But all the workings of this monarch's mind were in the extreme: a sudden sadness soon took place of his pleasure; and dissolving in a shower of tears, he gave himself up to a reflection, that not one of so many thousands would be alive a hundred years after.

Artabanus, the king's uncle, who was much disposed to moralize on occurrences, took this occasion to discourse with him upon the



shortness and miseries of human life. Finding this more distant subject attended to, he spoke closely to the present occasion; insinuated his doubts of the success of the expedition; urged the many inconveniences the army had to suffer, if not from the enemy, at least from their own numbers. He alleged, that plagues, famine, and confusion, were the necessary attendants of such ungovernable multitudes; and that empty fame was the only reward of success. But it was now too late to turn this young monarch from his purpose. Xerxes informed his monitor, that great actions were always attended with proportionable danger: and that if his predecessors had observed such scrupulous and timorous rules of conduct, the Persian empire would never have attained to its present height of glory.

Xerxes, in the mean time, had given orders to build a bridge of boats across the Hellespont, for transporting his army into Europe. This narrow strait, which now goes by the name of the Dardanelles, is nearly an English mile over. But soon after the completion of this work, a violent storm arising, the whole was broken and destroyed, and the labour was to be undertaken anew. The fury of Xerxes upon this disappointment, was attended with equal extravagance and cruelty. His vengeance knew no bounds. The workmen who had undertaken the task, had their heads struck off by his order; and that the sea itself might also know its duty, he ordered it to be lashed as a delinquent, and a pair of fetters to be thrown into it, to curb its future irregularities. Thus having given vent to his absurd resentment, two bridges were ordered to be built in the place of the former; one for the army to pass over, and the other for the baggage and the beasts of burden. The workmen, now warned by the fate of their predecessors, undertook to give their labours greater stability. They placed three hundred and sixty vessels across the strait, some of them having three banks of oars and others fifty oars a piece. They then cast large anchors into the water on both sides, in order to fix these vessels against the violence of the winds, and the current. After this they drove large piles into the earth, with huge rings fastened to them, to which were tied six vast cables that went over each of the two bridges. Over all these they laid trunks of trees, cut purposely for that use, and flat boats again over them, fastened and joined together, so as to serve for a floor or solid bottom. When the whole work was thus completed, a day was appointed for their passing over; and as soon as the first rays of the sun began to appear, sweet odours of all kinds were abundantly scattered over the new work, and the way was strewed with myrtle. At the same time Xerxes poured out libations into the sea; and turning his face towards the East, worshipped that bright luminary, which is the god of the Persians. Then, throwing the vessel which had held his libation into the sea, together with the golden cup and Persian scimitar, he went forward, and gave orders for the army to follow. The immense train was seven days and seven nights in passing over; while those who were appointed to conduct the march, quickened the troops by lashing them along; for



the soldiers of the East, at that time, and to this very day, are treated like slaves.

This great army having landed in Europe, and being joined there by the several nations that acknowledged the Persian power, Xerxes prepared for marching directly forward into Greece. After a variety of disastrous and adverse events, suffered in the prosecution of his vain-glorious design, this haughty monarch was compelled to relinquish it. Leaving his generals to take care of the army, he hastened back, with a small retinue, to the sea-side. When he arrived at the place, he found the bridge broken down by the violence of the waves, in a tempest that had lately happened there. He was, therefore, obliged to pass the strait in a small boat; which manner of returning, being compared with the ostentatious method in which he had set out, rendered his disgrace still more poignant and afflicting. The army which he had ordered to follow him, having been unprovided with necessaries, suffered great hardships by the way. After having consumed all the corn they could find, they were obliged to live upon herbs, and even upon the bark and leaves of trees. Thus harassed and fatigued, a pestilence began to complete their misery; and, after a fatiguing journey of forty-five days, in which they were pursued rather by vultures and beasts of prey, than by men, they came to the Hellespont, where they had crossed over; and marched from thence to Sardis. Such was the end of Xerxes' expedition into Greece: a measure begun in pride and terminated in infamy.

GOLDSMITH.

#### SECTION IV.

##### *Character of Martin Luther.*

As Luther was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not perhaps any person, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity; and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid to those only who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal

justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and disinterestedness so perfect, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor of the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices.

His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked he chastised all his adversaries indiscriminately, with the same rough hand: neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the abuse with which he treated Tetzels or Eccius. But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part to the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat; and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most liberal scurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's bo

haviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled; he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death. His last conversation with his friends, was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world; of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one, who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it.

ROBERTSON.

## SECTION V.

### *The good and the bad man compared, in the season of adversity.*

RELIGION prepares the mind for encountering, with fortitude, the most severe shocks of adversity; whereas vice, by its natural influence on the temper, tends to produce dejection under the slightest trials. While worldly men enlarge their possessions, and extend their connexions, they imagine that they are strengthening themselves against all the possible vicissitudes of life. They say in their hearts, "My mountain stands strong, and I shall never be moved." But so fatal is their delusion, that, instead of strengthening, they are weakening that which only can support them when those vicissitudes come. It is their mind which must then support them; and their mind by their sensual attachments, is corrupted and enfeebled. Addicted with intemperate fondness to the pleasures of the world, they incur two great and certain evils: they both exclude themselves from every resource except the world; and they increase their sensibility to every blow which comes upon them from that quarter



'They have neither principles nor temper which can stand the assault of trouble. They have no principles which lead them to look beyond the ordinary rotation of events; and therefore, when misfortunes involve them, the prospect must be comfortless on every side. Their crimes have disqualified them from looking up to the assistance of any higher power than their own ability, or for relying on any better guide than their own wisdom. And as from principle they can derive no support, so in a temper corrupted by prosperity they find no relief. They have lost that moderation of mind which enables a wise man to accommodate himself to his situation. Long fed with false hopes, they are exasperated and stung by every disappointment. Luxurious and effeminate, they can bear no uneasiness. Proud and presumptuous, they can brook no opposition. By nourishing dispositions which so little suit this uncertain state, they have infused a double portion of bitterness into the cup of woe; they have sharpened the edge of that sword which is lifted up to smite them.— Strangers to all the temperate satisfactions of a good and pure mind; strangers to every pleasure, except what was seasoned by vice or vanity, their adversity is to the last degree disconsolate. Health and opulence were the two pillars on which they rested. Shake either of them, and their whole edifice of hope and comfort falls.— Prostrate and forlorn, they are left on the ground; obliged to join with the man of Ephraim, in his abject lamentation, "They have taken away my gods, which I have made, and what have I more?" Such are the causes to which we must ascribe the broken spirits, the peevish temper, and impatient passions, that so often attend the declining age, or falling fortunes, of vicious men.

But how different is the condition of a truly good man, in those trying situations of life! Religion had gradually prepared his mind for all the events of this inconstant state. It had instructed him in the nature of true happiness. It had early weaned him from an undue love of the world, by discovering to him its vanity, and by setting higher prospects in his view. Afflictions do not attack him by surprise, and therefore do not overwhelm him. He was equipped for the storm, as well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of life. Under these conditions he knew himself to be brought hither; that he was not always to retain the enjoyment of what he loved: and therefore he is not overcome by disappointment, when that which is mortal, dies; when that which is mutable, begins to change; and when that which he knew to be transient, passes away.

All the principles which religion teaches, and all the habits which it forms, are favourable to strength of mind. It will be found, that whatever purifies, fortifies also the heart. In the course of living "righteously, soberly, and piously," a good man acquires a steady and well-governed spirit. Trained, by Divine grace, to enjoy with moderation the advantages of the world, neither lifted up by success nor enervated with sensuality, he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection. He is inured to temperance and restraint. He has learned firmness and self-command. He is accustomed to



look up to that Supreme Providence, which disposes of human affairs, not with reverence only, but with trust and hope.

The time of prosperity was to him not merely a season of barren joy, but productive of much useful improvement. He had cultivated his mind. He had stored it with useful knowledge, with good principles, and virtuous dispositions. These resources remain entire, when the days of trouble come. They remain with him in sickness, as in health; in poverty, as in the midst of riches; in his dark and solitary hours, no less than when surrounded with friends and gay society. From the glare of prosperity, he can, without dejection, withdraw into the shade. Excluded from several advantages of the world, he may be obliged to retract into a narrower circle; but within that circle he will find many comforts left. His chief pleasures were always of the calm, innocent, and temperate kind; and over these, the changes of the world have the least power. His mind is a kingdom to him; and he can still enjoy it. The world did not bestow upon him all his enjoyments; and therefore it is not in the power of the world, by its most cruel attacks, to carry them all away.

BLAIR.

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## CHAPTER V.

### PATHETIC PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

##### *Rome saved by female virtue.*

CORIOLANUS was a distinguished Roman Senator and General who had rendered eminent services to the Republic. But these services were no security against envy and popular prejudices. He was at length treated with great severity and ingratitude, by the senate and people of Rome; and obliged to leave his country to preserve his life. Of a haughty and indignant spirit, he resolved to avenge himself; and with this view, applied to the Volscians, the enemies of Rome, and tendered them his services against his native country. The offer was cordially embraced, and Coriolanus was made general of the Volscian army. He recovered from the Romans all the towns they had taken from the Volsci; carried by assault several cities in Latium; and led his troops within five miles of the city of Rome. After several unsuccessful embassies from the senate, all hope of pacifying the injured exile appeared to be extinguished; and the sole business at Rome was to prepare, with the utmost diligence, for sustaining a siege. The young and able-bodied men had instantly the guard of the gates and trenches assigned to them; while those of the veterans, who, though exempt by their age from bearing arms, were yet capable of service, undertook the defence of the ramparts. The women, in the mean while, terrified by these movements, and the impending danger, into a neglect of their

wanted decorum, ran tumultuously from their houses to the temples. Every sanctuary, and especially the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, resounded with the wailings and loud supplications of women, prostrate before the statues of their divinities. In this general consternation and distress, Valeria, (sister of the famous Valerius Poplicola, as if moved by a divine impulse, suddenly took her stand upon the top of the steps of the temple of Jupiter, assembled the women about her, and having first exhorted them not to be terrified by the greatness of the present danger, confidently declared, "That there was yet hope for the republic; that its preservation depended upon them, and upon their performance of the duty they owed their country."—"Alas!" cried one of the company, "what resource can there be in the weakness of wretched women, when our bravest men, our ablest warriors themselves despair?"—"It is not by the sword, nor by strength of arm," replied Valeria, "that we are to prevail; these belong not to our sex. Soft moving words must be our weapons and our force. Let us all in our mourning attire, and accompanied by our children, go and entreat Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, to intercede with her son for our common country. Veturius's prayers will bend his soul to pity. Haughty and implacable as he has hitherto appeared, he has not a heart so cruel and obdurate, as not to relent, when he shall see his mother, his revered, his beloved mother, a weeping suppliant at his feet."

This motion being universally applauded, the whole train of women took their way to Veturia's house. Her son's wife, Volumnia, who was sitting with her when they arrived, and was greatly surprised at their coming, hastily asked them the meaning of so extraordinary an appearance. "What is it," said she, "what can be the motive that has brought so numerous a company of visitors to this house of sorrow?"

Valeria then addressed herself to the mother: "It is to you Veturia, that these women have recourse in the extreme peril, with which they and their children are threatened. They entreat, implore, conjure you, to compassionate their distress, and the distress of our common country. Suffer not Rome to become a prey to the Volsci, and our enemies to triumph over our liberty. Go to the camp of Coriolanus: take with you Volumnia and her two sons: let that excellent wife join her intercession to yours. Permit these women with their children to accompany you: they will all cast themselves at his feet. O Veturia, conjure him to grant peace to his fellow-citizens. Cease not to beg till you have obtained. So good a man can never withstand your tears: our only hope is in you. Come then, Veturia; the danger presses; you have no time for deliberation; the enterprise is worthy of your virtue; Heaven will crown it with success; Rome shall once more owe its preservation to our sex. You will justly acquire to yourself an immortal fame, and have the pleasure to make every one of us a sharer in your glory."

Veturia, after a short silence, with tears in her eyes, answered "Weak indeed is the foundation of your hope, Valeria, when you

place it in the aid of two miserable women. We are not wanting in affection to our country, nor need we any remonstrance or entreaties to excite our zeal for its preservation. It is the power only of being serviceable that fails us. Ever since that unfortunate hour, when the people in their madness so unjustly banished Coriolanus, his heart has been no less estranged from his family than from his country. You will be convinced of this sad truth, by his own words to us at parting. When he returned home from the assembly, where he had been condemned, he found us in the depth of affliction, bewailing the miseries that were sure to follow our being deprived of so dear a son, and so excellent a husband. We had his children upon our knees. He kept himself at a distance from us; and, when he had awhile stood silent, motionless as a rock, his eyes fixed, and without shedding a tear; 'Tis done,' he said.—'O mother, and thou, Volumnia, the best of wives, to you Marcius is no more. I am banished hence for my affection to my country, and the services I have done it. I go this instant; and I leave forever a city, where all good men are proscribed. Support this blow of fortune with the magnanimity that becomes women of your high rank and virtue. I commend my children to your care. Educate them in a manner worthy of you, and of the race from whence they come. Heaven grant, they may be more fortunate than their father, and never fall short of him in virtue; and may you in them find your consolation!—Farewell.'

"We started up at the sound of this word, and with loud cries of lamentation ran to him to receive his last embraces. I led his elder son by the hand; Volumnia had the younger in her arms. He turned his eyes from us, and putting us back with his hand, 'Mother,' said he, 'from this moment you have no son: our country has taken from you the stay of your old age.—Nor to you, Volumnia, will Marcius be henceforth a husband; mayst thou be happy with another, more fortunate!—My dear children, you have lost your father.'

"He said no more, but instantly broke away from us. He departed from Rome without settling his domestic affairs, or leaving any orders about them; without money, without servants, and even without letting us know to what part of the world he would direct his steps. It is now the fourth year since he went away; and he has never inquired after his family, nor, by letter or messenger, given us the least account of himself: so that it seems as if his mother and his wife, were the chief objects of that general hatred which he shows to his country.

"What success then can you expect from our entreaties to a man so implacable? Can two women bend that stubborn heart, which even all the ministers of religion were not able to soften? And indeed what shall I say to him? What can I reasonably desire of him?—that he would pardon ungrateful citizens, who have treated him as the vilest criminal? that he would take compassion upon a furious, unjust populace, which had no regard for his innocence? and that he would betray a nation, which has not only opened him



an asylum, but has even preferred him to her most illustrious citizens in the command of her armies? With what face can I ask him to abandon such generous protectors, and deliver himself again into the hands of his most bitter enemies? Can a Roman mother, and a Roman wife, with decency, exact, from a son and a husband, compliances which must dishonour him before both gods and men?—Mournful circumstance, in which we have not power to hate the most formidable enemy of our country? Leave us therefore to our unhappy destiny; and do not desire us to make it more unhappy, by an action that may cast a blemish upon our virtue.”

The women made no answer but by their tears and entreaties.—Some embraced her knees; others beseeched Volumnia to join her prayers to theirs; all conjured Veturia not to refuse her country this last assistance. Overcome at length by their urgent solicitations, she promised to do as they desired.

The very next day, all the most illustrious of the Roman women repaired to Veturia's house. There they presently mounted a number of chariots, which the consuls had ordered to be made ready for them; and, without any guard, took the way to the enemy's camp.

Coriolanus, perceiving from afar that long train of chariots, sent out some horsemen to learn the design of it. They quickly brought him word, that it was his mother, his wife, and a great number of other women, and their children, coming to the camp. He doubtless conjectured what views the Romans had in so extraordinary a deputation; that this was the last expedient of the senate; and, in his own mind, he determined not to let himself be moved. But he reckoned upon a savage inflexibility that was not in his nature; for going out with a few attendants to receive the women, he no sooner beheld Veturia attired in mourning, her eyes bathed in tears, and with a countenance and motion that spoke her sinking under a load of sorrow, than he ran hastily to her; and not only calling her mother, but adding to that word the most tender epithets, embraced her, wept over her, and held her in his arms to prevent her falling. The like tenderness he presently after expressed to his wife, highly commending her discretion in having constantly remained with his mother, since his departure from Rome. And then, with the warmest paternal affection, he caressed his children.

When some time had been allowed to those silent tears of joy, which often flowed plenteously at the sudden and unexpected meeting of persons dear to each other, Veturia entered upon the business she had undertaken. After many forcible appeals to his understanding and patriotism, she exclaimed: “What frenzy, what madness of anger transports my son! Heaven is appeased by supplications, vows, and sacrifices: shall mortals be implacable? Will Marcius set no bounds to his resentment? But allowing that thy enmity to thy country is too violent to let thee listen to her petition for peace; yet be not deaf, my son, be not inexorable to the prayers and tears of thy mother. Thou darest the very appearance of ingratitude towards the Volsci; and shall thy mother have reason to accuse thee of being ungrateful? Call to mind the tender care I took of thy



infancy and earliest youth; the alarms, the anxiety, I suffered on thy account, when, entered into the state of manhood, thy life was almost daily exposed in foreign wars; the apprehensions, the terrors, I underwent, when I saw thee so warmly engaged in our domestic quarrels, and, with heroic courage, opposing the unjust pretensions of the furious plebians. My sad forebodings of the event have been but too well verified. Consider the wretched life I have endured, if it may be called life, the time that has passed since I was deprived of thee. O Marcius, refuse me not the only request I ever made to thee; I will never importune thee with any other. Cease thy immoderate anger; be reconciled to thy country; this is all I ask: grant me but this, and we shall both be happy. Freed from those tempestuous passions which now agitate thy soul, and from all the torments of self-reproach, thy days will flow smoothly on in the sweet serenity of conscious virtue: and as for me, if I carry back to Rome the hopes of an approaching peace, an assurance of thy being reconciled to thy country, with what transports of joy shall I be received! In what honour, in what delightful repose, shall I pass the remainder of my life! What immortal glory shall I have acquired!"

Coriolanus made no attempt to interrupt Veturia while she was speaking; and when she had ceased, he still continued in deep silence. Anger, hatred, and desire of revenge, balanced in his heart those softer passions, which the sight and discourse of his mother had awakened in his breast. Veturia perceiving his irresolution, and fearing the event, thus renewed her expostulation: "Why dost thou not answer me, my son? Is there then such greatness of mind in giving all to resentment? Art thou ashamed to grant any thing to a mother who thus entreats thee, thus humbles herself to thee? If it be so, to what purpose should I longer endure a wretched life?" As she uttered these last words, interrupted by sighs, she threw herself prostrate at his feet. His wife and children did the same; and all the other women, with united voices of mournful accent, begged and implored his pity.

The Volscian officers, not able unmoved to behold this scene, turned away their eyes: but Coriolanus, almost beside himself to see Veturia at his feet, passionately cried out: "Ah! mother, what art thou doing?" And, tenderly pressing her hand, in raising her up, he added, in a low voice, "Rome is saved, but thy son is lost!"

Early the next morning, Coriolanus broke up his camp, and peaceably marched his army homewards. Nobody had the boldness to contradict his orders. Many were exceedingly dissatisfied with his conduct: but others excused it, being more affected with his filial respect to his mother, than with their own interests.

HOOKE'S ROMAN HISTORY

## SECTION II.

### *Execution of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

QUEEN MARY determined to bring Cranmer, whom she had long detained in prison, to punishment; and in order more fully to satiate

her vengeance, she resolved to punish him for heresy, rather than for treason. He was cited by the Pope to stand his trial at Rome; and though he was known to be kept in close custody at Oxford, he was, upon his not appearing, condemned as contumacious. Bounner, bishop of London, and Thirleby, bishop of Ely, were sent to degrade him; and the former executed the melancholy ceremony, with all the joy and exultation which suited his savage nature. The implacable spirit of the Queen, not satisfied with the future misery of Cranmer, which she believed inevitable, and with the execution of that dreadful sentence to which he was condemned, prompted her also to seek the ruin of his honour, and the infamy of his name. Persons were employed to attack him, not in the way of disputation, against which he was sufficiently armed; but by flattery, insinuation, and address; by representing the dignities to which his character still entitled him, if he would merit them by a recantation; by giving him hopes of long enjoying those powerful friends, whom his beneficent disposition had attached to him, during the course of his prosperity. Overcome by the fond love of life; terrified by the prospect of those tortures which awaited him; he allowed, in an unguarded hour, the sentiments of nature to prevail over his resolution, and agreed to subscribe the doctrines of the papal supremacy, and of the real presence. The court, equally perfidious and cruel, was determined that this recantation should avail him nothing; and sent orders that he should be required to acknowledge his errors in church before the whole people; and that he should thence be immediately carried to execution.

Cranmer, whether he had received a secret intimation of their design, or had repented of his weakness, surprised the audience by a contrary declaration. He said that he was well apprised of the obedience which he owed to his sovereign and the laws; but that this duty extended no farther than to submit patiently to their commands; and to bear, without resistance, whatever hardships they should impose upon him: that a superior duty, the duty which he owed to his Maker, obliged him to speak truth on all occasions; and not to relinquish, by a base denial, the holy doctrine which the Supreme Being had revealed to mankind: that there was one miscarriage in his life, of which above all others, he severely repented; the insincere declaration of faith to which he had the weakness to consent, and which the fear of death alone had extorted from him: that he took this opportunity of atoning for his error by a sincere and open recantation; and was willing to seal with his blood, that doctrine which he firmly believed to be communicated from heaven: and that, as his hand had erred, by betraying his heart, it should first be punished, by a severe, but just doom, and should first pay the forfeit of its offences.

He was then led to the stake, amidst the insults of his enemies; and having now summoned up all the force of his mind, he bore their scorn, as well as the torture of his punishment, with singular fortitude. He stretched out his hand, and, without betraying, either by his countenance, or motions, the least sign of weakness, or even of feeling, he held it in the flames till it was entirely con-

sumed. His thoughts seemed wholly occupied with reflections on his former fault, and he called aloud several times, "This hand has offended." Satisfied with that atonement, he then discovered a serenity in his countenance: and when the fire attacked his body, he seemed to be quite insensible of his outward sufferings, and by the force of hope and resolution, to have collected his mind altogether within itself, and to repel the fury of the flames.—He was undoubtedly a man of merit; possessed of learning and capacity; and adorned with candour, sincerity, and beneficence, and all those virtues which were fitted to render him useful and amiable in society.

HUME.

## SECTION III.

*Christianity furnishes the best consolation under the evils of life.*

IT is of great importance to contemplate the Christian religion in the light of consolation: as bringing aid and relief to us amidst the distresses of life. Here our religion incontestibly triumphs and its happy effects, in this respect, furnish a strong argument to every benevolent mind, for wishing them to be farther diffused throughout the world. For without the belief and hope afforded by Divine Revelation, the circumstances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds himself placed here as a stranger in a vast universe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known; where both the beginnings and the issues of things are involved in mysterious darkness; where he is unable to discover, with any certainty, whence he sprung, or for what purpose he was brought into this state of existence; whether he is subjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler; what construction he is to put on many of the dispensations of his providence; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a disconsolate situation, to a serious, inquiring mind! The greater degree of virtue it possesses, the more its sensibility is likely to be oppressed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to banish all uneasy thought, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amusement, life so filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But these are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conscious that his being is frail and feeble; he sees himself beset with various dangers; and is exposed to many a melancholy apprehension, from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to reveal to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the Christian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend; is to let in a ray of the most cheering light upon the darkness of the human state. He who was before a destitute orphan, wandering in the inhospitable desert, has now gained a shelter from the bitter and inclement blast. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to trust; where to unbosom his sorrows; and from what hand to look for relief.

It is certain, that when the heart bleeds from some wound of recent misfortune, nothing is of equal efficacy with religious comfort. It is of power to enlighten the darkest hour, and to assuage the severest wo, by the belief of the Divine favour, and the prospect of a blessed immortality. In such hopes, the mind expatiates with joy; and when bereaved of its earthly friends, solaces itself with the thoughts of one Friend, who will never forsake it. Refiner reasonings concerning the nature of the human condition, and the improvement which philosophy teaches us to make of every event, may entertain the mind when it is at ease; may perhaps contribute to soothe it, when slightly touched with sorrow: but when it is torn with any sore distress, they are cold and feeble, compared with the direct promise from the Father of mercies. This is "an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast." This has given consolation and refuge to many a virtuous heart, at a time when the most cogent reasonings would have proved utterly unavailing.

Upon the approach of death, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future interests must naturally increase, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the gospel, not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his presence promised to be with them when they are passing through "the valley of the shadow of death," in order to bring them safe into unseen habitations of rest and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in this severe and trying period, this labouring hour of nature, how shall the unhappy man support himself, who knows not, or believes not, the discoveries of religion? Secretly conscious to himself that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the sins of his past life arise before him in sad remembrance. He wishes to exist after death, and yet dreads that existence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obscurity around him; and, in the midst of endless doubts and perplexities, the trembling, reluctant soul is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life must, to such a man, have been most oppressive, so its end is bitter. His sun sets in a dark cloud; and the night of death closes over his head, full of misery.

BLAIR.

## SECTION IV.

*Benefits to be derived from scenes of distress.*

SOME periods of sadness have, in our present situation, a just and natural place; and they are requisite to the true enjoyment of pleasure; but I shall at present decline considering the subject in this view; and confine myself to point out the direct effects of a proper attention to the distresses of life, upon our moral and religious character.

In the first place, the house of mourning is calculated to give a



proper check to our natural thoughtlessness and levity. The indolence of mankind, and their love of pleasure, spread through all characters and ranks, some degree of aversion to what is grave and serious. They grasp at any object, either of business or amusement, which makes the present moment pass smoothly away; which carries their thoughts abroad, and saves them from the trouble of reflecting on themselves. With too many, this passes into a habit of constant dissipation. If their fortune and rank allow them to indulge their inclinations, they devote themselves to the pursuit of amusement through all its different forms. The skilful arrangement of its successive scenes, and the preparatory study for shining in each, are the only exertions in which their understanding is employed. Such a mode of life may keep alive, for awhile, a frivolous vivacity; it may improve men in some of those exterior accomplishments, which sparkle in the eyes of the giddy and the vain; but it must sink them in the esteem of all the wise. It renders them strangers to themselves; and useless, if not pernicious, to the world. They lose every manly principle. Their minds become relaxed and effeminate. All that is great or respectable in the human character is buried under a mass of trifles and follies.

If some measures ought to be taken for rescuing the mind from this disgraceful levity; if some principles must be acquired, which may give more dignity and steadiness to conduct; where are these to be looked for? Not surely in the house of feasting, where every object flatters the senses, and strengthens the seductions to which we are already prone; where the spirit of dissipation circulates from heart to heart; and the children of folly mutually admire and are admired. It is in the sober and serious house of mourning that the tide of vanity is made to turn, and a new direction given to the current of thought. When some affecting incident presents a strong discovery of the deceitfulness of all worldly joy, and rouses our sensibility to human woe; when we behold those with whom we had lately mingled in the house of feasting, sunk by some of the sudden vicissitudes of life into the vale of misery; or when, in sad silence, we stand by the friend whom we had loved as our own soul, stretched on the bed of death; then is the season when this world begins to appear in a new light; when the heart opens to virtuous sentiments, and is led into that train of reflection which ought to direct life. He who before knew not what it was to commune with his heart on any serious subject, now puts the question to himself, for what purpose he was sent forth into this mortal, transitory state; what his fate is likely to be when it concludes; and what judgment he ought to form of those pleasures which amuse for a little, but which, he now sees, cannot save the heart from anguish in the evil day. Touched by the hand of thoughtful melancholy, that airy edifice of bliss, which fancy had raised up for him, vanishes away. He beholds, in the place of it, the lonely and barren desert, in which, surrounded with many a disagreeable object, he is left musing upon himself. The time which he has mispent, and the faculties which he has misemployed, his foolish levity and his criminal pursuits, all rise in painful

prospect before him. That unknown state of existence into which race after race, the children of men pass, strikes his mind with solemn awe. Is there no course by which he can retrieve his past errors? Is there no superior power to which he can look up for aid? Is there no plan of conduct which, if it exempt him not from sorrow, can at least procure him consolation amidst the distressful exigencies of life?—Such meditations as these, suggested by the house of mourning, frequently produce a change in the whole character. They revive those sparks of goodness which were nearly extinguished in the dissipated mind; and give rise to principles of conduct more rational in themselves, and more suitable to the human state.

In the next place, impressions of this nature not only produce moral seriousness, but awaken sentiments of piety, and bring men into the sanctuary of religion. One might, indeed, imagine that the blessings of a prosperous condition would prove the most natural incitements to devotion; and that when men were happy in themselves, and saw nothing but happiness around them, they could not fail gratefully to acknowledge that God who “giveth them all things richly to enjoy.” Yet such is their corruption, that they are never more ready to forget their benefactor, than when loaded with his benefits. The giver is concealed from their careless and inattentive view, by the cloud of his own gifts. When their life continues to flow in one smooth current, unruffled by any griefs: when they neither receive in their own circumstances, nor allow themselves to receive from the circumstances of others, any admonitions of human instability, they not only become regardless of Providence, but are in hazard of contemning it. Glorifying in their strength, and lifted up by the pride of life into supposed independence, that impious sentiment, if not uttered by the mouth, yet too often lurks in the hearts of many during their flourishing periods, “What is the Almighty that we should serve him, and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?”

If such be the tendency of the house of feasting, how necessary is it that, by some change in their situation, men should be obliged to enter into the house of mourning, in order to recover a proper sense of their dependent state! It is there, when forsaken by the gaieties of the world, and left alone with the Almighty, that we are made to perceive how awful his government is; how easily human greatness bends before him; and how quickly all our designs and measures, at his interposal, vanish into nothing. There, when the countenance is sad, and the affections are softened by grief; when we sit apart, involved in serious thought, looking down as from some eminence on those dark clouds that hang over the life of man, the arrogance of prosperity is humbled, and the heart melts under the impressions of religion. Formerly we were taught, but now we see, we feel, how much we stand in need of an Almighty Protector, amidst the changes of this vain world. Our soul cleaves to him who “despises not, nor abhors the affliction of the afflicted.” Prayer flows forth of its own accord from the relenting heart, that he may be our God, and the

God of our friends in distress; that he may never forsake us while we are sojourning in this land of pilgrimage; may strengthen us under its calamities, and bring us hereafter to those habitations of rest, where we, and they whom we love, may be delivered from the trials which all are now doomed to endure. The discoveries of his mercy, which he has made in the gospel of Christ, are viewed with joy, as so many rays of light sent down from above, to dispel, in some degree, the surrounding gloom. A Mediator and Intercessor with the Sovereign of the universe, appear comfortable names; and the resurrection of the just becomes the powerful cordial of grief. In such moments as these, which we may justly call happy moments, the soul participates of all the pleasures of devotion. It feels the power of religion to support and relieve. It is softened, without being broken. It is full, and it pours itself forth; pours itself forth, if we may be allowed to use the expression, into the bosom of its merciful Creator.

Enough has been said to show, that, on various occasions, "sorrow may be better than laughter."—Wouldst thou acquire the habit of recollection, and fix the principles of thy conduct; wouldst thou be led up to thy Creator and Redeemer, and be formed to sentiments of piety and devotion; wouldst thou be acquainted with those mild and tender affections which delight the compassionate and humane; wouldst thou have the power of sensual appetites tamed and corrected, and thy soul raised above the ignoble love of life, and fear of death? go, my brother, go—not to scenes of pleasure and riot, not to the house of feasting and mirth—but to the silent house of mourning; and adventure to dwell for awhile among objects that will soften thy heart. Contemplate the lifeless remains of what once was fair and flourishing. Bring home to thyself the vicissitudes of life.—Recall the remembrance of the friend, the parent, or the child, whom thou tenderly lovedst. Look back on the days of former years; and think on the companions of thy youth, who now sleep in the dust. Let the vanity, the mutability, and the sorrows of the human state, arise in full prospect before thee; and though thy countenance may be made sad, thy heart shall be made better." This sadness, though for the present it dejects, yet shall in the end fortify thy spirit; inspiring thee with such sentiments, and prompting such resolutions as shall enable thee to enjoy, with more real advantage, the rest of life. Dispositions of this nature form one part of the character of these mourners, whom our Saviour hath pronounced blessed; and of those to whom it is promised, that "sowing in tears, they shall reap in joy." A great difference there is between being serious and melancholy; and a melancholy too there is of that kind which deserves to be sometimes indulged.

Religion hath, on the whole, provided for every good man, abundant materials of consolation and relief. How dark soever the present face of nature may appear, it dispels the darkness, when it brings into view the entire system of things, and extends our survey to the whole kingdom of God. It represents what we now behold as only a part, and a small part, of the general order. It assures us,



that though here, for wise ends, misery and sorrow are permitted to have place, these temporary evils shall, in the end, advance the happiness of all who love God, and are faithful to their duty. It shows them this mixed and confused scene vanishing by degrees away, and preparing the introduction of that state, where the house of mourning shall be shut forever; where no tears are seen, and no groans heard; where no hopes are frustrated, and no virtuous connexions dissolved; but where under the light of the Divine countenance, goodness shall flourish in perpetual felicity. Thus, though religion may occasionally chasten our mirth with sadness of countenance, yet under that sadness it allows not the heart of good men to sink. It calls upon them to rejoice "because the Lord reigneth who is their Rock, and the most high God who is their Redeemer." Reason likewise joins her voice with that of religion; forbidding us to make peevish and unreasonable complaints of human life, or injuriously to ascribe to it more evil than it contains. Mixed as the present state is, she pronounces, that generally, if not always, there is more happiness than misery, more pleasure than pain, in the condition of man.

BLAIR.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### DIALOGUES.

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#### SECTION I.

#### THERON AND ASPASIO.

*Beauty and utility combined in the productions of nature.*

THERON and ASPASIO took a morning walk into the fields; their spirits cheered, and their imaginations lively; gratitude glowing in their hearts, and the whole creation smiling around them.

After sufficient exercise, they seated themselves on a mossy hillock, which offered its couch. The rising sun had visited the spot, to dry up the dews and exhale the damps, that might endanger health; to open the violets, and to expand the primroses, that decked the green. The whole shade of the wood was collected behind them; and a beautiful, extensive, diversified landscape spread itself before them.

Theron, according to his usual manner, made many improving remarks on the prospect, and its furniture. He traced the footsteps of an All-comprehending contrivance, and pointed out the strokes of inimitable skill. He observed the grand exertions of power, and the rich exuberance of goodness, most signally, most charmingly conspicuous through the whole.—Upon one circumstance he enlarged, with particular satisfaction.

THERON.

See! ASPASIO, how all is calculated to administer the highest delight to mankind. Those trees and hedges, which skirt the extra-



mities of the landscape, stealing away from their real bulk, and lessening by gentle diminutions, appear like elegant pictures in miniature. Those which occupy the nearer situations, are a set of noble images swelling upon the eye, in full proportion, and in a variety of graceful attitudes; both of them ornamenting the several apartments of our common abode, with a mixture of delicacy and grandeur.

The blossoms that array the branches, the flowers that embroider the mead, address and entertain our eyes with every charm of beauty. whereas, to other creatures, they are destitute of all those attractions, which result from a combination of the loveliest colours, and the most alluring forms. Yonder streams, that glide with smooth serenity along the valleys, glittering to the distant view, like sheets of polished crystal, or soothing the attentive ear, with the softness of aquatic murmurs, are not less exhilarating to the fancy, than refreshing to the soul through which they pass. The huge, enormous mountain; the steep and dizzy precipice; the pendant horrors of the craggy promontory, wild and awful as they are, furnish an agreeable entertainment to the human mind; and please even while they amaze: whereas, the beasts take no other notice of those majestic deformities, than to avoid the dangers they threaten.

ASPASIO.

How wonderfully do such considerations exalt our idea of the Creator's goodness, his very distinguishing goodness to mankind! And should they not proportionably endear that eternal Benefactor to our hearts? His ever bountiful hand, has, with profuse liberality, scattered blessings among all the ranks of animated existence. But to us he exercises a beneficence of a very superior kind. We are treated with peculiar attention. We are admitted to scenes of delight, which none but ourselves are capable of relishing.

THERON.

Another remark, though very obvious, is equally important. The destination of all these external things is no less advantageous, than their formation is beautiful. The bloom which engages the eye with its delicate hues, is cherishing the embryo fruit; and forming, within its silken folds, the rudiments of a future desert.—Those streams which shine from afar, like fluid silver, are much more valuable in their productions, and beneficial in their services, than they are beautiful in their appearance. They distribute, as they roll along their winding banks, cleanliness to our houses, and fruitfulness to our lands. They nourish, and at their own expense, a never-failing supply of the finest fish. They visit our cities, and attend our wharves, as so many public vehicles, ready to set out at all hours.

Those sheep, which give their udders to be drained by the busy frisking lambs, are fattening their flesh for our support; and while they fill their own fleeces, are providing for our comfortable clothing. Yonder kine, some of which are browsing upon the tender herb, others, satiated with pasturage, and ruminating under the shady covert, though conscious of no such design, are concocting for our use, one of the softest, purest, most salutary of liquors. The bees that fly humming about our seat, and pursue their work on the

fragrant blossoms, are collecting balm and sweetness, to compose the richest of syrup; which, through the produce of their toil, is intended for our good. Nature and her whole family, are our obsequious servants, our ever-active labourers. They bring the fruits of their united industry, and pour them into our lap, or deposite them in our store-rooms.

ASPASIO.

Who can ever sufficiently admire this immense benignity?—The Supreme Disposer of events has commanded delight and profit to walk hand in hand, through his ample creation, making all things so perfectly pleasing, as if beauty were their only end; yet all things so eminently serviceable, as if usefulness had been their sole design.—And, as a most winning invitation to our gratitude, he has rendered man the centre, in which all the emanations of his beneficence, diffused through this terrestrial system, finally terminate.

HERVEY.

## SECTION II.

### CADMUS AND HERCULES.

#### *Importance of Literature.*

HERCULES.

Do you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthean boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stymphalian birds? Did you destroy tyrants and robbers? you value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent; I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

CADMUS.

It is not on account of the serpent that I boast myself a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility, rather than their splendour. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their precision and permanency. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents; and, what is more, to bind by laws and wholesome regulations, the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species, arise from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression: but wisdom is the associate of justice. It assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, to protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression. The operations of policy far surpass the labours of Hercules, preventing many evils which valour and

might cannot even redress. You heroes regard nothing but glory ; and scarcely consider whether the conquests which raise your fame, are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valour not directed by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts !

HERCULES.

I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous life, in the man who taught his countrymen to sit still and read ; and to lose the hours of youth and action in idle speculation and the sport of words.

CADMUS.

An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame, is the Eurystheus which imposes heroic labours on mankind. The muses incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repose ; and I think you should honour them for presenting to heroes so noble a recreation, as may prevent their taking up the distaff, when they lay down the club.

HERCULES.

Wits as well as heroes can take up the distaff. What think you of their thin-spun systems of philosophy, or lascivious poems, or Milesian fables ? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that blaspheme the gods, and perplex the natural sense of right and wrong ? I believe if Eurystheus were to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed, he would make me read over a great library ; and I would serve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the library, than on cleansing the Augean stables.

CADMUS.

It is in those libraries only that the memory of your labour exists. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylae owe their fame to me. All the wise institutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of sages, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them. O Hercules ! it is not for the man who preferred virtue to pleasure, to be an enemy to the muses. Let Sardanapalus and the silken sons of luxury, who have wasted life in inglorious ease, despise the records of action, which bear no honourable testimony to their lives : but true merit, heroic virtue, should respect the sacred source of lasting honour.

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be said in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations ? Can it be of any consequence to the world what an idle man has been thinking ?

CADMUS.

Yes it may. The most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy, are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind are obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled

them to construct such wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions, by the severest drudgery, could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry likewise is of excellent use, to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts and examples of virtue. From the little root of a few letters, science has spread its branches over all nature, and raised its head to the heavens.—Some philosophers have entered so far into the counsels of Divine Wisdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connexion and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems a great exertion of Omnipotence to have established? What a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology do these discoveries open to us? While some superior geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been inquiring into the most minute works of the Infinite Artificer: the same care, the same providence, is exerted through the whole; and we should learn from it, that, to true wisdom, utility and fitness appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

## HERCULES.

I approve of science as far as it is assistant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery of the greater part of the globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to bustle in.

## CADMUS

There spoke the soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The study of history will teach the legislator by what means states have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of sages point out a private path of virtue; and show that the best empire is self government, and that subduing our passions is the noblest of conquests.

## HERCULES.

The true spirit of heroism acts by a generous impulse, and wants neither the experience of history, nor the doctrines of philosophers to direct it. But do not arts and sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive? and can you deny that wit and learning are often made subservient to very bad purposes?

## CADMUS.

I will own that there are some natures so happily formed, they scarcely want the assistance of a master, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But these favoured



geniuses are few. As learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist; in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up among the flowers of art: but the spontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched. Every gift of Heaven is sometimes abused; but good sense and fine talents, by a natural law, gravitate toward virtue. Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but such accidents are an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if virtue cannot keep to her allegiance those men, who in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend? May such geniuses never descend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the service of virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of those, who, like Hercules, preferred her to pleasure.

LORD LYTTLETON.

### SECTION III.

#### MARCUS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS AND SERVIUS TULLIUS.

##### *An absolute and a limited monarchy compared.*

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

YES, Marcus, though I own you to have been the first of mankind in virtue and goodness; though, while you governed, philosophy sat on the throne, and diffused the benign influences of her administration over the whole Roman empire, yet, as a king, I might, perhaps, pretend to a merit even superior to yours.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

That philosophy you ascribe to me has taught me to feel my own defects, and to venerate the virtues of other men. Tell me, therefore, in what consisted the superiority of your merit, as a king.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

It consisted in this, that I gave my people freedom. I diminished, I limited the kingly power, when it was placed in my hands. I need not tell you, that the plan of government instituted by me, was adopted by the Romans, when they had driven out Tarquin, the destroyer of their liberty; and gave its form to that republic, composed of a due mixture of the regal, aristocratical, and democratical powers, the strength and wisdom of which subdued the world. Thus all the glory of that great people, who for many ages excelled the rest of mankind, in the arts of policy, belongs originally to me.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

There is much truth in what you say. But would not the Romans have done better, if after the expulsion of Tarquin, they had vested the regal power in a limited monarch, instead of placing it in two annual elective magistrates, with the title of consuls? This was

a great deviation from your plan of government, and I think an unwise one. For a divided royalty is a solecism, an absurdity in politics. Nor was the regal power committed to the administration of consuls, continued in their hands long enough to enable them to finish any act of great moment. From hence arose a necessity of prolonging their commands beyond the legal term; of shortening the interval prescribed by the laws between the elections of those offices; and of granting extraordinary commissions and powers; by all which the republic was in the end destroyed.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

The revolution which ensued upon the death of Lucretia, was made with so much anger, that it is no wonder the Romans abolished in their fury the name of king, and desired to weaken a power, the exercise of which had been so grievous: though the doing of this was attended with all the inconveniences you have justly observed. But if anger acted too violently in reforming abuses, philosophy might have wisely corrected that error. Marcus Aurelius might have new-modelled the constitution of Rome. He might have made it a limited monarchy, leaving to the emperors all the power that was necessary to govern a wide, extended empire, and to the senate and people all the liberty that could be consistent with order and obedience to government; a liberty purged of faction, and guarded against anarchy.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I should have been happy indeed, if it had been in my power to do such good to my country. But heaven will not force its blessings on men, who by their vices are become incapable of receiving them. Liberty, like power, is only good for those who possess it, when it is under the constant direction of virtue. No laws can have force enough to hinder it from degenerating into faction and anarchy, where the morals of a nation are depraved: and continued habits of vice will eradicate the very love of it out of the hearts of a people. A Marcus Brutus, in my time, could not have drawn to his standard a single legion of Romans. But further, it is certain that the spirit of liberty is absolutely incompatible with the spirit of conquest. To keep great conquered nations in subjection and obedience, great standing armies are necessary. The generals of those armies will not long remain subject: and whoever acquires dominion by the sword, must rule by the sword. If he does not destroy liberty, liberty will destroy him.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Do you then justify Augustus for the change he made in the Roman government?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I do not: for Augustus had no lawful authority to make that change. His power was usurpation and breach of trust. But the government, which he seized with a violent hand, came to me by a lawful and established rule of succession.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Can any length of establishment make despotism lawful? Is not liberty an inherent, inalienable right of mankind?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They have an inherent right to be governed by laws, not by arbitrary will. But forms of government may, and must be occasionally changed, with the consent of the people. When I reigned over them, the Romans were governed by laws.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Yes, because your moderation, and the precepts of that philosophy in which your youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the laws the rule of your government, and the bounds of your power.—But, if you had desired to govern otherwise, had they power to restrain you?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They had not: the Imperial authority in my time had no limitations.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Rome therefore was in reality as much enslaved under you, as under your son; and you left him the power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary right.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I did;—and the conclusion of that tyranny was his murder.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Unhappy father! unhappy king! what a detestable thing is absolute monarchy, when even the virtues of Marcus Aurelius could not hinder it from being destructive to his family, and pernicious to his country, any longer than the period of his own life! But how happy is that kingdom, in which a limited monarch presides over a state so justly poised\* that it guards itself from such evils, and has no need to take refuge in arbitrary power against the dangers of anarchy: which is almost as bad a resource, as it would be for a ship to run itself on a rock, in order to escape from the agitation of a tempest.

LORD LYTTTELTON.

\* The young reader will here be naturally reminded of the excellence of the British Constitution; a fabric which has stood the test of ages, and attracted the admiration of the world. It combines the advantages of the three great forms of government, without their inconveniences; it preserves a happy balance amongst them: and it contains within itself the power of recurring to first principles, and of rectifying all the disorders of time. May Divine Providence perpetuate this invaluable constitution; and excite in the hearts of Britons, grateful acknowledgments for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished!

G

## SECTION IV.

## THERON AND ASPASIO.

*On the excellence of the Holy Scriptures*

THERON.

I FEAR my friend suspects me to be somewhat wavering, or defective, in veneration for the Scriptures.

ASPASIO.

No, Theron, I have a better opinion of your taste and discernment, than to harbour any such suspicion.

THERON.

The Scriptures are certainly an inexhaustible fund of materials, for the most delightful and ennobling discourse and meditation. When we consider the Author of those sacred books, that they came originally from Heaven, were dictated by Divine Wisdom, have the same consummate excellence as the works of creation; it is really surprising, that we are not often searching, by study, by meditation, or converse, into one or other of those important volumes.

ASPASIO.

I admire, I must confess, the very language and composition of the Bible. Would you see history in all her simplicity, and all her force; most beautifully easy, yet irresistibly striking?—See her, or rather feel her energy, touching the nicest movements of the soul, and triumphing over our passions, in the inimitable narrative of Joseph's life.—The representation of Esau's bitter distress; the conversation pieces of Jonathan and his gallant friend; the memorable journal of the disciples going to Emmaus; are finished models of the impassioned and affecting. Here is nothing studied; here are no flights of fancy; no embellishments of oratory. If we sometimes choose a plaintive strain, such as softens the mind, and soothes a agreeable melancholy, are any of the classic writers superior, in the eloquence of mourning, to David's pathetic elegy on his beloved Jonathan; to his most passionate and inconsolable moan over the lovely but unhappy Absalom; or to that melodious woe, which warbles and bleeds, in every line of Jeremiah's Lamentations?

Are we admirers of Antiquity?—Here we are led back, beyond the universal deluge, and far beyond the date of any other annals.—We are introduced to the earliest inhabitants of the earth. We take a view of mankind in their undisguised primitive plainness, when the days of their life were but little short of a thousand years. We are brought acquainted with the origin of nations; with the creation of the world; and with the birth of time itself.

Are we delighted with vast achievements?—Where is any thing comparable to the miracles in Egypt, and the wonders in the field of Zoan? to the memoirs of the Israelites passing through the depths of the sea; sojourning amidst the inhospitable deserts; and conquering the kingdom of Canaan?—Here we behold the fundamental laws of the universe, sometimes suspended, sometimes reversed; and not only the current of Jordan, but the course of nature controlled.



If we want maxims of wisdom, or have a taste for the laconic style,—how copiously may our wants be supplied, and how delicately our taste gratified! especially in the book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and some of the minor prophets. Here are the most sage lessons of instruction adapted to every circumstance of life; formed upon the experience of all preceding ages; and perfected by the unerring Spirit of inspiration. These are delivered with a conciseness so remarkable, that one might venture to say, every word is a sentence: at least, every sentence may be called an apothegm, sparkling with brightness of thought, or weighty with solidity of sense. The whole, like a profusion of pearls, containing, in a very small compass, a value almost immense; all heaped up (as an ingenious writer observes) with a confused magnificence, above the little niceties of order.

If we look for strength of reasoning, and warmth of exhortation, or the manly boldness of impartial reproof; let us have recourse to the Acts of the Apostles, and to the Epistles of Paul. These are a specimen, or rather these are the standard of them all.

Another recommendation of the Scriptures, is, that they afford the most awful and most amiable manifestations of the Deity. His glory shines, and his goodness smiles, in those Divine pages, with unparalleled lustre. Here we have a satisfactory explanation of our own state. The origin of evil is traced; the cause of all our misery discovered; and the remedy, the infallible remedy, both clearly shown, and freely offered. The atonement and intercession of Christ lay a firm foundation for all our hopes; while gratitude for his dying love suggests the most winning incitements to every duty.—Morality, Theron, your (and, let me add, my) admired morality, is here delineated in all its branches, is placed upon its proper basis, and raised to its highest elevation. The Holy Spirit is promised to enlighten the darkness of our understandings, and strengthen the imbecility of our wills. What an ample——Can you indulge me in this favourite topic?

THERON.

It is, I assure you, equally pleasing to myself Your enlargements, therefore, need no apology.

ASPASIO.

What an ample provision is made, or referred to, by these excellent books, for all our spiritual wants! and, in this respect, how indisputable is their superiority to all other compositions! Is any one convinced of guilt, as provoking Heaven, and ruining the soul? Let him ask Reason to point out a means of reconciliation, and a refuge of safety. Reason hesitates, as she replies; “the Deity may, perhaps, accept our supplications, and grant forgiveness.” But the Scriptures leave us not to the sad uncertainty of conjecture. They speak the language of clear assurance. God has set forth a propitiation; he does forgive our iniquities: he will remember our sins no more.

Are we assaulted by temptation, or averse to duty? Philosophy may attempt to parry the thrust, or stir up the reluctant mind, by

disclosing the deformity of vice, and urging the fitness of things Feeble expedients! just as well calculated to accomplish the ends proposed, as the flimsy fortification of a cobweb to defend us from the ball of a cannon. The Bible recommends no such incompetent succours. "My grace," says its Almighty author, "is sufficient for thee."—"Sin shall not have dominion over you."—The great Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength, "worketh in us, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure."

Should we be visited with sickness, or overtaken by any calamity, the consolation which Plato offers, is, that such dispensations coincide with the universal plan of Divine government. Virgil will tell us, for our relief, that afflictive visitations are, more or less, the unavoidable lot of all men. Another moralist whispers in the dejected sufferer's ear, "Impatience adds to the load; whereas a calm submission renders it more supportable."—Does the word of revelation dispense such spiritless and fugitive cordials?—No: those sacred pages inform us, that tribulations are fatherly chastisements, tokens of our Maker's love, and fruits of his care; that they are intended to work in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and to work out for us an eternal weight of glory.

Should we, under the summons of death, have recourse to the most celebrated comforters in the heathen world; they would increase our apprehensions, rather than mitigate our dread. Death is represented, by the great master of their schools, as the most formidable of all evils. They were not able to determine, whether the soul survived the body. Whereas, this inspired volume strips the monster of his horrors, or turns him into a messenger of peace; gives him an angel's face, and a deliverer's hand; and ascertains to the souls of the righteous, an immediate translation into the regions of bliss.

#### THERON.

Another very distinguishing peculiarity of the sacred writings just occurs to my mind; the method of communicating advice, or administering reproof, by parables: a method which levels itself to the lowest apprehension, without giving offence to the most supercilious temper. Our Lord was asked by a student of the Jewish law, "Who, is my neighbour?" which implied another question, "How is he to be loved?" The inquirer was conceited of himself, yet ignorant of the truth, and deficient in his duty. Had the wise instructor of mankind abruptly declared, "Thou neither knowest the former, nor fulfillest the latter;" probably the querist would have reddened with indignation, and departed in a rage. To teach, therefore, and not disgust; to convince the man of his error, and not exasperate his mind, he frames a reply, as amiable in the manner, as it was well adapted to the purpose.

A certain person going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves. Not content to rob him of his treasure, they strip him of his garments; wounded him with great barbarity; and leave him half dead. Soon after this calamitous accident, a traveller happens to come along that very road; and what renders him more

likely to afford relief, he is one of the ministers of religion ; one who taught others the lovely lessons of humanity and charity ; and who was, therefore, under the strongest obligations to exemplify them in his own practice. He just glances an eye upon the deplorable object ; sees him stretched on the cold ground, and weltering in his blood ; but takes no further notice : nay, to avoid the trouble of an inquiry, he passes by on the other side. Scarcely was he departed, when a Levite approaches. This man comes nearer, and looks on the miserable spectacle ; takes a leisurely and attentive survey of the case : and though every gash in the bleeding flesh cried and pleaded for compassion, this minister of the sanctuary neither speaks a word to comfort, nor moves a hand to help. Last of all comes a Samaritan ; one of the abhorred nation, whom the Jews hated with the most implacable malignity. Though the Levite had neglected an expiring brother ; though the priest had withheld his pity from one of the Lord's peculiar people ; the very moment this Samaritan sees the unhappy sufferer, he melts into commiseration. He forgets the embittered foe, and considers only the distressed fellow-creature. He springs from his horse, and resolves to intermit his journey. The oil and wine, intended for his own refreshment, he freely converts into healing unguents. He binds up the wounds ; sets the disabled stranger upon his own beast ; and with all the assiduity of a servant, with all the tenderness of a brother, conducts him to an inn. There he deposits money for his present use ; charges the host to omit nothing that might conduce to the recovery or comfort of his guest ; and promises to defray the whole expense of his lodging, his maintenance, and his cure.

What a lively picture of the most disinterested and active benevolence ! a benevolence which excludes no persons, not even strangers or enemies, from its tender regards ; which disdains no condescension, grudges no cost, in its labours of love ! Could any method of conviction have been more forcible, and at the same time more pleasing, than the interrogatory proposed by our Lord, and deduced from the narrative ? “ Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves ? ” Or can there be an advice more suitable to the occasion, more important in its nature, or expressed with a more sententious energy, than that which is contained in these words ; “ Go thou, and do likewise ” In this case, the learner instructs, the delinquent condemns himself. Bigotry bears away its prejudice ; and pride, (when the moral so sweetly, so imperceptibly insinuates,) even pride itself, lends a willing ear to admonition.

#### ASPASIO.

It has been very justly remarked, that this eloquence of similitude is equally affecting to the wise, and intelligible to the ignorant. It shows rather than relates, the point to be illustrated. It has been admired by the best judges in all ages ; but never was carried to its highest perfection, till our Lord spoke the parable of the prodigal ; which has a beauty that no paraphrase can heighten ; a per-

spicuity that renders all interpretation needless ; and a force which every reader, not totally insensible, must feel.

Theron.

The condescension and goodness of God are every where conspicuous. In the productions of nature, he conveys to us the most valuable fruits, by the intervention of the loveliest blossoms. Though the present is in itself extremely acceptable, he has given it an additional endearment, by the beauties which array it, or the perfumes which surround it. In the pages of revelation, likewise, he has communicated to us the most glorious truths, adorned with the excellences of composition. They are, as one of their writers very elegantly speaks, ‘like apples of gold in pictures of silver.’

Aspasio.

Who then would not willingly obey that benign command ? “Thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way ; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.”

When I consider the language of the Scriptures, and sometimes experience the holy energy which accompanies them, I am inclined to say, “Other writings, though polished with the nicest touches of art, only tinkle on the ear, or affect us like the shepherd’s reed. But these, even amidst all their noble ease, strike, alarm, transport us.” When I consider the contents of the Scriptures, and believe myself interested in the promises they make, and the privileges they confer, I am induced to cry out, “What are all the other books in the world, compared with these invaluable volumes !”\*

Hervey.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### PUBLIC SPEECHES.

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#### SECTION I.

#### *The defence of Socrates before his Judges.*

SOCRATES, in his defence, employed neither artifice nor the glitter of eloquence. He had not recourse either to solicitation or entreaty. He brought neither his wife nor children to incline the judges in his favour, by their sighs and tears. But though he firmly

\* That accomplished scholar and distinguished writer, the late Sir William Jones, chief Justice of Bengal, at the end of his Bible wrote the following note ; which coming from a man of his profound erudition, and perfect knowledge of the oriental languages, customs, and manners, must be considered as a powerful testimony, not only to the sublimity, but to the Divine inspiration of the sacred writings.

“I have,” says he, “regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures ; and I am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure



refused to make use of any other voice than his own, and to appear before his Judges in the submissive posture of a suppliant, he did not behave in that manner from pride, or contempt of the tribunal: it was from a noble and intrepid assurance, resulting from greatness of soul, and the consciousness of his truth and innocence. His defence had nothing timorous or weak in it. His discourse was bold, manly, generous, without passion, without emotion, full of the noble liberty of a philosopher, with no other ornament than that of truth, and brightened universally with the character and language of innocence. Plato, who was present, transcribed it afterwards, and without any additions, composed from it the work which he calls the *Apology of Socrates*, one of the most consummate master-pieces of antiquity. The following is an extract from it.

“I am accused of corrupting the youth, and of instilling dangerous maxims into their minds, as well in regard to Divine worship, as to the rules of government. You know, Athenians, that I never made it my profession to teach: nor can envy, however violent, reproach me with having ever sold my instructions. I have an undeniable evidence for me in this respect, which is my poverty. I am always equally ready to communicate my thoughts both to the rich and the poor, and to give them opportunity to question or answer me. I lend myself to every one who is desirous of becoming virtuous: and if, amongst those who hear me, there are any that prove either good or bad, neither the virtues of the one, nor the vices of the other, to which I have not contributed, are to be ascribed to me. My whole employment is to counsel the young and the old against too much love for the body, for riches and all other precarious things, of whatever nature they be; and against too little regard for the soul, which ought to be the object of their affection. For I incessantly urge to them, that virtue does not proceed from riches; but, on the contrary, riches from virtue; and that all the other goods of human life, as well public as private, have their source in the same principle.

“If to speak in this manner be to corrupt youth, I confess, Athenians, that I am guilty, and deserve to be punished. If what I say be not true, it is most easy to convict me of falsehood. I see here a great number of my disciples: they have only to come forward. It will, perhaps, be said, that the regard and veneration due to a master who has instructed them, will prevent them from declaring against me: but their fathers, brothers, and uncles, cannot, as good relations and good citizens, excuse themselves for not standing forth to demand vengeance against the corrupter of their sons, brothers, and nephews. These are however, the persons who take upon them my defence, and interest themselves in the success of my cause.

“Pass on me what sentence you please, Athenians: I can neither repent, nor alter my conduct. I must not abandon or suspend a

morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age & language they may have been composed.”

function which God himself has imposed on me. Now he has charged me with the care of instructing my fellow-citizens. If after having faithfully kept all the posts wherein I was placed by our generals at Potidæa, Amphipolis, and Delium, the fear of death should at this time make me abandon that in which the divine Providence has placed me, by commanding me to pass my life in the study of philosophy, for the instruction of myself and others; this would be a most criminal desertion indeed, and make me highly worthy of being cited before this tribunal, as an impious man, who does not believe in the gods. Should you resolve to acquit me, I should not, Athenians, hesitate to say, I honour and love you; but I shall choose rather to obey God than you; and to my latest breath shall never renounce my philosophy, nor cease to exhort and reprove you according to my custom, by saying to each of you as occasion offers; "My good friend and citizen of the most famous city in the world for wisdom and valour, are you not ashamed to have no other thoughts than those of amassing wealth, and of acquiring glory, credit and dignities; neglecting the treasures of prudence, truth, and wisdom, and taking no pains to render your soul as good and perfect as it is capable of being?"

"I am reproached with abject fear, and meanness of spirit, for being so busy in imparting my advice to every one in private, and for having always avoided to be present in your assemblies, to give my counsels to my country. I think I have sufficiently proved my courage and fortitude, both in the field, where I have borne arms with you, and in the senate, where I alone opposed the unjust sentence you pronounced against the ten captains, who had not taken up and interred the bodies of those, who were killed and drowned in the sea-fight near the island Argiausæ; and when, upon more than one occasion, I opposed the violent and cruel orders of the thirty tyrants. What is it then that has prevented me from appearing in your assemblies? Do not take it ill, I beseech you, if I speak my thoughts without disguise, and with truth and freedom. Every man who would generously oppose a whole people, either amongst us or elsewhere, and who inflexibly applies himself to prevent the violation of the laws, and the practice of iniquity in a government, will never do so long with impunity. It is absolutely necessary for a man of this disposition, if he has any thoughts of living, to remain in a private station, and never to have any share in public affairs.

"For the rest, Athenians, if, in my present extreme danger, I do not imitate the behaviour of those, who, upon less emergencies, have implored and supplicated their judges with tears, and have brought forth their children, relations, and friends; it is not through pride and obstinacy, or any contempt for you, but solely for your honour, and for that of the whole city. You should know, that there are amongst our citizens those who do not regard death as an evil, and who give that name only to injustice and infamy. At my age, and with the reputation, true or false, which I have, would it be consistent for me, after all the lessons I have given upon the contempt of

death, to be afraid of it myself, and to belie, in my last action, all the principles and sentiments of my past life?

“But without speaking of my fame, which I should extremely injure by such a conduct, I do not think it allowable to entreat a judge, nor to be absolved by supplications. He ought to be influenced only by reason and evidence. The judge does not sit upon the bench to show favour, by violating the laws, but to do justice in conforming to them. He does not swear to discharge with impunity whom he pleases, but to do justice where it is due. We ought not therefore, to accustom you to perjury, nor you to suffer yourselves to be accustomed to it; for, in so doing, both the one and the other of us equally injure justice and religion, and both are criminals.

“Do not, therefore, expect from me, Athenians, that I should have recourse amongst you to means which I believe neither honest nor lawful, especially upon this occasion, wherein I am accused of impiety by Melitus: for, if I should influence you by my prayers, and thereby induce you to violate your oaths, it would be undeniably evident, that I teach you not to believe in the gods; and even in defending and justifying myself, should furnish my adversaries with arms against me, and prove that I believe no divinity. But I am very far from such bad thoughts: I am more convinced of the existence of God than my accusers are; and so convinced, that I abandon myself to God and you, that you may judge of me as you shall deem best for yourselves and me.”

Socrates pronounced this discourse with a firm and intrepid tone. His air, his action, his visage, expressed nothing of the accused.—He seemed to be the master of his judges, from the greatness of soul with which he spoke, without however losing any of the modesty natural to him. But how slight soever the proofs were against him, the faction was powerful enough to find him guilty. There was the form of a process against him, and his irreligion was the pretence upon which it was grounded; but his death was certainly a concerted thing. His steady uninterrupted course of obstinate virtue, which had made him in many cases appear singular, and oppose whatever he thought illegal or unjust, without any regard to times or persons, had procured him a great deal of envy and ill-will. After his sentence, he continued with the same serene and intrepid aspect with which he had long enforced virtue, and held tyrants in awe. When he entered his prison, which then became the residence of virtue and probity, his friends followed him, and continued to visit him during the interval between his condemnation and his death.

GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION II.

*The Scythian ambassadors to Alexander, on his making preparations to attack their country.*

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world could not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time: you grasp at more than you are equal

to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India; all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment, by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve. Though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible: for what people choose to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit: but to conquer us is quite another business. You will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful. You profess yourself to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders both of Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we



have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing: but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed: even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you would choose to have for allies, or for enemies, a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them.

Q. CURTIUS.

### SECTION III.

*Speech of the Earl of Chatham, on the subject of employing Indians to fight against the Americans.*

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy;—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent;—doubly so, indeed, from this

mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgrace, and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage ?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods ?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren ? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality ; “ for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “ to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed ; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention ; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity !—“ That God and nature have put into our hands !” What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not ; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife ! to the savage, torturing and murdering his unhappy victims ! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn,—upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless Indian, thirsting for blood ! against whom ?—your protestant brethren !—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these ungovernable savages !—Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico ; we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared

to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity. let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have allowed me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my steadfast abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.\*

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

##### *The voyage of Life ; an allegory*

“LIFE,” says Seneca, “is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.” The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters. My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity ; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life ; that we had already passed the straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them ; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our

\* Every benevolent mind must be gratified with the cheering prospect which is now opening in favour of the American Indians. The besighted and unhappy part of our species, notwithstanding their savage enormities, are entitled to compassion ; especially from those who are enlightened by the rays of that Gospel, which dispenses hope to the miserable, and breathes “peace on earth, and good will to men.” They are, indeed, not only entitled to compassion, but to our active and liberal co-operation in the present happy measures, for diffusing amongst them the blessings of civil life, and the benign influence of Christianity.

power to choose, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness : and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure ; but no sooner touched them, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness ; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools ; for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable ; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage ; since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence ; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him ; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten ; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence ; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed : nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course. If he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition ; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him ; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever, he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last



This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring; at least to keep the melancholy and timorous, in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward; but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety, and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose; and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand, to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome: and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before; but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly

and warning others against the first approach towards the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches, and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow: but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired: nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of Infancy, perish in the way; and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees; contended long with the encroaching waters: and harassed themselves by labours that scarcely Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fates of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power: "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

DR. JOHNSON.

## SECTION II.

*The vanity of those pursuits which have human approbation for their chief object.*

AMONG the emirs and viziers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, to assist the councils, or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timur, the first place was long held by Morad, the son of Hanuth. Morad having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean; every tongue faltered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity: every day increased his wealth, and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims; the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun grew weary of gilding the

palaces of Morad; the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head; and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets. Their example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures; and only a few whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud; his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality; and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions, and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude. He saw, with regret, the sun rise to force on his eye a new day for which he had no use; and envied the savage that wanders in the desert, because he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den.

His discontent in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease seized upon him. He refused physic, neglected exercise, and lay down on his couch peevish and restless, rather afraid to die, than desirous to live. His domestics, for a time, redoubled their assiduities; but finding that no officiousness could sooth, nor exactness satisfy, they soon gave way to negligence and sloth; and he that once commanded nations, often languished in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded messengers to recall his eldest son, Abouzaid, from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness; and hasted, by long journeys, to his place of residence. Morad was yet living, and felt his strength return at the embraces of his son; then commanding him to sit down at his bed-side, "Abouzaid," said he, "thy father has no more to hope or fear from the inhabitants of the earth; the cold hand of the angel of death is now upon him, and the voracious grave is howling for his prey. Hear therefore the precepts of ancient experience: let not my last instructions issue forth in vain. Thou hast seen me happy and calamitous: thou hast beheld my exaltation and my fall. My power is in the hands of my enemies; my treasures have rewarded my accusers: but my inheritance the clemency of the emperor has spared; and my wisdom his anger could not take away. Cast thine eyes around thee: whatever thou beholdest, will, in a few hours, be thine: apply thine ear to my dictates, and these possessions will promote thy happiness. Aspire not to public honours; enter not the palaces of kings: thy wealth will set thee above insult; let thy moderation keep thee below envy. Content thyself with private dignity; diffuse thy riches among thy friends; let every day extend thy beneficence; and suffer not thy heart to be at rest, till thou art loved by all to whom thou art known. In the height of my power, I said to defamation, Who will hear thee? and to artifice, What canst thou perform? But, my son, despise not thou the malice of



the weakest : remember that venom supplies the want of strength : and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp."

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts; and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindness and endearment. He wisely considered that domestic happiness was first to be secured; and that none have so much power of doing good or hurt, as those who are present in the hour of negligence, hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants; and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himself upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers; who being pursued and taken, declared, that they had been admitted by one of his servants. The servant immediately confessed, that he unbarred the door, because another, not more worthy of confidence, was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced, that a dependant could not easily be made a friend; and that while many were soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be alienated whom he disappointed. He therefore resolved to associate with a few equal companions selected from among the chief men of the province. With these he lived happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from restraint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of sentiments; and Abouzaid was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a larger circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy; and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship, now refused to accept his acquaintance: and of those whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the crowd, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest. By degrees, all made advances, and all resented repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the music sounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form, in solitude, some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the force of gratitude, he inquired for men of science, whose merit was obscured by poverty. His house was soon crowded with poets, sculptors, painters, and designers, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty; and employed their powers in celebrating their patron. But in a short time they forgot the distress from which they had been rescued; and began to consider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties. Abouzaid heard their murmurs



and dismissed them; and from that hour continued blind to colours and deaf to panegyric.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid, who stood at the gate, called to him Hamlet the poet. "Hamlet," said he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my hopes and experiments. I have now learned the vanity of those labours that wish to be rewarded by human benevolence. I shall henceforth do good, and avoid evil, without respect to the opinion of men; and resolve to solicit only the approbation of that Being, whom alone we are sure to please by endeavouring to please him."

DR. JOHNSON.

### SECTION III.

#### *The folly and misery of idleness.*

THE idle man lives not to himself, with any more advantage than he lives to the world. It is indeed on a supposition entirely opposite, that persons of this character proceed. They imagine that, how deficient soever they may be in point of duty, they at least consult their own satisfaction. They leave to others the drudgery of life; and betake themselves, as they think, to the quarter of enjoyment and ease. Now, in contradiction to this, I assert, and hope to prove, that the idle man, first, shuts the door against all improvement; next, that he opens it wide to every destructive folly, and, lastly, that he excludes himself from the true enjoyment of pleasure.

First, he shuts the door against improvement of every kind, whether of mind, body or fortune. The law of our nature, the condition under which we were placed from our birth, is, that nothing good or great is to be acquired, without toil and industry. A price is appointed by Providence to be paid for every thing; and the price of improvement, is labour. Industry may, indeed, be sometimes disappointed. The race may not always be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But, at the same time, it is certain that, in the ordinary course of things, without strength, the battle cannot be gained; without swiftness, the race cannot be run with success.— If we consult either the improvement of the mind, or the health of the body, it is well known that exercise is the great instrument of promoting both. Sloth enfeebles equally the bodily, and the mental powers. As in the animal system it engenders disease, so on the faculties of the soul it brings a fatal rust, which corrodes and wastes them; which, in a short time, reduces the brightest genius to the same level with the meanest understanding. The great differences which take place among men, are not owing to a distinction that nature has made in their original powers, so much as to the superior diligence with which some have improved these powers beyond others. To no purpose do we possess the seeds of many great abilities, if they are suffered to lie dormant within us. It is not the latent possession, but the active exertion of them, which gives them merit. Thousands whom indolence has sunk into contemptible ob

scurity, might have come forward to the highest distinction, if idleness had not frustrated the effect of all their powers.

Instead of going on to improvement, all things go to decline with the idle man. His character falls into contempt. His fortune is consumed. Disorder, confusion, and embarrassment, mark his whole situation. Observe in what lively colours the state of his affairs is described by Solomon. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding. And lo! it was all grown over with thorns; nettles had covered the face thereof; and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it, and received instruction." Is it in this manner, that a man lives to himself? Are these the advantages which were expected to be found in the lap of ease? The down may at first have appeared soft; but it will soon be found to cover thorns innumerable. This is, however, only a small part of the evils which persons of this description bring on themselves; for,

In the second place, while, in this manner they shut the door against every improvement, they open it wide to the most destructive vices and follies. The human mind cannot remain always unemployed. Its passions must have some exercise. If we supply them not with proper employment, they are sure to run loose into riot and disorder. While we are unoccupied by what is good, evil is continually at hand; and hence it is said in Scripture, that as soon as "Satan found the house empty," he took possession, and filled it "with evil spirits." Every man who recollects his conduct, may be satisfied, that his hours of idleness have always proved the hours most dangerous to virtue. It was then, that criminal desires arose; guilty pursuits were suggested; and designs were formed, which, in their issue, have disquieted and embittered his whole life. If seasons of idleness are dangerous; what must a continued habit of it prove? Habitual indolence, by a silent and secret progress, undermines every virtue in the soul. More violent passions run their course, and terminate. They are like rapid torrents, which foam, and swell, and bear down every thing before them. But after having overflowed their banks, their impetuosity subsides. They return, by degrees, into their natural channel; and the damage which they have done, can be repaired. Sloth is like the slowly-flowing, putrid stream, which stagnates in the marsh, breeds venomous animals and poisonous plants; and infects with pestilential vapours the whole country round it. Having once tainted the soul, it leaves no part of it sound; and, at the same time, gives not those alarms to conscience, which the eruptions of bolder and fiercer emotions often occasion. The disease which it brings on, is creeping and insidious; and is, on that account, more certainly mortal.

One constant effect of idleness, is to nourish the passions, and of course, to heighten our demands for gratification; while it unhappily withdraws from us the proper means of gratifying these demands. If the desires of the industrious man are set upon opulence or distinction, upon the conveniences, or the advantages of life, he can accomplish his desires, by methods which are fair and allowable. The

idle man has the same desires with the industrious, but not the same resources for compassing his ends by honourable means. He must therefore turn himself to seek by fraud, or by violence, what he cannot submit to acquire by industry. Hence, the origin of those multiplied crimes to which idleness is daily giving birth in the world; and which contribute so much to violate the order, and to disturb the peace of society. In general, the children of idleness may be ranked under two denominations or classes of men. Either, incapable of any effort, they are such as sink into absolute meanness of character, and contentedly wallow with the drunkard and debauchee, among the herd of the sensual, until poverty overtakes them, or disease cuts them off; or, they are such as, retaining some remains of vigour, are impelled, by their passions, to venture on a desperate attempt for retrieving their ruined fortunes. In this case, they employ the art of the fraudulent gamester to ensnare the unwary. They issue forth with the highwayman to plunder on the road; or with the thief and the robber, they infest the city by night. From this class, our prisons are peopled; and by them the scaffold is furnished with those melancholy admonitions, which are so often delivered from it to the crowd. Such are frequently the tragical, but well known, consequences of the vice of idleness.

In the third, and last place, how dangerous soever idleness may be to virtue, are there not pleasures, it may be said, which attend it? Is there not ground to plead, that it brings a release from the oppressive cares of the world; and soothes the mind with a gentle satisfaction, which is not to be found amidst the toils of a busy and active life?—This is an advantage which, least of all advantages, we admit it to possess. In behalf of incessant labour, no man contends. Occasional release from toil, and indulgence of ease, is what nature demands, and virtue allows. But what we assert is, that nothing is so great an enemy to the lively and spirited enjoyment of life, as a relaxed and indolent habit of mind. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. The felicity of human life, depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or object, which keeps awake and enlivens all our powers. Our happiness consists in the pursuit, much more than in the attainment, of any temporal good. Rest is agreeable; but it is only from preceding labours, that rest requires its true relish. When the mind is suffered to remain in continued inaction, all its powers decay. It soon languishes and sickens; and the pleasures which it proposed to obtain from rest, end in tediousness and insipidity. To this, let that miserable set of men bear witness, who, after spending great part of their life in active industry, have retired to what they fancied was to be a pleasing enjoyment of themselves in wealthy inactivity, and profound repose. Where they expected to find an elysium, they have found nothing but a dreary and comfortless waste. Their days have dragged on, in uniform languor; with the melancholy remembrance often returning, of the cheerful hours they passed, when they were engaged in the honest business, and labours of the world.

We appeal to every one who has the least knowledge or observat-



tion of life, whether the busy, or the idle, have the most agreeable enjoyment of themselves? Compare them in their families. Compare them in the societies with which they mingle, and remark, which of them discover most cheerfulness and gaiety, which possess the most regular flow of spirits; whose temper is most equal; whose good humour most unclouded. While the active and diligent both enliven, and enjoy society, the idle are not only a burden to themselves, but a burden to those with whom they are connected; a nuisance to all whom they oppress with their company.

Enough has now been said to convince every thinking person, of the folly, the guilt, and the misery, of an idle state. Let these admonitions stir us up to exert ourselves in our different occupations, with that virtuous activity which becomes men and Christians. Let us arise from the bed of sloth; distribute our time with attention and care; and improve to advantage the opportunities which Providence has bestowed. The material business in which our several stations engage us, may often prove not sufficient to occupy the whole of our time and attention. In the life even of busy men, there are frequent intervals of leisure. Let them take care, that into these, none of the vices of idleness creep. Let some secondary, some subsidiary employment, of a fair and laudable kind, be always at hand to fill up those vacant spaces of life, which too many assign, either to corrupting amusements, or to mere inaction. We ought never to forget, entire idleness always borders either on misery, or on guilt. At the same time, let the course of our employments be ordered in such a manner, that in carrying them on, we may be also promoting our eternal interest. With the business of the world, let us properly intermix the exercises of devotion. By religious duties, and virtuous actions, let us study to prepare ourselves for a better world. In the midst of our labours, for this life, it ought never to be forgotten, that we must "first seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and give diligence to make our calling and election sure:" otherwise, how active soever we may seem to be, our whole activity will prove only a laborious idleness: we shall appear in the end, to have been busy to no purpose, or to a purpose worse than none. Then only we fulfil the proper character of Christians, when we join that pious zeal which becomes us as the servants of God, with that industry which is required of us, as good members of society; when according to the exhortation of the Apostle, we are found "not slothful in business," and at the same time, "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"

BLAIR.

#### SECTION IV.

*The change of our situation in life, a point of great importance.*

THE influence of a new situation of external fortune is so great; it gives so different a turn to our temper and affections, to our views and desires, that no man can foretell what his character would prove, should he be either raised or depressed in his circumstances, in



remarkable degree ; or placed in some sphere of action, widely different from that to which he has been accustomed in former life.

The seeds of various qualities, good and bad, lie in all our hearts. But until proper occasions ripen, and bring them forward, they lie there inactive and dead. They are covered up and concealed within the recesses of our nature : or, if they spring up at all, it is under such an appearance as is frequently mistaken, even by ourselves.—Pride, for instance, in certain situations, has no opportunity of displaying itself, but as magnanimity, or sense of honour. Avarice appears as necessary and laudable economy. What in one station of life would discover itself to be cowardice and baseness of mind, passes in another for prudent circumspection. What in the fulness of power would prove to be cruelty and oppression, is reputed, in a subordinate rank, no more than the exercise of proper discipline.—For a while, the man is known neither by the world, nor by himself, to be what he truly is. But bring him into a new situation of life, which accords with his predominant disposition ; which strikes on certain latent qualities of his soul, and awakens them into action ; and as the leaves of a flower gradually unfold to the sun, so shall all his true character open full to view.

This may, in one light, be accounted not so much an alteration of character, produced by a change of circumstances, as a discovery brought forth of the real character, which formerly lay concealed. Yet, at the same time, it is true that the man himself undergoes a change. For opportunity being given for certain dispositions, which had been dormant, to exert themselves without restraint, they of course gather strength. By means of the ascendancy which they gain, other parts of the temper are borne down ; and thus an alteration is made in the whole structure and system of the soul. He is a truly wise and good man, who, through Divine assistance, remains superior to this influence of fortune on his character ; who, having once imbibed worthy sentiments, and established proper principles of action, continues constant to these, whatever his circumstances be ; maintains, throughout all the changes of his life, one uniform and supported tenour of conduct ; and what he abhorred as evil and wicked, in the beginning of his days, continues to abhor to the end. But how rare is it, to meet with this honourable consistency among men, while they are passing through the different stations and periods of life ! When they are setting out in the world, before their minds have been greatly misled or debased, they glow with generous emotions, and look with contempt on what is sordid and guilty.—But advancing farther in life, and inured by degrees to the crooked ways of men ; pressing through the crowd, and the bustle of the world ; obliged to contend with this man's craft, and that man's scorn ; accustomed, sometimes, to conceal their sentiments, and often to stifle their feelings, they become at last hardened in heart, and familiar with corruption. Who would not drop a tear over this sad, but frequent fall of human probity and honour ? Who is not humbled, when he beholds the refined sentiments and high principles on which we are so ready to value ourselves, brought to so shameful an

issue; and man, with all his boasted attainments of reason, discovered so often to be the creature of his external fortune, moulded and formed by the incidents of his life?

Let us for a moment reflect on the dangers which arise from stations of power and greatness, especially, when the elevation of men to these has been rapid and sudden. Few have the strength of mind which is requisite for bearing such a change with temperance and self-command. The respect which is paid to the great, and the scope which their condition affords for the indulgence of pleasure, are perilous circumstances to virtue. When men live among their equals, and are accustomed to encounter the hardships of life, they are of course reminded of their mutual dependence on each other, and of the dependence of all upon God. But when they are highly exalted above their fellows, they meet with few objects to awaken serious reflection, and with many to feed and inflame their passions. They are apt to separate their interests from that of all around them, to wrap themselves up in their vain grandeur; and, in the lap of indolence and selfish pleasure, to acquire a cold indifference to the concerns even of those whom they call their friends. The fancied independence into which they are lifted up, is adverse to sentiments of piety, as well as of humanity, in their heart.

But we are not to imagine, that elevated stations in the world furnish the only formidable trials to which our virtue is exposed. It will be found, that we are liable to no fewer, nor less dangerous temptations, from the opposite extreme of poverty and depression. When men who have known better days are thrown down into abject situations of fortune, their spirits are broken, and their tempers soured: envy rankles in their breast at such as are more successful: the providence of Heaven is accused in secret murmurs; and the sense of misery is ready to push them into atrocious crimes, in order to better their state. Among the inferior classes of mankind, craft and dishonesty are too often found to prevail. Low and penurious circumstances depress the human powers. They deprive men of the proper means of knowledge and improvement; and where ignorance is gross, it is always in hazard of engendering profligacy.

Hence it has been, generally, the opinion of wise men in all ages, that there is a certain middle condition of life, equally remote from either of those extremes of fortune, which, though it wants not also its own dangers, yet is, on the whole, the state most favourable both to virtue and to happiness. For there, luxury and pride on the one hand, have not opportunity to enervate or intoxicate the mind, nor want and dependence on the other, to sink and debase it; there, all the native affections of the soul have the freest and fairest exercise, the equality of men is felt, friendships are formed, and improvements of every sort are pursued with most success; there, men are prompted to industry without being overcome by toil, and their powers called forth into exertion, without being either superseded by too much abundance, or baffled by insuperable difficulties; there a mixture of comforts and of wants, at once awaken their gratitude to God, and reminds them of their dependence on his aid; and therefore, in this

state, men seem to enjoy life to most advantage, and to be least exposed to the snares of vice.

From what has been said, we learn the importance of attending, with the utmost care, to the choice which we make of our employment and condition in life. It has been shown, that our external situation frequently operates powerfully on our moral character; and by consequence that it is strictly connected, not only with our temporal welfare, but with our everlasting happiness or misery. He who might have passed unblamed, and upright, through certain walks of life, by unhappily choosing a road where he meets with temptations too strong for his virtue, precipitates himself into shame here, and into endless ruin hereafter. Yet how often is the determination of this most important article left to the chance of accidental connexions, or submitted to the option of youthful fancy and humour! When it is made the subject of serious deliberation, how seldom have they, on whom the decision of it depends, any further view than so to dispose of one who is coming out into life, as that he may the soonest become rich, or, as it is expressed, make his way to most advantage in the world! Are there no other objects than this to be attended to, in fixing the plan of life? Are there not sacred and important interests which deserve to be consulted?—We would not willingly place one whose welfare we studied, in a situation for which we were convinced that his abilities were unequal. These, therefore, we examine with care; and on them we rest the ground of our decision. It is, however, certain, that not abilities merely, but the turn of the temper and the heart, require to be examined with equal attention, in forming the plan of future establishment. Every one has some peculiar weakness, some predominant passion which exposes him to temptations of one kind more than of another. Early this may be discerned to shoot, and from its first risings its future growth may be inferred. Anticipate its progress. Consider how it is likely to be affected, by succeeding occurrences in life. If we bring one whom we are rearing up, into a situation, where all the surrounding circumstances shall cherish and mature this fatal principle in his nature, we become, in a great measure, answerable for the consequences that follow. In vain we trust to his abilities and powers. Vice and corruption, when they have tainted the heart, are sufficient to upset the greatest abilities. Nay, too frequently they turn them against the possessor; and render them the instruments of his more speedy ruin. BLAIR

#### SECTION V

*No life pleasing to God, that is not useful to man. An eastern narrative.*

It pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich. Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every



eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa: and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish forever: and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation, let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth: my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the faithful be governed? By those only, who have no fear of judgment? by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or, who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on a third day, having received no com-



mand, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My Lord!" said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign." The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

"To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be perpetual health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee!

"Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descri-

ed a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself, Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only done it in part; thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest. neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity, but devotion?—I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution: but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: ‘Cosrou, I am the angel, who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. Thy pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.’

“At these words, I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received. As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane, which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment. Here, thou canst do little more than pile error upon error: there, thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision, and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty our

can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayst stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle, but mayst enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee; and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written."

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

HAWKESWORTH.

## SECTION VI.

### *Character of the Great Founder of Christianity*

NEVER was there on earth any person of so extraordinary a character as the Founder of our religion. In him we uniformly see a mildness, dignity, and composure, and a perfection of wisdom and of goodness, that plainly point him out as a superior being. But his superiority was all in his own divine mind. He had none of those outward advantages that have distinguished all other lawgivers.—He had no influence in the state; he had no wealth; he aimed at no worldly power. He was the son of a carpenter's wife, and he was himself a carpenter. So poor were his reputed parents, that at the time of his birth his mother could obtain no better lodging than a stable; and so poor was he himself, that he often had no lodging at all. That he had no advantages of education, we may infer from the surprise expressed by his neighbours on hearing him speak in the synagogue: "Whence hath this man these things? What wisdom is this which is given him? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary? Are not his brethren and sisters with us?" This point, however, we need not insist on; as from no education, that his own or any other country could have afforded, was it possible for him to derive that supernatural wisdom and power, that sanctity of life, and that purity of doctrine, which so eminently distinguish him. His first adherents were a few fishermen; for whom he was so far from making any provision, that, when he sent them out to preach repentance and heal diseases, they were, by his desire, furnished with nothing, but one coat, a pair of sandals, and a staff. He went about in great humility and meekness, doing good, teaching wisdom, and glorifying God, for the space of about three years after the commencement of his ministry; and then, as he himself had foreseen and foretold, he was publicly crucified. This is the great personage, who at this day gives law to the world. This is he, who has been the author of virtue and happiness to millions and millions of the human race. And this is he whom the wisest and best men that ever lived have revered as a Divine Person, and gloried in as the deliverer and saviour of mankind.

DR. BEATTIE



## SECTION VII.

*The spirit and laws of Christianity superior to those of every other religion.*

THE morality of the gospel gives it an infinite superiority over all systems of doctrine that ever were devised by man. Were our lives and opinions to be regulated as it prescribes, nothing would be wanting to make us happy: there would be no injustice, no impiety, no disorderly passions. Harmony and love would universally prevail. Every man, content with his lot, resigned to the Divine will, and fully persuaded that a happy eternity is before him, would pass his days in tranquillity and joy, to which neither anxiety, nor pain, nor even the fear of death, could ever give any interruption. The best systems of Pagan ethics are very imperfect, and not free from absurdity; and in them are recommended modes of thinking unsuitable to human nature, and modes of conduct which, though they might have been useful in a political view, did not tend to virtue and happiness universal. But of all our Lord's institutions the object is, to promote the happiness, by promoting the virtue, of all mankind.

In the next place, his peculiar doctrines are not like any thing of human contrivance. "Never man spake like this man." One of the first names given to that dispensation of things which he came to introduce, was the kingdom, or the reign, of heaven. It was justly so called; being thus distinguished, not only from the religion of Moses, the sanctions whereof related to the present life, but also from every human scheme of moral, political, or ecclesiastical legislation.

The views of the heathen moralist extended not beyond this world; those of the Christian are fixed on that which is to come. The former was concerned for his own country only or chiefly; the latter takes concern in the happiness of all men of all nations, conditions, and capacities. A few, and but a few, of the ancient philosophers, spoke of a future state of retribution as a thing desirable, and not improbable: revelation speaks of it as certain; and of the present life as a state of trial, wherein virtue or holiness is necessary, not only to entitle us to that salvation which, through the mercy of God, and the merits of his Son, Christians are taught to look for, but also to prepare us, by habits of piety and benevolence, for a reward, which none but the pure in heart can receive, or could relish.

The duties of piety, as far as the heart is concerned, were not much attended to by the heathen lawgivers. Cicero coldly ranks them with the social virtues, and says very little about them. The sacrifices were mere ceremony. And what the Stoics taught of resignation to the will of heaven, or to the decrees of fate, was so repugnant to some of their other tenets, that little good could be expected from it. But of every Christian virtue, piety is an essential part. The love and the fear of God must every moment prevail in the heart of a follower of Jesus. and whether he eat or drink, or



whatever he do, it must all be to the glory of the Creator. How different this from the philosophy of Greece and Rome!

In a word, the heathen morality, even in its best form, that is, as two or three of their best philosophers taught it, amounts to little more than this: "Be useful to yourselves, your friends, and your country; so shall you be respectable while you live, and honoured when you die; and it is to be hoped you may receive a reward in another life." The language of the Christian lawgiver is different. — "The world is not worthy of the ambition of an immortal being. — Its honours and pleasures have a tendency to debase the mind, and disqualify it for future happiness. Set therefore your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. Let it be your supreme desire to obtain the favour of God; and, by a course of discipline, prepare yourselves for a re-admission into that rank which was forfeited by the fall; and for being again but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour everlasting."

What an elevation must it give to our pious affections, to contemplate the Supreme being and his Providence, as revealed to us in Scripture! We are there taught, that man was created in the image of God, innocent and happy: and that he had no sooner fallen into sin, than his Creator, instead of abandoning him, and his offspring, to the natural consequences of his disobedience, and of their hereditary depravity, was pleased to begin a wonderful dispensation of grace, in order to rescue from perdition, and raise again to happiness, as many as should acquiesce in the terms of the offered salvation, and regulate their lives accordingly.

By the sacred books, that contain the history of this dispensation, we are further taught, that God is a spirit, unchangeable, and eternal, universally present, and absolutely perfect; that it is our duty to fear him, as a being of consummate purity and inflexible justice, and to love him as the father of Mercies, and the God of all consolation; to trust in him as the friend, the comforter, and the almighty guardian of all who believe and obey him; to rejoice in him as the best of Beings, and adore him as the greatest. We are taught, that he will make allowance for the frailties of our nature, and pardon the sins of those who repent:—and, that we may see, in the strongest light, his peculiar benignity to the human race, we are taught, that he gave his only son as our ransom and deliverer; and we are not only permitted, but commanded, to pray to him, and address him as our Father:—we are taught, moreover, that the evils incident to the state of trial are permitted by him, in order to exercise our virtue, and prepare us for a future state of never-ending felicity; and that these momentary afflictions are pledges of his paternal love, and shall, if we receive them as such, and venerate Him accordingly, work out for us "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory." "If these hopes and these sentiments contribute more to our happiness and to the purification of our nature, than any thing else in the world can do, surely that religion, to which alone we owe these sentiments and hopes, must be the greatest blessing that ever was conferred on the posterity of Adam.

Christianity proposes to our imitation the highest examples of benevolence, purity and piety. It shows, that all our actions, purposes, and thoughts, are to us of infinite importance; their consequence being nothing less than happiness, or misery, in the life to come: and thus it operates most powerfully on our self-love. By teaching, that all mankind are brethren; by commanding us to love our neighbour as ourselves; and by declaring every man our neighbour, to whom we have it in our power to do good, it improves benevolence to the highest pitch. By prohibiting revenge, malice, pride, vanity, envy, sensuality, and covetousness; and by requiring us to forgive, to pray for, and to bless our enemies, and to do to others as we would that they should do to us, it lays a restraint on every malevolent and turbulent passion; and reduces the whole of social virtue to two or three precepts; so brief, that they cannot be forgotten; so plain, that they cannot be misunderstood; so reasonable, that no man of sense controverts them; and so well suited to human nature and human affairs, that every candid mind may easily, and on all occasions, apply them to practice.

Christianity recommends the strictest self-attention, by this awful consideration, that God is continually present with us, knows what we think, as well as what we do, and will judge the world in righteousness, and render unto every man according to his works. It makes us consider conscience, as his voice and law within us; purity of heart, as that which alone can qualify us for the enjoyment of future reward; and mutual love, or charity, as that without which all other virtues and accomplishments are of no value: and, by a view of things peculiarly striking, it causes vice to appear a most pernicious and abominable thing, which cannot escape punishment. In a word, "Christianity," as Bishop Taylor well observes, "is a doctrine in which nothing is superfluous or burdensome; and in which there is nothing wanting, which can procure happiness to mankind, or by which God can be glorified."

DR. BEATTIE.

## SECTION VIII.

*The vision of Carazan: or, social love and beneficence recommended.*

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the east for his avarice and his wealth; his origin is obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just. But whether in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality,

nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer: he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to ensure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication, when he passed by; though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand: attention suspended the tumult in a moment; and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience.

"To him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting honour! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold. The irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and



silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me."

"Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man: for thy own sake only, has thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou has not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou has indeed beheld vice and folly: but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven! If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron; thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth forever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair."

At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: 'O! that I had been doomed forever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! There society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitudes would divide eternity into time.' While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, forever and forever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me.—Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful soli-



tude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upwards in ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

HAWKESWORTH

## SECTION IX.

### *Creation the product of Divine Goodness.*

CREATION is a display of Supreme goodness, no less than of wisdom and power. It is the communication of numberless benefits, together with existence, to all who live. Justly is the earth said to be, "full of the goodness of the Lord." Throughout the whole system of things, we behold a manifest tendency to promote the benefit either of the rational, or the animal creation. In some parts of nature, this tendency may be less obvious than in others. Objects, which to us seem useless, or hurtful, may sometimes occur; and strange it were, if in so vast and complicated a system, difficulties of this kind should not occasionally present themselves to beings, whose views are so narrow and limited as ours. It is well known, that in proportion as the knowledge of nature has increased among men, these difficulties have diminished. Satisfactory accounts have been given of many perplexing appearances. Useful and proper purposes have been found to be promoted, by objects which were, at first, thought unprofitable or noxious.

Malignant must be the mind of that person; with a distorted eye he must have contemplated creation, who can suspect, that it is not the production of Infinite Benignity and Goodness. How many clear marks of benevolent intention appear, every where around us! What a profusion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent spectacle presented to the view of man! What supply contrived for his wants! What a variety of objects set before him, to gratify his senses, to employ his understanding, to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his heart! Indeed, the very existence of the universe is a standing memorial of the goodness of the Creator. For nothing except goodness could originally prompt creation. The Supreme Being, self-existent and all-sufficient, had no wants which he could seek to supply. No new accession of felicity or glory was to result to him, from creatures which he made. It was goodness communicating and pouring itself forth, goodness delighting to impart happiness in all its forms, which in the beginning created the heaven and the earth. Hence, those innumerable orders of living creatures with which the earth is peopled; from the lowest class of sensitive being, to the highest rank of reason and intelligence. Wherever there is life, there is some degree of happiness; there are enjoyments suited to the different now-

ers of feeling ; and earth, and air, and water, are, with magnificent liberality, made to teem with life.

Let those striking displays of Creating Goodness call forth, on our part, responsive love, gratitude, and veneration. To this great Father of all existence and life, to Him who hath raised us up to behold the light of day, and to enjoy all the comforts which his world presents, let our hearts send forth a perpetual hymn of praise. Evening and morning let us celebrate Him, who maketh the morning and the evening to rejoice over our heads ; who “ openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.” Let us rejoice, that we are brought into a world, which is the production of Infinite Goodness ; and over which a Supreme Intelligence presides. Convinced that he hateth not the works which he hath made, nor hath brought creatures into existence, merely to suffer unnecessary pain, let us, even in the midst of sorrow, receive with calm submission, whatever he is pleased to send : thankful for what he bestows ; and satisfied, that, without good reason, he takes nothing away.

It is not in the tremendous appearances of power merely, that a good and well-instructed man beholds the Creator of the world. In the constant and regular working of his hands, in the silent operations of his wisdom and goodness, ever going on throughout nature, he delights to contemplate and adore him. This is one of the chief fruits to be derived from that more perfect knowledge of the Creator, which is imparted to us by the Christian revelation. Impressing our minds with a just sense of all his attributes, as not wise and great only ; but as gracious, and merciful, let it lead us to view every object of calm and undisturbed nature, with a perpetual reference to its Author. We shall then behold all the scenes which the heavens and the earth present, with more refined feelings, and sublimer emotions, than they who regard them solely as objects of curiosity, or amusement. Nature will appear animated, and enlivened, by the presence of its Author. When the sun rises or sets in the heavens : when spring paints the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or winter returns in its awful forms, we shall view the Creator manifesting himself in his works. We shall meet his presence in the fields. We shall feel his influence in the cheering beam. We shall hear his voice in the wind. We shall behold ourselves every where surrounded with the glory of that universal Spirit, who fills, pervades, and upholds all. We shall live in the world as in a great and august temple ; where the presence of the Divinity, who inhabits it, inspires devotion.

BLAIR.

## SECTION X.

### *The benefits of religious retirement.*

AN entire retreat from worldly affairs, is not what religion requires ; nor does it even enjoin a great retreat from them. Some stations of life would not permit this ; and there are few stations which render it necessary. The chief field, both of the duty and of the improvement of man, lies in active life. By the graces and vi-

ties which he exercises amidst his fellow-creatures, he is trained up for heaven. A total retreat from the world, is so far from being the perfection of religion, that, some particular cases excepted, it is no other than the abuse of it.

But, though entire retreat would lay us aside from the part for which Providence chiefly intended us, it is certain, that, without occasional retirement, we must act that part very ill. There will be neither consistency in the conduct, nor dignity in the character, of one who sets apart no share of his time for meditation and reflection. In the heat and bustle of life, while passion is every moment throwing false colours on the objects around us, nothing can be viewed in a just light. If we wish that reason should exert her native power, we must step aside from the crowd, into the cool and silent shade. It is there that, with sober and steady eye, she examines what is good or ill, what is wise or foolish, in human conduct; she looks back on the past, she looks forward to the future; and forms plans, not for the present moment only, but for the whole of life. How should that man discharge any part of his duty aright, who never suffers his passions to cool? and how should his passions cool, who is engaged, without interruption, in the tumult of the world? This incessant stir may be called, the perpetual drunkenness of life. It raises that eager fermentation of spirit, which will be ever sending forth the dangerous fumes of rashness and folly. Whereas he who mingles religious retreat with worldly affairs, remains calm, and master of himself. He is not whirled round, and rendered giddy, by the agitation of the world; but, from that sacred retirement, in which he has been conversant among higher objects, comes forth into the world with manly tranquillity, fortified by the principles which he has formed, and prepared for whatever may befall.

As he who is unacquainted with retreat, cannot sustain any character with propriety, so neither can he enjoy the world with any advantage. Of the two classes of men who are most apt to be negligent to this duty, the men of pleasure, and the men of business, it is hard to say which suffer most, in point of enjoyment, from that neglect. To the former, every moment appears to be lost, which partakes not of the vivacity of amusement. To connect one plan of gaiety with another, is their whole study; till, in a very short time, nothing remains but to tread the same beaten round; to enjoy what they have already enjoyed, and to see what they have often seen. Pleasures thus drawn to the dregs, become vapid and tasteless. What might have pleased long, if enjoyed with temperance, and mingled with retirement, being devoured with such eager haste, speedily surfeits and disgusts. Hence, these are the persons, who, after having run through a rapid course of pleasure, after having glittered for a few years in the foremost line of public amusements, are the most apt to fly at last to a melancholy retreat; not led by religion or reason, but driven by disappointed hopes, and exhausted spirits, to the pensive conclusion, that "all is vanity."

If uninterrupted intercourse with the world wears out the man of pleasure, it no less oppresses the man of business and ambition. The



strongest spirit must at length sink under it. The happiest temper must be soured by incessant returns of the opposition, the inconstancy, and treachery of men. For he who lives always in the bustle of the world lives in a perpetual warfare. Here, an enemy encounters; there, a rival supplants him. The ingratitude of a friend stings him this hour; and the pride of a superior wounds him the next. In vain he flies for relief to trifling amusements. These may afford a temporary opiate to care; but they communicate no strength to the mind. On the contrary, they leave it more soft and defenceless, when molestations and injuries renew their attack.

Let him who wishes for an effectual cure to all the wounds which the world can inflict, retire from intercourse with men to intercourse with his Creator. When he enters into his closet, and shuts the door, let him shut out, at the same time, all intrusion of worldly care; and dwell among objects divine and immortal.—Those fair prospects of order and peace, shall there open to his view, which form the most perfect contrast to the confusion and misery of this earth.—The celestial inhabitants quarrel not; among them there is neither ingratitude, nor envy, nor tumult. Men may harass one another; but in the kingdom of heaven concord and tranquillity reign forever. From such objects, there beams upon the mind of the pious man, a pure and enlivening light; there is diffused over his heart a holy calm. His agitated spirit reassumes its firmness, and regains its peace. The world sinks in its importance; and the load of mortality and misery loses almost all its weight. The “green pastures” open, and the “still waters” flow around him, beside which the “Shepherd of Israel” guides his flock. The disturbances and alarms, so formidable to those who are engaged in the tumults of the world, seem to him only like thunder rolling afar off; like the noise of distant waters, whose sound he hears, whose course he traces, but whose waves touch him not.

As religious retirement is thus evidently conducive to our happiness in this life, so it is absolutely necessary in order to prepare us for the life to come. He who lives always in public, cannot live to his own soul. Our intercourse with the world, is, in several respects, an education for vice. From our earliest youth, we are accustomed to hear riches and honours extolled as the chief possessions of man; and proposed to us, as the principal aim of our future pursuits. We are trained up, to look with admiration on the flattering marks of distinction which they bestow. In quest of those fancied blessings, we see the multitude around us eager and fervent. Principles of duty, we may, perhaps, hear sometimes inculcated; but we seldom behold them brought into competition with worldly profit.—The soft names, and plausible colours, under which deceit, sensuality, and revenge, are presented to us in common discourse, weaken, by degrees, our natural sense of the distinction between good and evil. We often meet with crimes authorised by high examples, and rewarded with the caresses and smiles of the world. Thus breathing habitually a contagious air, how certain is our ruin, unless we sometimes retreat from this pestilential region, and seek for proper cor-



rectives of the disorders which are contracted there? Religious retirement both abates the disease, and furnishes the remedy. It lessens the corrupting influence of the world; and it gives opportunity for better principles to exert their power. Solitude is the hal-  
lowed ground which religion hath, in every age, chosen for her own. There, her inspiration is felt, and her secret mysteries elevate the soul; there, falls the tear of contrition; there, rises towards heaven the sigh of the heart; there, melts the soul with all the tenderness of devotion, and pours itself forth before him who made, and him who redeemed it. How can any one who is unacquainted with such employments of mind, be fit for heaven? If heaven be the habitation of pure affections, and of intellectual joy, can such a state be relished by him who is always immersed among sensible objects, and has never acquired any taste for the pleasures of the understanding and the heart?

The great and the worthy, the pious and the virtuous, have ever been addicted to serious retirement. It is the characteristic of little and frivolous minds, to be wholly occupied with the vulgar objects of life. These fill up their desires, and supply all the entertainment which their coarse apprehensions can relish. But a more refined and enlarged mind leaves the world behind it, feels a call for higher pleasures, and seeks them in retreat. The man of public spirit has recourse to it, in order to form plans for general good; the man of genius, in order to dwell on his favourite themes; the philosopher, to pursue his discoveries; the saint, to improve himself in grace.—“Isaac went out to meditate in the fields, at the evening tide.”—David, amidst all the splendour of royalty, often bears witness both to the pleasure which he received, and to the benefit which he reaped from devout meditation. Our blessed Saviour himself, though, of all who ever lived on earth, he needed least the assistance of religious retreat, yet, by his frequent practice, has done it signal honour. Often were the garden, the mountain, and the silence of the night, sought by him, for intercourse with heaven. “When he had sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain, apart, to pray.”

The world is the great deceiver, whose fallacious arts it highly imports us to detect. But in the midst of its pleasures and pursuits, the detection is impossible. We tread, as within an enchanted circle, where nothing appears as it truly is. It is only in retreat, that the charm can be broken. Did men employ that retreat, not in carrying on the delusion which the world has begun, not in forming plans of imaginary bliss, but in subjecting the happiness which the world affords to a strict discussion, the spell would dissolve: and in the room of the unreal prospects, which had long amused them, the nakedness of the world would appear.

Let us prepare ourselves, then, to encounter the light of truth: and resolve rather to bear the disappointment of some flattering hopes, than to wander forever in the paradise of fools. While others meditate in secret on the means of attaining worldly success, let it be our employment to scrutinize that success itself. Let us calcu-

late fairly to what it amounts; and whether we are not losers on the whole, by our apparent gain. Let us look back for this purpose, on our past life. Let us trace it from our earliest youth; and put the question to ourselves. What have been its happiest periods? Were they those of quiet and innocence, or those of ambition and intrigue? Has our real enjoyment uniformly kept pace with what the world calls prosperity? As we advanced in wealth or station, did we proportionally advance in happiness? Has success, almost in any one instance, fulfilled our expectations? Where we reckoned upon most enjoyment, have we not often found least? Wherever guilt entered into pleasure, did not its sting long remain, after the gratification was past?—Such questions as these, candidly answered, would in a great measure unmask the world. They would expose the vanity of its pretensions; and convince us, that there are other springs than those which the world affords, to which we must apply for happiness.

While we commune with our heart concerning what the world now is, let us consider also what it will one day appear to be. Let us anticipate the awful moment of our bidding it an eternal farewell; and think, what reflections will most probably arise, when we are quitting the field, and looking back on the scene of action. In what light will our closing eyes contemplate those vanities which now shine so bright, and those interests which now swell into so high importance? What part shall we then wish to have acted?—What will then appear momentous, what trifling, in human conduct? Let the sober sentiments which such anticipations suggest, temper now our misplaced ardour. Let the last conclusions which we shall form, enter into the present estimate which we make of the world and of life.

Moreover, in communing with ourselves concerning the world let us contemplate it as subject to the Divine dominion. The greater part of men behold nothing more than the rotation of human affairs. They see a great crowd ever in motion: the fortunes of men alternately rising and falling; virtue often distressed, and prosperity appearing to be the purchase of worldly wisdom. But this is only the outside of things: behind the curtain, there is a far greater scene, which is beheld by none but the retired, religious spectator. If we lift up that curtain, when we are alone with God, and view the world with the eye of a Christian; we shall see, that while “man’s heart deviseth his way, it is the Lord who directeth his steps.” We shall see, that however men appear to move and act after their own pleasure, they are, nevertheless, retained in secret bonds by the Almighty, and all their operations rendered subservient to the ends of his moral government. We shall behold him obliging “the wrath of man to praise him;” punishing the sinner by means of his own iniquities; from the trials of the righteous, bringing forth their reward; and to a state of seeming universal confusion, preparing the wisest and most equitable issue. While the fashion “of this world” is passing fast away, we shall discern the glory of another rising to succeed it. We shall behold all human

events, our griefs and our joys, our love and our hatred, our character and memory, absorbed in the ocean of eternity; and no trace of our present existence left, except its being forever "well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked."

BLAIR.

## SECTION XI.

*History of ten days of Seged, emperor of Ethiopia.*

Of heav'n's protection who can be  
So confident to utter this?—  
To-morrow I will spend in bliss.

F. LEWIS.

SEGED, lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world: to the sons of presumption, humility, and fear; and to the daughters of sorrow, contempt and acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile: "At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end; thou hast reconciled dissension, thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy enemies. All who have offended thee tremble in thy presence; and wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence.—Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasures overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy health is the health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not thou partake of the blessings thou bestowest? Why shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy face be clothed with anxiety, when the meanest of those who call thee sovereign, gives the day to festivity, and the night to peace. At length, Seged, reflect and be wise.—What is the gift of conquest but safety? Why are riches collected but to purchase happiness?"

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake Dambea, to be prepared for his reception.

"I will retire," says he, "for ten days from tumult and care, from councils and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me.—This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul



with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy; all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art; all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be satiated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landing here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent; to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity; and then to fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another; he chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended; for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till, having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. "Such," said Seged, sighing, "is the longest day of human existence: before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all his disposition to enjoy the evening; and, after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning; and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessings of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy



He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven forever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests, and laborious laughter; and, after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber, to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes; but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was frightened by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom; and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion; nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed. He felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being, whose quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered that his terrors and grief were equally vain; and that to lose the present in lamenting the past, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and Seged again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

## SECTION XII.

*History of Seged continued.*

ON the fourth morning Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden attended by the princes and ladies of his court; and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him; and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness, conferred by himself, filled his heart with satisfaction: but having passed three hours in this pleasing luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by a universal scream among the women; and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake; but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them.—The princesses enclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies, or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment, than to contemplate the innumerable casualties, which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been disappointed by his own fault; and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found, that discontent and melancholy were not to be frightened away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from control. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantry, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the anti-chamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance, or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches, every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncarnal

tainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must, in the same degree, be afraid to lose; and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest; and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute, with exact justice, the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt, in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.—At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint; and thinking, that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow; he declared, that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had entitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. “Behold here,” said Seged, “the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others.” He then retired to meditate; and while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes, or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased in his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complaisance through the whole court; and the emperor imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring alone: “What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him? a man, whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shows to have the same weakness with ourselves.”—This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting, that what was spoken without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual



and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day; and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goïama. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to so'ace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning, Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartments; and inquiring the cause, he was told that the Princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose, and calling the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery.—Here was an end of jollity; all his thoughts were now upon his daughter; whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war, and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say, "This day shall be a day of happiness."

DR. JOHNSON.

### SECTION XIII

*The Vision of Theodore, the hermit of Teneriffe, found in his cell.\**

Son of perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore, the hermit of Teneriffe, who in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat, left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together, I loved and was favoured, I wore the robe of honour, and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where all real wants might be easily supplied; and where I might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of

\* Dr. Anderson, in his judicious and well written life of Dr. Johnson, says, "This is a most beautiful allegory of human life, under the figure of ascending the Mountain of Existence. Johnson thought it the best of his writings."



men, by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits, and herbs, and water; and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander farther than the necessity of procuring sustenance required: but as I stood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it; and when I was on its top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next, till by degrees I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself. I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me; that my impatience of confinement rose from some earthly passion; and that my ardour to survey the works of nature, was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the scenes of life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state; but found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach; and at last began to question whether it was not laziness, rather than caution, that restrained me from climbing to the summit of Teneriffe.

I rose therefore before the day, and began my journey up the steep of the mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was, and burdened with provisions, when the day began to shine upon me; the declivities grew more precipitous, and the sand slid from beneath my feet: at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain almost enclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest a while, in full persuasion that when I had recovered my strength, I should proceed on my design: but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted odours to my bosom.

As I sat thus, forming alternately excuses for delay, and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surprised me. I laid my head upon the bank, and resigned myself to sleep; when methought I heard the sound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity, "Theodore, whither art thou going?" I am climbing, answered I, to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature. "Attend first," said he, "to the prospect which this place affords, and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of the dust, to preserve them from those evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themselves. Look round therefore without fear: observe, contemplate, and be instructed."

Encouraged by this assurance, I looked and beheld a mountain

higher than Teneriffe, to the summit of which the human eye could never reach. When I had tired myself with gazing upon its height I turned my eyes toward its foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused above were tracts inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, "Theodore, be not affrighted, but raise thy eyes again · the Mountain of Existence is before thee; survey it and be wise."

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be of a gentle rise, and overspread with flowers; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach nearest the top, were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy evergreens, which, though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the steps of those who were clambering among them.

Then, beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed at a great distance a multitude of both sexes, issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern; but as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers, under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over solicitous to confine them to any settled place or certain track; for she knew that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, Innocence, so was she called, would smile at the mistake. Happy, said I, are they who are under so gentle a government, and yet are safe. But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of Education, a nymph more severe in her aspect, and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave, by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and such as Education could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them cautions to be *ware of Habits*; and was calling out to one or another, at every

step, that a Habit was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger; and that those whom a Habit should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and each to smooth the way before her follower. I found that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were surrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into subjection by enemies so feeble, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder; and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myself think her cautions so necessary as her frequent inculcations seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her power. Yet these Habits, under the eye of Education, went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in bulk or strength; for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions; nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly in the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their stature soon became gigantic; and their strength was such, that Education pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority to the strongest Habit, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions; which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn; and when, by continual additions, they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded, in this manner, to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, she resign-

ed her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The manner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates, or governing nations, and yet watched the steps of the other with the most anxious attention; and was visibly confounded and perplexed, if ever she suffered her regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly showed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

"Theodore," said my protector, "be fearless, and be wise; approach these powers, whose dominion extends to all the remaining part of the Mountain of Existence." I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. "Bright power," said I, "by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what condition thy protection will be granted?" "It will be granted," said she, "only to obedience. I am Reason, of all subordinate beings the noblest and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee to Religion." Charmed by her voice and aspect, I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her Mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

#### SECTION XIV

##### *The vision of Theodore continued.*

WHEN Education delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would no longer be subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction only of Reason, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves, by a steady adherence to all her precepts. Reason counselled them, at their first entrance upon her province, to enlist themselves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and who, having been seized by Habits in the regions of Desire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superintendency they should climb with safety up the Mountain of Existence. "My power," said Reason, "is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path seems now plain and even, but there are asperities and pitfalls, over



which religion only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you perceive a mist before you settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain; a mist by which my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the temples of Happiness, in which those who climb the precipice by her direction, after the toil of their pilgrimage, repose forever. I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. Pride has sometimes reproached me with the narrowness of my view; but when she endeavoured to extend it, could only show me below the mist, the hovers of content; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them; and those whom she persuaded to travel towards them were enchained by Habits, and engulfed by Despair, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond the darkness, on the right side and on the left, from whose prisons none can escape, and whom I cannot teach you to avoid."

Such was the declaration of Reason to those who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of Religion, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

All those who determined to follow either Reason or Religion, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by Passions, and sometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more inpetuous, those of the Passions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Passions marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of Reason and Religion; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they entirely changed their course. Appetite drew aside the dill, and Passion the sprightly. Of the Appetites, Lust was the strongest; and of the Passions, Vanity. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a Passion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reason was best followed, when a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

These seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of Reason, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aside for a time, Religion commonly recalled them by her emissary Conscience, before Habit had time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey Reason, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support Passion; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interposed

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion, was only from Habit; every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conscience, unless they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conscience, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of habit: saw Religion walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by Habit, and languished in sordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk, and increased their strength; and a Habit, opposed and victorious, was more than twice as strong, as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive. Nor did any escape her but those who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many, rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some however there always were, who, when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reason or Religion for assistance: each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant; but neither with the same strength, nor the same success. Habit, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with Reason, and offer to loose some of her chains if the rest might remain. To this, Reason, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by Habit to his former slavery. Religion never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest; and if the captive to whom she gave it, did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of Happiness; where Reason never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power, to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

## SECTION XV.

*The Vision of Theodore continued.*

WHEN the traveler was again placed in the road of Happiness, I saw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength and without activity ; but when the Passions or Appetites, which had before seduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happiness, to which, after his second deviation from it, he rarely returned. But, by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which she could not overcome ; and as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to Happiness.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared cheerful and satisfied ; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some who had never deviated but by short excursions, had Habit in the middle of their passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off the Appetites and Passions which attempted to interrupt their progress. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from Habit, and that they, whose Habits were strong, advanced towards the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence ; after which, they were seen only by the eye of Religion ; and though Reason looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but Religion saw that they were happy.

“ Now, Theodore,” said my protector, “ withdraw thy view from the regions of obscurity, and see the fate of those who, when they were dismissed by Education, would admit no direction but that of Reason. Survey their wanderings, and be wise.”

I looked then upon the road of Reason, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same as that of Religion, nor had Reason discovered it but by her instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right ; and Pride had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to Religion, whom after many vain experiments she found it her highest privilege to follow. Reason was however at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented

by Passion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When Passion seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted opposition. She seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against Appetite, but was generally overwearied in the contest; and if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of Reason, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of Reason, some were led aside by the whispers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to stately palaces, situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enlisted by her in the service of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold, till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of Despair.

Others were enticed by intemperance to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed that the Habits which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulfs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectation of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment.—Neither Hope nor Fear could enter the retreats; and Habit had so absolute a power, that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect Reason than to disobey her; and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the road of reason, always wishing for her presence, and always resolving to return to-morrow. In these, was most eminently conspicuous the subtlety of Habit, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandered on, from one double of the labyrinth to another, with the chains of Habit hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter: they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggrava-



tion above all others, that they were criminal but not delighted.— The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of Indolence had neither superiority nor merriment. Discontent lowered in their looks, and Sadness hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of Indolence terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy: the chains of Habit are rivetted forever; and Melancholy, having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of Despair.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me, "Remember, Theodore, and be wise, and let not Habit prevail against thee." I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

DR. JOHNSON.

## PART II.

### PIECES IN POETRY.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### NARRATIVE PIECES.

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##### SECTION I.

*The chameleon; or pertinacity exposed.*

OFT hast it been my lot to mark  
A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
With eyes that hardly serv'd at most  
To guard their master 'gainst a post;  
Yet round the world the blade has been,  
To see whatever could be seen:  
Returning from his finish'd tour,  
Grown ten times perter than before;  
Whatever word you chance to drop,  
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:  
"But, if my judgment you'll allow—  
I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—  
So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,  
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,  
And on their way, in friendly chat,  
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,  
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter  
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun!"  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;  
And what a length of tail behind!  
How slow its pace! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,  
"Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;  
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it friend, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue.  
At leisure I the beast survey'd,  
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, I can assure ye."

"Green!" cries the other in a fury—

"Why, do you think I've lost my eyes?"

"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,

"For if they always serve you thus,

You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows :  
When luckily came by a third—  
To him the question they referr'd ;  
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Come," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,  
The creature's neither one nor t'other.

I caught the animal last night,  
And view'd it o'er by candle light :  
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—  
You stare—but I have got it yet,  
And can produce it." "Pray then do :  
For I am sure the thing is blue."

"And I'll engage that when you've seen  
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"  
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out :  
And when before your eyes I've set him,  
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said ; then full before their sight  
Produc'd the beast, and lo—'twas white !  
Both star'd : the man look'd wondrous wise—  
"My children, the chameleon cries,  
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)  
"You all are right, and all are wrong :  
When next you talk of what you view,  
Think others see as well as you :  
Nor wonder if you find that none  
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."——MERRICK.

## SECTION II.

### *The hare and many friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, in truth, is but a name,  
Unless to few we stint the flame.  
The child, who many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care.  
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend

A hare, who, in a civil way,  
 Complied with every thing, like Gay,  
 Was known by all the bestial train,  
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.  
 Her care was never to offend;  
 And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
 And from deep-mouthed thunder flies.  
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;  
 She hears the near advance of death;  
 She doubles to mislead the hound,  
 And measures back her mazy round;  
 Till, fainting in the public way,  
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,  
 When first the horse appear'd in view!  
 "Let me," says she, "your back ascend,  
 And owe my safety to a friend.  
 You know my feet betray my flight;  
 To friendship ev'ry burthen's light."

The horse replied, "Poor honest puss!  
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus:  
 Be comforted, relief is near;  
 For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implor'd;  
 And thus replied the mighty lord;  
 "Since ev'ry beast alive can tell  
 That I sincerely wish you well,  
 I may, without offence, pretend  
 To take the freedom of a friend.—  
 To leave you thus might seem unkind;  
 But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,  
 Her languid head, her heavy eye;  
 "My back," says he, "may do you harm  
 The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd  
 His sides a load of wool sustain'd:  
 Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;  
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,  
 To save from death a friend distress'd.  
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,  
 In this important care engage?  
 Older and abler pass'd you by:  
 How strong are those! how weak am I!  
 Should I presume to bear you hence,  
 Those friends of mine might take offence.



Excuse me then. You know my heart,  
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part.  
 How shall we all lament !—Adieu !  
 For, see, the hounds are just in view.”——GAY.

## SECTION III.

*The three warnings.*

THE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground :  
 ’Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
     That love of life increas’d with years  
 So much, that in our latter stages,  
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
     The greatest love of life appears.  
 This great affection to believe,  
 Which all confess, but few perceive,  
 If old assertions can’t prevail,  
 Be pleas’d to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
 On neighbour Dodson’s wedding-day,  
 Death call’d aside the jocund groom  
 With him into another room ;  
 And looking grave—“ You must,” says he,  
 “ Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.”  
 “ With you ! and quit my Susan’s side !  
 With you !” the hapless husband cried ;  
 “ Young as I am, ’tis monstrous hard !  
 Beside, in truth, I’m not prepared :  
 My thoughts on other matters go ;  
 This is my wedding-day you know.”

What more he urg’d, I have not heard,  
 His reasons could not well be stronger ,  
 So death the poor delinquent spar’d,  
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
 “ Neighbour,” he said, “ Farewell. No more  
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;  
 And farther, to avoid all blame  
 Of cruelty upon my name,  
 To give you time for preparation,  
 And fit you for your future station,  
 Three several Warnings you shall have,  
 Before you’re summon’d to the grave.  
 Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,  
     And grant a kind reprieve ;  
 In hopes you’ll have no more to say ;  
 But, when I call again this way,  
     Well pleas’d the world will leave.”

To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursu'd his course,  
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near ;

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace.

But while he view'd his wealth increase,

While thus along Life's dusty road

The beaten track content he trod,

Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares.

Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood

As all alone he sat,

Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate

Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,

" So soon return'd !" old Dodson cries.

" So soon, d'ye call it ?" Death replies :

" Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !

Since I was here before

'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,

And you now are fourscore."

" So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd,

" To spare the aged would be kind :

However, see your search be legal ;

And your authority—is't regal ?

Else you are come on a fool's errand,

With but a secretary's warrant.

Beside, you promis'd me Three Warnings,

Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !

But for that loss of time and ease,

I can recover damages."

" I know," cries Death, " that, at the best, }  
I seldom am a welcome guest ;

But don't be captious, friend, at least :

I little thought you'd still be able

To stump about your farm and stable ;

Your years have run to a great length ;

I wish you joy, though, of your strength !"

" Hold," says the farmer, " not so fast !

I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies :

' However, you still keep your eyes ;  
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,  
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true,  
But still there's comfort left for you :  
Each strives your sadness to amuse,  
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he ; "and if there were,  
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoind'd,

"These are unjustifiable yearnings ;  
"If you are *Lame*, and *Deaf* and *Blind*,

You've had your *Three* sufficient *Warnings*.

So, come along, no more we'll part ;  
He said, and touch'd him with his dart.

And now, old Dodson turning pale,  
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale ———*THRALE*.

#### SECTION IV.

##### *The Hermit.*

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,  
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.  
A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—  
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.  
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
Calm nature's image on it's wat'ry breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow  
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,  
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun ;  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books or swains report it right,  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)  
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;

Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass.  
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way :  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :  
Then near approaching, " Father, hail !" he cried,  
And " Hail, my son !" the rev'rend sire replied.  
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road :  
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart.  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose :  
When near the road a stately palace rose.  
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd the sloping sides of grass.  
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home ;  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive . the liv'ried servants wait ;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go.  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo ;  
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest pulloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ,  
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.



He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part;  
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard  
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;  
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.  
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;  
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast;  
( 'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest : )  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.  
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,  
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,  
( Each hardly granted, ) serv'd them both to dine :  
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease ;  
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd.  
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
And why should such ( within himself he cried )  
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?  
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,  
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,  
When from his vest the young companion bore  
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,  
And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :  
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought  
With all the travail of uncertain thought .

His partner's acts without their cause appear ,  
'Twas there a vice ; and seem'd a madness here ;

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ; }  
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie . }  
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.  
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,  
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.  
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
From him you come, for him accept it here,  
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."  
He spoke and bid the welcome table spread,  
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed :  
When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,  
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,  
O strange return ! grew black, and gap'd, and died.  
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !

How look'd our hermit when the fact was done !  
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies ; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads ; a servant show'd the way :  
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head :  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes ;  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries ;  
" Detested wretch !" — But scarce his speech began  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;  
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;  
 And wings whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;  
 Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke;  
 The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne;  
 These charms success in our bright region find,  
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind;  
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—  
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.  
 Then know the truth of government Divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine,  
 The Maker justly claims that world he made:  
 In this the right of Providence is laid.  
 Its sacred majesty through all depends  
 On using second means to work his ends.  
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
 The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high;  
 Your action uses, nor controls your will;  
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.  
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?  
 Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;  
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,  
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;  
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
 Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,  
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
 That Heav'n can bless; if mortals will be kind.  
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head:  
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;  
 But now the child half wean'd his heart from God:

Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain  
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
 To what excesses had his dotage run !  
 But God, to save the father, took the son.  
 To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go ;  
 And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.  
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.  
 But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack !  
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !  
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
 And what a fund of charity would fail !  
 Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind ; this trial o'er,  
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;  
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.  
 Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.  
 The beuding hermit here a pray'r begun :  
*Lord ! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.*  
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place ;  
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.——PARNELL

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## CHAPTER II.

### DIDACTIC PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

#### *The love of the world detected.*

Thus says the prophet of the Turk :  
 Good Mussulman, abstain from pork :  
 There is a part in ev'ry swine  
 No friend or follower of mine  
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,  
 On pain of excommunication.  
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,  
 And thus he left the point at large.  
 Had he the sinful part express'd,  
 They might with safety eat the rest :  
 But for one piece they thought it hard  
 From the whole hog to be debarr'd ;  
 And set their wit at work to find  
 What joint the prophet had in mind.  
 Much controversy straight arose,  
 These choose the back, the belly those



By some, 'tis confidently said  
He meant not to forbid the head;  
While others at that doctrine rail,  
And piously prefer the tail.  
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,  
Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh---'tis well—the tale applied  
May make you laugh on t'other side.  
“Renounce the world,” the preacher cries;  
“We do,” a multitude replies.  
While one as innocent regards  
A snug and friendly game at cards:  
And one, whatever you may say,  
Can see no evil in a play;  
Some love a concert, or a race,  
And others, shooting and the chace.  
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,  
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd;  
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,  
Yet likes a slice as well as he:  
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.—COWPER

## SECTION II.

### *On Friendship.*

WHAT virtue, or what mental grace,  
But men, unqualified and base,

Will boast it their profession?

Profusion apes the noble part  
Of liberality of heart,

And dulness, of discretion.

If ev'ry polish'd gem we find,

Illuminating heart or mind,

Provoke to imitation;

No wonder Friendship does the same,

That jewel of the purest flame,

Or rather constellation

No knave but boldly will pretend

The requisites that form a friend,

A real and a sound one;

Nor any fool he would deceive,

But prove as ready to believe,

And dream that he has found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,

Boys care but little whom they trust,

An error soon corrected—

For who but learns in riper years,

That man, when smoothest he appears,

Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies.  
 Lest having misemploy'd our eyes,  
     And taken trash for treasure,  
 We should unwarily conclude  
 Friendship a false ideal good,  
     A mere Utopian pleasure.  
 An acquisition rather rare,  
 Is yet no subject of despair;  
 Nor is it wise complaining,  
 If either on forbidden ground,  
 Or where it was not to be found,  
     We sought without attaining.  
 No friendship will abide the test  
 That stands on sordid interest,  
     Or mean self-love erected;  
 Nor such as may awhile subsist  
 Between the sot and sensualist,  
     For vicious ends connected.  
 Who seeks a friend, should come dispos'd,  
 T' exhibit, in full bloom disclos'd,  
     The graces and the beauties,  
 That form the character he seeks,  
 For 'tis an union that bespeaks  
     Reciprocated duties.  
 Mutual attention is implied,  
 An equal truth on either side,  
     And constantly supported;  
 'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse  
 Another of sinister views,  
     Our own as much distorted.  
 But will sincerity suffice?  
 It is indeed above all price,  
     And must be made the basis;  
 But ev'ry virtue of the soul  
 Must constitute the charming whole,  
     All shining in their places.  
 A fretful temper will divide  
 The closest knot that may be tied;  
     By careless sharp corrosion,  
 A temper passionate and fierce,  
 May suddenly your joys disperse,  
     At one immense explosion.  
 In vain the talkative unite  
 In hopes of permanent delight—  
     The secret just committed,  
 Forgetting its important weight,  
 They drop through mere desire to prate,  
     And by themselves outwitted.  
 How bright soe'er the prospect seems,  
 All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,

If envy chance to creep in :  
 An envious man, if you succeed,  
 May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,  
 But not a friend worth keeping.  
 As Envy pines at Good possess'd,  
 So Jealousy looks forth distress'd,  
 On Good that seems approaching ;  
 And if success his steps attend,  
 Discerns a rival in a friend,  
 And hates him for encroaching.  
 Hence authors of illustrious name,  
 Unless belied by common fame,  
 Are sadly prone to quarrel ;  
 To deem the wit a friend displays  
 A tax upon their own just praise,  
 And pluck each others laurel.  
 A man renown'd for repartee,  
 Will seldom scruple to make free  
 With friendship's finest feeling ;  
 Will thrust a dagger at your breast,  
 And say he wounded you in jest,  
 By way of balm for healing.  
 Whoever keeps an open ear  
 For tattlers, will be sure to hear  
 The trumpet of contention ;  
 Aspersion is the babblers trade,  
 To listen is to lend him aid,  
 And rush into dissension.  
 A friendship that in frequent fits  
 Of controversial rage emits  
 The sparks of disputation,  
 Like hand in hand insurance plates,  
 Most unavoidably creates  
 The thought of conflagration.  
 Some fickle creatures boast a soul  
 True as the needle to the pole,  
 Their humour yet so various—  
 They manifest, their whole life through,  
 The needle's deviation too,  
 Their love is so precarious.  
 The great and small but rarely meet  
 On terms of amity complete ;  
 Plebeians must surrender,  
 And yield so much to noble folk,  
 It is combining fire with smoke,  
 Obscurity with splendour.  
 Some are so placid and serene,  
 (As Irish bogs are always green)  
 They sleep secure from waking ;

And are indeed a bog that bears  
Your unparticipated cares,  
Unmov'd and without quaking  
Courtier and patriot cannot mix  
Their het'rogeaneous politics,  
Without an effervescence,  
Like that of salts with lemon juice,  
Which does not yet like that produce  
A friendly coalescence.  
Religion should extinguish strife,  
And make a calm of human life ;  
But friends that chance to differ  
On points which God has left at large,  
How fiercely will they meet and charge  
No combatants are stiffer !  
To prove at last my main intent,  
Needs no expense of argument,  
No cutting and contriving—  
Seeking a real friend, we seem  
T' adopt the chymist's golden dream,  
With still less hope of thriving.  
Sometimes the fault is all our own,  
Some blemish in due time made known,  
By trespass or omission ;  
Sometimes occasion brings to light  
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,  
And even from suspicion.  
Then judge yourself, and prove your man  
As circumspectly as you can ;  
And having made election,  
Beware no negligence of yours,  
Such as a friend but ill endures,  
Enfeeble his affection.  
That secrets are a sacred trust,  
That friends should be sincere and just,  
That constancy befits them,  
Are observations on the case,  
That savour much of common place,  
And all the world admits them.  
But 'tis not timber, lead and stone,  
An architect requires alone,  
To finish a fine building—  
The palace were but half complete  
If he could possibly forget  
The carving and the gilding.  
The man that hails you, Tom or Jack,  
And proves, by thumps upon your back,  
How he esteems your merit,



Is such a friend, that one had need  
 Be very much his friend indeed,  
 To pardon or to bear it.  
 As similarity of mind,  
 Or something not to be defin'd,  
 First fixes our attention ;  
 So, manners decent and polite,  
 The same we practis'd at first sight,  
 Must save it from declension.  
 Some act upon this prudent plan,  
 " Say little, and hear all you can ;"  
 Safe policy, but hateful—  
 So barren sands imbibe the show'r,  
 But render neither fruit nor flow'r,  
 Unpleasant and ungrateful.  
 The man I trust, if shy to me,  
 Shall find me as reserv'd as he,  
 No subterfuge or pleading  
 Shall win my confidence again ;  
 I will by no means entertain  
 A spy on my proceeding.  
 These samples—for alas : at last  
 These are but samples and a taste  
 Of evils yet unmention'd—  
 May prove the task a task indeed,  
 In which 'tis much if we succeed,  
 However well intention'd.  
 Pursue the search, and you will find,  
 Good sense and knowledge of mankind  
 To be at least expedient ;  
 And after summing all the rest,  
 Religion ruling in the breast,  
 A principal ingredient.  
 The noblest friendship ever shown,  
 The Saviour's history makes known,  
 Though some have turn'd and turn'd it  
 And whether being craz'd or blind,  
 Or seeking with a bias'd mind,  
 Have not, it seems, discern'd it  
 Oh Friendship ! if my soul forego  
 Thy dear delights while here below ;  
 To mortify and grieve me,  
 May I myself at last appear  
 Unworthy, base, and insincere,  
 Or may my friend deceive me !——COWPER.

## SECTION III

*Improvement of time recommended.*

HE mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.  
 Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,  
 (Blest av'rice !) which the thought of death inspires ?  
 O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load  
 Than lead, to fools ; and fools reputed wise.  
 What moment granted man without account ?  
 What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid !  
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,  
 Insidious Death ; should his strong hand arrest,  
 No composition sets the prisoner free.  
 Eternity's inexorable chain  
 Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrears.

How late I shudder'd on the brink ! how late  
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !  
 For what calls thy disease ? for moral aid.  
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.  
 Youth is not rich in time ; it may be, poor.  
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay  
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth :  
 And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell  
 Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big  
 With holy hope of nobler time to come.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?  
 And sport we, like the natives of the bough,  
 When vernal suns inspire ? Amusement reigns,  
 Man's great demand : to trifle is to live :  
 And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?  
 Who wants amusement in the flame of battle ?  
 Is it not treason to the soul immortal,  
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?  
 Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?  
 When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes  
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight ;  
 (As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires  
 To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm  
 Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there ;)  
 Will toys amuse ?—No : thrones will then be toys,  
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—its loss we dearly buy.  
 What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports ?  
 He pleads time's num'rous blanks ; he loudly pleads  
 The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.  
 From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee ?  
 No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant.  
 Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine :  
 This cancels thy complaint at once ; this leaves

In act no trifle, and no blank in time.  
 This greatens, fills, immortalizes all :  
 This, the blest art of turning all to gold  
 This, the good heart's prerogative to raise  
 A royal tribute, from the poorest hours.  
 Immense revenue ! every moment pays.  
 If nothing more than purpose in thy pow'r,  
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.  
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint ;  
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer ;  
 Guard well thy thoughts ; our thoughts are heard in heaven.  
 On all-important time, through ev'ry age,  
 Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man  
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.  
 " I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,  
 Had been an emperor without his crown.  
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.  
 So should all speak : so reason speaks in all.  
 From the soft whispers of that God in man,  
 Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,  
 For rescue from the blessing we possess ?  
 Time, the supreme !—Time is eternity ;  
 Pregnant with all eternity can give,  
 Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile :  
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
 A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.—YOUNG.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

##### SECTION I.

##### *The Spring.*

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear ;  
 Disclose the long-expected flow'rs,  
 And wake the purple year !  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of Spring ;  
 While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.  
 Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
 A broader, browner shade ;  
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
 O'er-canopies the glade ;

Beside some water's rushy brink,  
 With me the Muse shall sit and think  
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)  
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
 How low, how little are the proud,  
 How indigent the great !  
 Still is the toiling band of care ;  
 The panting herds repose ;  
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows !  
 The insect youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honey'd spring,  
 And float amid the liquid noon :  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.  
 To contemplation's sober eye  
 Such is the race of man ;  
 And they that creep, and they that fly,  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the busy and the gay  
 But flutter through life's little day,  
 In fortune's varying colours drest ;  
 Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,  
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance  
 ; They leave in dust to rest.—GRAY.

## SECTION II.

*Description of winter at Copenhagen.*

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
 From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,  
 What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,  
 Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing ?  
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight  
 All pleasing objects that to verse invite.  
 The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
 The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,  
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,  
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.  
 No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,  
 No birds within the desert region sing.  
 The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,  
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.  
 The vast leviathan wants room to play,  
 And spout his waters in the face of day.  
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowls,  
 And to the Moon in icy valleys howls.  
 For many a shining league the level main,  
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :



There solid billows, of enormous size,  
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.  
 And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,  
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.  
 Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,  
 Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,  
 At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose ;  
 And the descending rain unsullied froze.  
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view  
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes :  
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,  
 And ev'ry pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass.  
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,  
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
 The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield  
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.  
 The Stag, in limpid currents, with surprise  
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.  
 The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,  
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.  
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
 That wave and glitter in the distant sun.  
 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
 The brittle forest into atoms flies ;  
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends :  
 Or if a southern gale the region warm,  
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,  
 The traveller a miry country sees,  
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads  
 Through fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads ;  
 While here enchanting gardens to him rise,  
 And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,  
 His wand'ring feet the magic path pursue ;  
 And, while he thinks the fair allusion true,  
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny waves appear :  
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,  
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns. — PHILLIPS.

## SECTION III.

*Night Described.*

Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight gray  
 Had, in her sober liv'ry all things clad.  
 Silence accompanied ; for beasts and birds,  
 Those to their grassy couch, these to their nests

Were slunk ; all but the wakeful nightingale .  
 She all night long her plaintive descant sung.  
 Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament  
 With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light ;  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.——MILTON.

Night, sable power ! from her ebon throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.  
 Silence, how dead, and darkness how profound !  
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds :  
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse  
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,  
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.——YOUNG.

#### SECTION IV.

##### *Grongar Hill.*

SILENT Nymph ! with curious eye,  
 Who, the purple eve, dost lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man,  
 Painting fair the form of things  
 While the yellow linnet sings ;  
 Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tale ;  
 Come, with all thy various hues,  
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse.  
 Now, while Phœbus riding high,  
 Gives lustre to the land and sky,  
 Grongar hill invites my song,  
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
 Grongar ! in whose mossy cells,  
 Sweetly musing quiet dwells ;  
 Grongar ! in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the ev'ning still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sat upon a flow'ry bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head,  
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 Till Contemplation had her fill.  
 About his chequer'd sides I wind,  
 And leave his brooks and meads behind ;

And groves and grottos, where I lay,  
And vistas shooting beams of day.  
Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
As circles on a smooth canal ;  
The mountains round, unhappy fate,  
Sooner or later, of all height !  
Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise.  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;  
What a landscape lies below !  
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of nature show  
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly tow'ring in the skies ;  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires :  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads,  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes :  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew !  
The slender fir that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs ;  
And, beyond the purple grove,  
Haunt of virtue, peace, and love !  
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.  
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood ;  
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood ;  
And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below ;  
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps :  
So both a safety from the wind,  
In mutual dependence, find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,  
From the apartment of the eagle.

And there the fox securely feeds,  
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds, }  
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ; }  
 While, ever and anon, there falls  
 A heap of hoary moulder'd walls.  
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,  
 And level lays the lofty brow,  
 Has seen this broken pile complete, }  
 Big with the vanity of state : }  
 But transient is the smile of fate ! }  
 A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have,  
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
 Through woods and meads, in shades and sun !  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to final sleep.  
 Thus is nature's vesture wrought,  
 To instruct our wand'ring thought ;  
 Thus she dresses green and gay ;  
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landscape tire the view ?  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
 The woody valleys, warm and low ;  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,  
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;  
 The town and village, dome and farm, }  
 Each gives each a double charm, }  
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm. }

See on the mountain's southern side, }  
 Where the prospect opens wide, }  
 Where the evening gilds the tide, }  
 How close and small the hedges lie ;  
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
 A step metelinks, may pass the stream ;  
 So little distant dangers seem :  
 So we mistake the future's face,  
 Ey'd through hope's deluding glass,  
 As yon summits soft and fair,  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear :  
 Still we tread the same coarse way ;  
 The present's still a cloudy day.



O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see !  
Content me with a humble shade,  
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;  
For while our wishes widely roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul :  
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain turf I lie ;  
While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings :  
While the waters murmur deep ;  
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
While the birds unbounded fly,  
And with music fill the sky ;  
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high. }

Be full, ye courts ! be great who will ;  
Search for peace with all your skill ;  
Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor :  
In vain ye search, she is not there ;  
In vain ye search the domes of care !  
Grass and flow'rs quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads,  
Along with pleasure close allied,  
Ever by each other's side ;  
And often, by the murm'ring rill,  
Hears the thrush, while all is still  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill. }

—DYER.

## SECTION V.

### *Description of a parish poor-house.*

BEHOLD yon house that holds the parish poor,  
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door !  
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,  
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day ;  
There children dwell who know no parents' care ;  
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;  
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,  
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;  
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
And crippled age with more than childhood fears ;  
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !  
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,  
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve :  
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below ;

Here sorrowing they each kindred sorrow scan,  
 And the cold charities of man to man :  
 Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,  
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;  
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,  
 And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes,  
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;  
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance  
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;  
 Who with sad pray'rs the weary doctor tease  
 To name the nameless ever-new disease ;  
 Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,  
 Which real pain, and that alone, can cure ;  
 How would you bear in real pain to lie,  
 Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?  
 How would you bear to draw your latest breath,  
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,  
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;  
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen ;  
 And lath and mud are all that lie between ;  
 Save one dull-pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way  
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :  
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,  
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.  
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,  
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;  
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,  
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile. — CRABBE

## SECTION VI.

### *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

"One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine." — **YOUNG**

'Tis past ! the sultry tyrant of the south  
 Has spent his short-liv'd rage. More grateful hours  
 Move silent on. The skies no more repel  
 The dazzled sight ; but, with mild maiden beams  
 Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye  
 To wander o'er their sphere ; where, hung aloft,  
 Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow  
 New strung in heav'n, lifts high its beamy horns,  
 Impatient for the night, and seems to push  
 Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines  
 E'en in the eye of day ; with sweetest beam  
 Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood  
 Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.  
 The shadows spread apace ; while meekn'd eve.

Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires  
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,  
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour  
When contemplation, from her sunless haunts,  
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
Of unpierc'd woods, where, wrapt in silent shade,  
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,  
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,  
Moves forward ; and with radiant finger points  
To yon blue concave, swell'd by breath divine,  
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heav'n  
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether  
One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling fires.  
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,  
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd  
O'er all this field of glories : spacious field,  
And worthy of the Master ! he whose hand,  
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,  
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet, hung on high  
To public gaze ; and said, Adore, O man,  
The finger of thy God ! From what pure wells  
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,  
Are all these lamps so fill'd ? these friendly lamps,  
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep,  
To point our path, and light us to our home.  
How soft they slide along the lucid spheres !  
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil  
Their destin'd courses. Nature's self is hush'd,  
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles through  
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard  
To break the midnight air ; through the rais'd ear,  
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.  
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise !  
But are they silent all ? or is there not  
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,  
And woos him to be wise ? nor woos in vain :  
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,  
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.  
At this still hour the self-collected soul  
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there  
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;  
An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,  
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun  
(Fair transitory creature of a day !)  
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades ;  
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of bliss !  
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,  
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,  
With recollected tenderness, on all

The various busy scenes she left below,  
Its deep-laid projects, and its strange events,  
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd  
Her infant hours.—O be it lawful now  
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,  
And, with mute wonder and delighted awe,  
Approach your burning confines!—Seiz'd in thought  
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail  
From the green borders of the peopled earth,  
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;  
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb  
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;  
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,  
Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry moons,  
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,  
Sits like an exil'd monarch. Fearless thence  
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,  
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,  
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine  
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light  
From the proud regent of our scanty day:  
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,  
And only less than He who marks their track,  
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,  
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen  
Impels me onward, through the glowing orbs  
Of habitable nature, far remote,  
To the dread confines of eternal night,  
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,  
The deserts of creation, wide and wild,  
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns  
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,  
And Thought astonish'd stops her bold career.  
But, oh, thou mighty MIND! whose pow'rful word  
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,  
Where shall I seek thy presence? how, unblam'd,  
Invoke thy dread perfection;——  
Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee?  
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion  
Support thy throne? O look with pity down  
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names  
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd  
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd  
The scatter'd tribes: thou hast a gentler voice,  
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,  
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now, my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs  
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,  
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,



Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams ;  
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,  
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,  
Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time,  
And ripen for the skies : the hour will come,  
When all these splendours, bursting on my sight,  
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense  
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.—BARBAULD.

## SECTION VII.

### *Cheerfulness.*

FAIR as the dawning light ! auspicious guest !  
Source of all comfort to the human breast !  
Depriv'd of thee, in sad despair we moan,  
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.  
Though beauteous objects all around us rise,  
To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes ;  
Though art's fair works and nature's gifts conspire  
To please each sense, and satiate each desire,  
'Tis joyless all—till thy enliv'ning ray  
Scatters the melancholy gloom away.

Then opens to the soul a heavenly scene,  
Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.

Where dost thou deign, say, in what blest retreat,  
To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat ?  
Thy sacred presence how shall we explore ?  
Can av'rice gain thee with her golden store ?  
Can vain ambition, with her boasted charms,  
Tempt thee within her wide extended arms ?  
No, with Content alone canst thou abide,  
Thy sister, ever smiling by thy side.

When boon companions, void of ev'ry care,  
Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share, }  
And give a loose to pleasure—art thou there ?  
Or when th' assembled great and fair advance  
To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,  
Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charms around, }  
And airs ecstatic swell their tuneful sound,  
Art thou within the pompous circle found ?  
Does not thy influence more sedately shine ?  
Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine ?  
Surely more mild, more constant in their course,  
Thy pleasures issue from a nobler source ;  
From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,  
From passions temper'd, and from lusts repress ;  
From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,  
And the calm transports of an honest heart.

Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind !  
Through life, through death, attends the virtuous mind ;

Of angry fate wards from us ev'ry blow,  
 Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry wo.  
 Whatever good our mortal state desires,  
 What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;  
 From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,  
 Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows,  
 By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays  
 A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.—FITZGERALD.

## SECTION VIII.

*Providence.*

Lo! now the ways of heaven's eternal King  
 To man are open!  
 Review them and adore! Hear the loud voice  
 Of Wisdom sounding in her works!—"Attend,  
 Ye sons of men! ye children of the dust,  
 Be wise! Lo! I was present, when the Sire  
 Of heav'n pronounc'd his fiat; when his eye  
 Glanc'd through the guif of darkness, and his hand  
 Fashion'd the rising universe:—I saw,  
 O'er the fair lawns, the heaving mountains raise  
 Their pine-clad spires; and down the shaggy cliff  
 I gave the rill to murmur. The rough mounds  
 That bound the madd'ning deep; the storm that roars  
 Along the desert: the volcano fraught  
 With burning brimstone;—I prescribe their ends.  
 I rule the rushing winds, and, on their wings  
 Triumphant, walk the tempest.—To my call  
 Obsequious bellows the red bolt, that tears  
 The cloud's thin mantle, when the gushing show'r  
 Descending copious bids the desert bloom."

"I gave to man's dark search superior light,  
 And clear'd dim reason's misty view, to mark  
 His pow'rs, as through revolving ages tried,  
 They rose not to his Maker. Thus prepar'd  
 To know how distant from his narrow ken  
 The truths by heav'n reveal'd, my hand display'd  
 The plan fair op'ning, where each nobler view,  
 That swells th' expanding heart; each glorious hope,  
 That points ambition to its goal; each aim,  
 That stirs, exalts, and animates desire;  
 Pours on the mind's rapt sight a noon-tide ray."

"Nor less in life employ'd, 'tis mine to raise  
 The desolate of heart; to bend the brow  
 Of stubborn pride, to bid reluctant ire  
 Subside; to tame rude nature to the rein  
 Of virtue. What though, screen'd from mortal view,  
 I walk the deep'ning gloom? What though my ways,  
 Remote from thought's bewilder'd search, are wrapt

In triple darkness?—Yet I work the springs  
 Of life, and to the gen'ral good direct  
 Th' obsequious means to move.—O ye, who toss'd  
 On life's tumultuous ocean, eye the shore,  
 Yet far remov'd; and wish the happy hour,  
 When slumber on her downy couch shall lull  
 Your cares to sweet repose; yet bear awhile,  
 And I will guide you to the balmy climes  
 Of rest; will lay you by the silver stream  
 Crown'd with elysian bow'rs, where peace extends  
 Her blooming olive, and the tempest pours  
 Its killing blast no more." Thus Wisdom speaks  
 To man; thus calls him through the external form  
 Of nature, through Religion's fuller noon,  
 Through life's bewild'ring mazes; to observe  
 A PROVIDENCE IN ALL.

OGILVIE.

## SECTION IX.

*The last day.*

AT the destin'd hour,  
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,  
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play  
 Their various engines; all at once disgorge  
 Their blazing magazines; and take by storm  
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.  
 Amazing period! when each mountain-height  
 Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour  
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;  
 Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives  
 Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,  
 More than astonishment! if more can be!  
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen,  
 Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!  
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire;  
 Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike  
 The babe at Bethlem! How unlike the man  
 That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet HE it is;  
 That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!  
 In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends:  
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,  
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace  
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.  
 And now, all dross remov'd, heaven's own pure day,  
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames:  
 While, (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!  
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,  
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws  
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace.  
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,  
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!  
The day is broke, which never more shall close!  
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!  
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!  
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!  
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!  
Dost thou not hear? dost thou not deplore  
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?  
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone  
On which we stood! Lorenzo! while thou mayst,  
Provide more firm support, or sink forever!  
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!  
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,  
When consternation turns the good man pale!  
Great day: for which all other days were made;  
For which earth rose from chaos; man from earth;  
And an eternity, the date of gods,  
Descended on poor earth-created man!  
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!  
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish  
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;  
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.  
Already is begun the grand assize,  
In us, in all; deputed conscience scales  
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;  
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.  
Why on himself should man void judgment pass:  
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?  
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,  
And God above assert that God in man.  
Thrice happy they, that enter now the court  
Heav'n opens in their bosoms; but how rare!  
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!  
What hero, like the man who stands himself?  
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;  
Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,  
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?  
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.  
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,  
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?  
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!  
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!  
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!  
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!  
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!  
No patron! intercessor none! now past  
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!  
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!



Inexorable, all! and all extreme!  
 Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,  
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,  
 And rears his brazen front, with 'under scarr'd.  
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll  
 His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;  
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.—YOUNG

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## CHAPTER IV.

### PATHETIC PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

##### *Hymn to Humanity.*

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear  
 Attend not now to sorrow's cry;  
 If now the pity-streaming tear  
 Should haply on thy cheek be dry:  
 Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!  
 Come, ever welcome to my breast,  
 A tender, but a cheerful guest!  
 Nor always in the gloomy cell  
 Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;  
 For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,  
 Is to humanity a foe;  
 And grief, that makes the heart its prey,  
 Wears sensibility away.  
 Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,  
 The gloomy fiend Stupidity.  
 O may that fiend be banish'd far,  
 Though passions hold perpetual war!  
 Nor ever let me cease to know  
 The pulse that throbs at joy or wo.  
 Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,  
 When sorrow fills a brother's eye;  
 Nor may the tear that frequent flows  
 From private or from social woes,  
 E'er make this pleasing sense depart:  
 Ye cares, O harden not my heart!  
 If the fair star of fortune smile,  
 Let not its flatt'ring pow'r beguile;  
 Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,  
 My full sails swell with bloating pride.  
 Let me from wealth but hope content,  
 Rememb'ring still it was but lent;  
 To modest merit spread my store,  
 Unbar my hospitable door;

Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,  
While want unpitied pines in vain.  
If Heav'n, in ev'ry purpose wise,  
The envied lot of wealth denies;  
If doom'd to drag life's painful load  
Through poverty's uneven road,  
And, for the due bread of the day,  
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;  
To thee, Humanity, still true,  
I'll wish the good I cannot do;  
And give the wretch, that passes by,  
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.  
Howe'er exalted, or deprest,  
Be ever mine the feeling breast  
From me remove the stagnant mind  
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;  
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,  
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps  
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,  
And self-attending vanity,  
Alike the foolish and the vain  
Are strangers to the sense humane.  
O for that sympathetic glow  
Which taught the holy tear to flow,  
When the prophetic eye survey'd  
Sion in future ashes laid;  
Or, rais'd to Heav'n, implor'd the bread  
That thousands in the desert fed!  
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave  
Sigh'd—and forgot its pow'r to save—  
O for that sympathetic glow,  
Which taught the holy tear to flow!  
It comes; it fills my lab'ring breast,  
I feel my beating heart oppress.  
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!  
See her dim eye; her aspect pale!  
To Heav'n she turns in deep despair;  
Her infants wonder at her pray'r,  
And, mingling tears, they know not why  
Lift up their little hands, and cry.  
O Lord! their moving sorrows see!  
Support them, sweet Humanity!  
Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train  
For ever asks the tear humane.  
Behold in yon unconscious grove  
The victims of ill-fated love!  
Heard you that agonizing throe?  
Sure this is not romantic wo!  
The golden day of joy is o'er;  
And now they part—to meet no more.

Assist them, hearts from anguish free;  
 Assist them, sweet Humanity!  
 Parent of virtue, if thine ear  
     Attend not now to sorrow's cry;  
 If now the pity-streaming tear  
     Should haply on thy cheek be dry,  
 Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

LANGHORNE

## SECTION II.

### *A night-piece on death.*

By the blue taper's trembling light,  
 No more I waste the wakeful night,  
 Intent with endless view to pore  
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er:  
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
 Or point at best the longest way.  
 I'll seek a readier path, and go  
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.  
 How deep yon azure dies the sky!  
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,  
 While through their ranks in silver pride  
 The nether crescent seems to glide.  
 The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,  
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
 Where once again the spangled show  
 Descends to meet our eyes below.  
 The grounds which on the right aspire,  
 In dimness from the view retire:  
 The left presents a place of graves,  
 Whose wall the silent water laves.  
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
 Among the livid gleams of night;  
 There pass with melancholy state,  
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,  
 And think, as softly-sad you tread  
 Above the venerable dead,  
 "Time was, like thee, they life possest,  
 And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those graves with bending osier bound,  
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,  
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose  
 Where toil and poverty repose.  
 The flat smooth stones that bear a name,  
 The chisel's slender help to fame;  
 (Which, ere our set of friends decay,  
 Their frequent steps may wear away;)  
 A middle race of mortals own,  
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tomos that rise on high,  
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,  
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,  
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,  
 These (all the poor remains of state)  
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great;  
 Who while on earth in fame they live,  
 Are senseless of the fame they give.  
 Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,  
 The bursting earth unveils the shades!  
 All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,  
 They rise in visionary crowds,  
 And all with sober accent cry,  
 "Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,  
 That bathes the charnel-house with dew,  
 Methinks I hear a voice begin;  
 (Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
 Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground;)   
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
 Thus speaking from among the bones.

"When men my scythe and darts supply,  
 How great a king of fears am I!  
 They view me like the last of things:  
 They make, and then they dread, my stings.  
 Fools! if you less provoke your fears,  
 No more my spectre-form appears.  
 Death's but a path that must be trod,  
 If man would ever pass to God:  
 A port of calms, a state of ease  
 From the rough rage of swelling seas."

"Why then thy flowing sable stoles,  
 Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,  
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
 Long palls, drawn heres, cover'd steeds,  
 And plumes of black, that as they tread,  
 Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?"

"Nor can the parted body know,  
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of wo:  
 As men who long in prison dwell,  
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
 Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,  
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun;  
 Such joy, though far transcending sense,  
 Have pious souls at parting hence.  
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,  
 A few and evil years they waste,  
 But when their chains are cast aside,  
 See the glad scene unfolding wide,



Clap the glad wing, and tow r away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day."——PARNELL.

## SECTION III.

*In every condition of life, praise is due to the Creator.*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ:  
For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the gen'rous olive's use.  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;  
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;  
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;  
All that spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that lib'ral autumn pours,  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:  
These to thee, my God, we owe,  
Source from whence all blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.  
Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the rip'ning ear;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green, untimely fruit;  
Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;  
Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain;  
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy;  
Yet, to thee my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,  
Love thee—for thyself alone.——BARBAULD

## SECTION IV.

*Folly of human pursuits.*

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid  
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!  
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,  
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril.

Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,  
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng,  
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms;  
 And meditate on scenes more silent still;  
 Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death  
 Here, like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,  
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
 Eager ambition's fiery chase I see.

I see the circling haunt of noisy men  
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
 Pursuing and pursu'd, each other's prey;  
 As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;  
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,  
 Earth's highest station ends in, "here he lies:"  
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song  
 If this song lives, posterity shall know  
 One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,  
 Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;  
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme  
 For future vacancies in church, or state;  
 Some avocation deeming it—to die;  
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;  
 Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.  
 O my coevals! remnant of yourselves!  
 Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!  
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,  
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?  
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,  
 Trembling at once, with eagerness and age?  
 With av'rice, and convulsious grasping hard?  
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?  
 Man wants but little; nor that little long:  
 How soon must he resign his very dust,  
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!  
 Years unexperienc'd rush on num'rous ills,  
 And soon as man, expert from time, has found  
 The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,  
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,  
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,  
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far  
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe  
 I still survive; and am I fond of life,  
 Who scarce can think it possible I live?  
 Alive by miracle! if still alive,  
 Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,  
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.

Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure,  
 And vapid; sense and reason show the door.  
 Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.  
 O thou great Arbiter of life and death!  
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!  
 Whose all prolific beam late call'd me forth  
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay  
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath  
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,  
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,  
 And triumph in existence; and couldst know  
 No motive, but my bliss; with Abraham's joy,  
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown;  
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust:  
 Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs;  
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee!—YOUNG.

## SECTION V.

*An address to the Deity.*

God of my life, and Author of my days!  
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;  
 And trembling take upon a mortal tongue  
 That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung;  
 Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more  
 Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.  
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,  
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.  
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,  
 Which nature's works, through all her parts proclaim.  
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,  
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul:  
 As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;  
 Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide.  
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,  
 And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace;  
 Till ev'ry worldly thought within me lies,  
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;  
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,  
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.  
 But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;  
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;  
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,  
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.  
 But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,  
 Knowing our fame, remembers man is dust.  
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,  
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;  
 Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,  
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

His ears are open to the softest cry,  
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;  
 He reads the language of a silent tear,  
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.  
 Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;  
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:  
 From each terrestrial bondage set me free;  
 Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee;  
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,  
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads  
 By living waters, and through flow'ry meads  
 When all is smiling, tranquil and serene,  
 And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene  
 Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,  
 And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!  
 With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,  
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice  
 If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,  
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my  
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee,  
 With equal eye my various lot receive,  
 Resign'd to die, or resolute to live:  
 Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,  
 While God is seen in all, and all in God

I read his awful name emblazon'd high  
 With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;  
 Nor less the mystic characters I see,  
 Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree:  
 In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze,  
 I hear the voice of God among the trees.  
 With thee in shady solitudes I walk,  
 With thee in busy crowded cities talk;  
 In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r;  
 In each event thy providence adore:  
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,  
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.  
 Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,  
 Secure within the temple of thine arms,  
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
 And feel myself omnipotent in thee.  
 Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh  
 And earth recedes before my swimming eye:  
 When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate  
 I stand, and stretch my view to either state;  
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene,  
 With decent triumph, and a look serene;  
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
 And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.—BARBAULD



## SECTION VI.

*A monody on the death of lady Lyttelton*

At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,  
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,  
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,  
Or force my tears their flowing streams to dry,  
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,  
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,  
I now may give my burdened heart relief,  
And pour forth all my stores of grief;  
Of grief surpassing ev'ry other wo,  
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love  
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,  
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move  
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.  
Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,  
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,  
Ye lawns gay-smiling with perpetual green,  
Oft have you my Lucy seen!  
But never shall you now behold her more:  
Nor will she now, with fond delight,  
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore:  
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,  
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine  
Reason's pure light, and virtue's spark divine.  
In vain I look around,  
O'er all the well-known ground,  
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;  
Where oft we us'd to walk;  
Where oft in tender talk,  
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;  
Nor by yon fountain's side,  
Nor where its waters glide  
Along the valley, can she now be found;  
In all the wide stretch'd prospect's ample bound,  
No more my mournful eye  
Can aught of her espy,  
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie  
O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?  
Your bright inhabitant is lost.  
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts,  
Where female vanity might wish to shine,  
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.  
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:  
To your sequester'd dales  
And flower embroider'd vales,  
From an admiring world she chose to fly:

With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,  
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,  
 And banish'd every passion from her breast;  
 But those, the gentlest and the best,  
 Whose holy flames, with energy divine,  
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,  
 The conjugal and the maternal love.  
 Sweet babes! who, like the little playful fawns,  
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,  
 By your delighted mother's side,  
 Who now your infant steps shall guide!  
 Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care  
 To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,  
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?  
 O loss beyond repair!  
 O wretched father! left alone,  
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!  
 How shall thy weaken'd mind oppress'd with wo,  
 And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,  
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,  
 Now she, alas! is gone,  
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?  
 Oh! how each beauty of her mind and face  
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!  
 How eloquent in ev'ry look,  
 Through her expressive eyes, her soul distinctly spoke!  
 How did her manners, by the world refin'd,  
 Leave all the taint of modish vice behind,  
 And make each charm of polish'd courts agree  
 With candid truth's simplicity,  
 And uncorrupted innocence!  
 To great, to more than manly sense  
 She join'd the soft'ning influence  
 Of more than female tenderness.  
 How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,  
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,  
 Her kindly-melting heart,  
 To every want, and every wo,  
 To guilt itself when in distress,  
 The balm of pity would impart,  
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!  
 E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life  
 Beneath the bloody knife,  
 Her gentle tears would fall:  
 Tears, from virtue's source, benevolent to all.  
 Not only good and kind,  
 But strong and elevated was her mind:  
 A spirit that, with noble pride,  
 Could look superior down  
 On fortune's smile or frown,

That could, without regret or pain,  
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice  
 Or interest or ambition's highest prize;  
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried  
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,  
 But by magnanimous disdain.  
 A wit that, temperately bright,  
 With inoffensive light,  
 All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd  
 The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand  
 And sweet benevolence's mild command,  
 And bashful modesty, before it cast.  
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,  
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd;  
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,  
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.  
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,  
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,  
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,  
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,  
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,  
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,  
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;  
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,  
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;  
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,  
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Italian queen:  
 But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,  
 A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,  
 Cold with perpetual snows;

The tender-blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

O best of women! dearer far to me  
 Than when, in blooming life,  
 My lips first call'd thee wife;  
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?  
 How, in the world, to me a desert grown,  
 Abandon'd and alone,  
 Without my sweet companion can I live?

Without thy lovely smile,  
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,  
 What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?  
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,  
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind  
 What succour can I find?  
 On whom for consolation shall I call?

Support me, ev'ry friend ;  
Your kind assistance lend,  
To bear the weight of this oppressive wo.  
Alas ! each friend of mine,  
My dear departed love, so much was thine,  
That none has any comfort to bestow.  
My books, the best relief  
In ev'ry other grief,  
Are now with your idea sadden'd all :  
Each fav'rite author we together read  
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.  
We were the happiest pair of human kind :  
The rolling year its various course perform'd,  
And back returned again ;  
Another, and another, smiling came,  
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.  
Still in her golden chain  
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind ;  
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.  
O fatal, fatal stroke !  
That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd  
Of rare felicity,  
On which e'en wanton vice with envy gaz'd,  
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd  
With soothing hope for many a future day,  
In one sad moment broke !  
Yet, O my soul ! thy rising murmur stay ;  
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,  
Or against his supreme decree  
With impious grief complain.  
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,  
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd  
Would thy fond love his grace to her control ;  
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,  
Her pure exalted soul,  
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain ?  
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise  
Up to that unclouded blaze,  
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,  
In which enthron'd, she now with pity sees,  
How frail, how insecure, how slight,  
Is every mortal bliss ;  
Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees  
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,  
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,  
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.  
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,  
And seek those regions of serene delight,



Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,  
 No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss;  
 There, death himself thy Lucy shall restore;  
 There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide you more.

LORD LYTTELTON.

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## CHAPTER V.

### PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

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#### SECTION I.

##### *Hymn to contentment.*

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!  
 Sweet delight of human kind!  
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,  
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky,  
 With more of happiness below,  
 Than victors in a triumph know!  
 Whither, oh whither art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek contented head?  
 What happy region dost thou please  
 To make the seat of calm and ease?  
 Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there  
 Increasing avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd:  
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
 Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love; and then perceives  
 Thou wast not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart which grief assails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know  
 That solitude's the nurse of wo.  
 No real happiness is found  
 In trailing purple o'er the ground;  
 Or in a soul exalted high,  
 To range the circuit of the sky,  
 Converse with stars above, and know  
 All nature in its forms below:  
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies;  
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise  
 Lovely, lasting peace, appear;  
 This world itself, if thou art here,

Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
The branches whisper as they wav'd :  
It seem'd as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of the grace ;  
When thus she spoke :—" Go rule thy will,  
Bid thy wild passions all be still ;  
Know God, and bring thy heart to know  
The joys which from religion flow ;  
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its g'iest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Might I thus my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy,  
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,  
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r ;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleas'd and blest with God alone ;  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colours of delight ;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song ;  
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,  
And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.  
The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day ;  
The moon that shines with borrow'd light •  
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain :  
All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung, and sung by me :  
They speak their Maker as they can.  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy or your vain extremes ;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or can the next begun in this. — PARNELL

## SECTION II.

### *An Elegy written in a country church-yard*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
 Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;  
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.  
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.  
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
 Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.  
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,  
 How jocund did they drive their teams afield!  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!  
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.  
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.  
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.  
 Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?  
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wake to ecstasy the living lyre.  
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
 Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.  
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,  
 Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues ; but their crimes confin'd,  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;  
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.  
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.  
 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.  
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse  
 The place of fame and elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die ;  
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being ere resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?  
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.  
 For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
 If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,  
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.  
 There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots on high.



His listless length at noon tide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.  
 Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,  
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.  
 One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:  
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.  
 The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thor "

### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.  
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;  
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;  
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.  
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.—GRAY.

### SECTION III.

#### *Ode to Wisdom.*

THE solitary bird of night  
 Through the pale shades now wings his flight,  
 And quits the time-shook tow'r,  
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,  
 In philosophic gloom he lay,  
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.  
 With joy I hear the solemn sound,  
 Which midnight echoes waft around,  
 And sighing gales repeat:  
 Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,  
 And, faithful to thy summons, bend  
 At Wisdom's awful seat.  
 She loves the cool, the silent eve,  
 Where no false shows of life deceive,  
 Beneath the lunar ray:  
 Here folly drops each vain disguise,  
 Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,  
 As in the glare of day.

O Pallas ! queen of ev'ry art  
" That glads the sense or mends the heart,"  
Blest source of purer joys ;  
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,  
That captivates the mental sight  
With pleasure and surprize ;  
To thy unspotted shrine I bow,  
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,  
That breathes no wild desires :  
But, taught by thy unerring rules  
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,  
To nobler views aspires.  
Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,  
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,  
Be objects of my prayer :  
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,  
These glitt'ring envied toys divide,  
The dull rewards of care.  
To me thy better gifts impart,  
Each moral beauty of the heart,  
By studious thought refin'd :  
For wealth, the smiles of glad content ;  
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,  
An empire o'er my mind.  
When fortune drops her gay parade,  
When pleasure's transient roses fade,  
And wither in the tomb,  
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,  
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise  
In undecaying bloom.  
By thee protected, I defy  
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie  
Of ignorance and spite ;  
Alike condemn the leaden fool,  
And all the pointed ridicule  
Of undiscerning wit.  
From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,  
The dull impertinence of life,  
In thy retreat I rest ;  
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,  
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,  
In all thy graces drest.  
He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream  
Convey the philosophic theme  
Of perfect, fair, and good :  
Attentive Athens caught the sound,  
And all her list'ning sons around,  
In awful silence stood.  
Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth  
Confess'd the potent voice of truth

And felt its just control :  
 The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,  
 And virtue's soft persuasive charms  
   O'er all their senses stole.  
 Thy breath inspires the poet's song,  
 The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,  
   The hero's gen'rous strife :  
 Thine are retirement's silent joys,  
 And all the sweet endearing ties  
   Of still, domestic life.  
 No more to fabled names confin'd,  
 To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,  
   My thoughts direct their flight :  
 Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force  
 From thee deriv'd, unchanging source  
   Of intellectual light !  
 O send her sure, her steady ray  
 To regulate my doubtful way,  
   Through life's perplexing road ;  
 The mists of error to control ;  
 And through its gloom direct my soul  
   To happiness and good !  
 Beneath her clear discerning eye  
 The visionary shadows fly  
   Of Folly's painted show :  
 She sees, through ev'ry fair disguise,  
 That all but Virtue's solid joys  
   Is vanity and wo.—CARTER.

#### SECTION IV.

##### *The Rake and the Hermit.*

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,  
 Philosopher and atheist grown,  
 Benighted once upon the road,  
 Found out a hermit's lone abode,  
 Whose hospitality in need  
 Reliev'd the trav'ller and his steed ;  
 For both sufficiently were tir'd,  
 Well drench'd in ditches, and bemir'd  
 Hunger the first attention claims ;  
 Upon the coals a rasher flames.  
 Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,  
 Were added to make up a meal ;  
 At which our trav'ller as he sat,  
 By intervals began to chat.—  
 'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains  
 Of folly govern some folks' brains :  
 What makes you choose this wild abode ?  
 You'll say, 'Tis to converse with God

Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim ;  
You never saw or spoke with him.  
They talk of providence's pow'r,  
And say, it rules us ev'ry hour :  
To me all nature seems confusion,  
And such weak fancies mere delusion.  
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,  
Could there be such a thing as night ;  
Which, when the sun has left the skies,  
Puts all things in a deep disguise ?  
If then a trav'ller chance to stray  
The least step from the public way,  
He's soon in endless mazes lost,  
As I have found it to my cost.  
Besides, the gloom which nature wears  
Assists imaginary fears,  
Of ghosts and goblins from the waves  
Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves ;  
All sprung from superstitious seed,  
Like other maxims of the creed.  
For my part, I reject the tales  
Which faith suggests when reason fails ;  
And reason nothing understands,  
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.  
These subtile essences, like wind,  
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,  
It ne'er admits ; nor joins the lie,  
Which says men rot, but never die.  
It holds all future things in doubt,  
And therefore wisely leaves them out :  
Suggesting what is worth our care,  
To take things present as they are,  
Our wisest course : the rest is folly,  
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—  
Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree  
That Reason still our guide should be ;  
And will admit her as the test  
Of what is true, and what is best ;  
But Reason sure would blush for shame  
At what you mention in her name ;  
Her dictates are sublime and holy ;  
Impiety's the child of Folly.  
Reason, with measur'd steps and slow,  
To things above from things below  
Ascends, and guides us through her sphere  
With caution, vigilance, and care.  
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,  
And Reason puts us in her hands ;  
But not till her commission giv'n  
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.



'Tis strange that man, a reasoning creature,  
Should miss a God in viewing nature ;  
Whose high perfections are display'd  
In ev'ry thing his hands have made.  
Ev'n when we think their traces lost,  
When found again, we see them most :  
The night itself, which you would blame  
As something wrong in nature's frame,  
Is but a curtain to invest  
Her weary children when at rest :  
Like that which mothers draw to keep  
The light off from a child asleep.  
Beside, the fears which darkness breeds  
(At least augments) in vulgar heads,  
Are far from useless, when the mind  
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd :  
They make the worldling think with pain  
On frauds, and oaths, and ill got gain ;  
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife  
Just rais'd against his neighbour's life ;  
And in defence of virtue's cause,  
Assist each sanction of the laws.  
But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,  
And superstitious dread expels,  
The silent majesty of night  
Excites to take a nobler flight ;  
With saints and angels to explore  
The wonders of creating pow'r ;  
And lifts on contemplation's wings  
Above the sphere of mortal things.  
Walk forth, and tread those dewy plains  
Where night in awful silence reigns ;  
Thy sky's serene, the air is still,  
The woods stand list'ning on each hill,  
To catch the sounds that sink and swell,  
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,  
While foxes howl, and beetles hum,  
Sounds which make silence still more dumb :  
And try if folly, rash and rude,  
Dare on the sacred hour intrude.  
Then turn your eyes to heaven's broad frame,  
Attempt to quote those lights by name,  
Which shine so thick, and spread so far ;  
Conceive a sun in ev'ry star,  
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,  
While comets shoot athwart the whole ;  
From system still to system ranging,  
Their various benefits exchanging,  
And shaking from their flaming hair  
The things most needed ev'ry where—

Explore this glorious scene, and say,  
 That night discovers less than day;  
 That 'tis quite useless, and a sign  
 That chance disposes, not design:  
 Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce  
 Him either mad, or else a dunce;  
 For reason, though 'tis far from strong,  
 Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,  
 From signs and evidences clear  
 Of wise contrivance ev'ry where.

The Hermit ended, and the youth  
 Became a convert to the truth:  
 At least he yielded, and confess'd  
 That all was order'd for the best.——WILKIE

## SECTION V.

### *The Deserted Village.*

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd,  
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,  
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!  
 How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,  
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and youthful converse made!  
 How often have I bless'd the coming day,  
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play;  
 And all the village train, from labour free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old survey'd;  
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,  
 These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village! loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
 Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green:  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way ;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
Amidst thy desert walks, the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall ;  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.  
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man ;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store ;  
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose ;  
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,  
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,  
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green—  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.  
Here as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds ;  
And many a year elaps'd, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew ;  
Rememb'rance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose :  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill ;

Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw :  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.  
 O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreat from care that never must be mine !  
 How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;  
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;  
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,  
 His heav'n commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
 There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;  
 The swain, responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school,  
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind  
 And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind ;  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled :  
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;  
 She, wretched matron ! forc'd in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd  
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,  
 There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.



A man he was, to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place.  
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;  
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:  
 'The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe:  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side:  
 But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,  
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;  
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull desire,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway:  
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran:  
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;  
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd,  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n;  
 Out all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.  
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declar'd how much he knew:  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,  
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame: the very spot  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot

## SECTION VI. •

### *The Deserted Village, continued.*

NEAR yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;  
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;  
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all  
Retrieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall ?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;  
The host himself no longer shall be found  
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple pleasures of the lowly train ;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and own their first-born sway ;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting folly hails them from her shore ;  
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around :  
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name  
That leaves our useful product still the same.  
Not so the loss : the man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth,  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies :  
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,  
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.  
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms the reign,

Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;  
 But when those charms are past, (for charms are frail,)  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress :  
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,  
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;  
 But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;  
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,  
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave !

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
 If, to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?  
 To see profusion that he must not share ;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;  
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's wo.  
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
 Here, richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train ;  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !  
 Sure these denote one universal joy !  
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah, turn thine eyes  
 Where the poor houseless, shiv'ring female lies.  
 She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn :  
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;  
 And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.  
 Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?



E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !  
 Ah no ! to distant climes, a dreary scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their wo.  
 Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;  
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;  
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;  
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;  
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey ;  
 And savage men, more murd'rous still than they :  
 While oft in whirls the mad tarnado flies,  
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.

Alas ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,  
 That call'd them from their native walks away ;  
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,  
 Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western main .  
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,  
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep !  
 The good old sire the first prepar'd to go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' wo :  
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his hapless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder complaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 And bless'd the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose ;  
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by Heav'n's decree,  
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !  
 Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,  
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own.  
 At every draught more large and large they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo ;

Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,  
And half the bus'ness of destruction done ;  
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;  
And piety with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady loya'ty, and faithful love.  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly when sensual joys invade ;  
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame  
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame ;  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;  
Thou source of bliss as well as source of wo,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well !  
Farewell ! and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;  
Teach him that states, of native strength possess,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;  
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.——GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION VII.

*The Traveller ; or, a prospect of society*

Inscribed to the Author's Brother.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po ;  
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste, expanding to the skies :

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Perpetual blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend !  
Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire,  
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire :  
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,  
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair :  
Bless'd be those feasts, with simp. - lenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good !

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care ;  
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies ;  
Me fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;  
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,  
Look downward where an hundred realms appear :  
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,  
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?  
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?  
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
These little things are great to little man ;  
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,  
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;  
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;  
Ye bending swains that dress the flow'ry vale ;  
For me your tributary stores combine ;  
Creation's heir ! the world, the world is mine :

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies,

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;  
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct when all pretend to know?  
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease;  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;  
His first, best country, ever is at home.  
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;  
As diff'rent good, by art or nature giv'n,  
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.  
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call.  
With food as well the peasant is supplied  
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side;  
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,  
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.  
From art more various are the blessings sent,  
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content,  
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,  
That either seems destructive of the rest.  
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails  
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.  
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone.  
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;  
Till carried to excess in each domain,  
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.  
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:  
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,  
Here let me sit, in sorrow for mankind;  
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.  
Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer Italy extends,



Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;  
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between  
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.  
 Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.  
 Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,  
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;  
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;  
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die :  
 These here disporting, own the kindred soil,  
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;  
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,  
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows ;  
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;  
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.  
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,  
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain :  
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;  
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew.  
 All evils here contaminate the mind,  
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;  
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,  
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state.  
 At her command the palace learn'd to rise,  
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;  
 The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm ;  
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form ;  
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;  
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,  
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :  
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,  
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.  
 Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;  
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind  
 An easy compensation seem to find.  
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
 The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade ;  
 Processions form'd for piety and love,  
 A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.  
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd .  
 The sports of children satisfy the child.  
 Each nobler aim repress'd by long control,  
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,  
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :  
 As in those domes where Cesars once bore sway,  
 Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,  
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;  
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,  
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

## SECTION VIII.

*The Traveller, continued.*

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey  
 Where roughest climes a nobler race display ;  
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread  
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :  
 No product here the barren hills afford,  
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;  
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.  
 Yet still e'en here content can spread a charm,  
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,  
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed :  
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;  
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
 Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep ;  
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
 And drags the struggling savage into day.  
 At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,  
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;  
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;  
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :  
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,  
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;  
 And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,  
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;  
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.  
Yet let them only share the praises due;  
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:  
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.  
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,  
That first excites desire, and then supplies;  
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;  
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,  
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.  
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,  
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;  
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer  
On some high festival of once a year,  
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.  
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;  
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:  
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,  
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;  
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart  
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.  
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast,  
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;  
But all the gentler morals, such as play  
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way  
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.  
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.  
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;  
How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;  
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,  
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,  
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,  
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!  
Alike all ages; dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So gay a life these thoughtless realms display ;  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear ;  
For honour forms the social temper here.  
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,  
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,  
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land.  
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise :  
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem ;  
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise ;  
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
Hence ostentation, here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;  
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;  
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;  
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land ;  
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;  
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ;  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain.  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,



Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts  
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;  
 But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear;  
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.  
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;  
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:  
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;  
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.  
 O! how unlike their Belgic sires of old;  
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;  
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;  
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;  
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.  
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
 There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;  
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!  
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,  
 With daring aims irregularly great:  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords o' human-kind pass by;  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagin'd right, above control;  
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man.  
 Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,  
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;  
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy,  
 But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy.  
 That independence Britons prize too high,  
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;  
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone;  
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.  
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;  
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,  
 Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;  
 Till, over-wrought, the gen'ral system feels  
 Its motions stop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.  
 Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,  
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.

Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown ;  
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,  
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,  
One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not thus, when freedom's ills I state,  
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.  
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
Far from my bosom drive the low desire !  
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel  
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;  
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone  
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun,  
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,  
I only would repress them, to secure :  
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,  
That those who think must govern those who toil,  
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,  
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each :  
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,  
Its double weight must ruin all below.  
O then, how blind to all that truth requires,  
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !  
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
Except when fast approaching danger warms :  
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,  
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own ;  
When I behold a factious band agree  
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;  
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law .  
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,  
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;  
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,  
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;  
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
I fly from petty tyrants, to the throne.  
Ah, brother ! how disastrous was that hour,  
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r ;  
And thus, polluting honour in its source,  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force !  
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ;  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste.  
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste .  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train ;

And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
In barren, solitary pomp repose;  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall?  
Behed the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?  
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Through tangled forests, and through dang'rous ways;  
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his wo,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find,  
That bliss which only centres in the mind!  
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows?  
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure?  
Still to ourselves, in ev'ry place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find:  
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,  
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

GOLDSMITH.

## SECTION IX.

### *The vanity of human wishes.*

LET observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
Where war'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,  
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,

As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,  
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.  
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice  
 How nations sink by darling schemes opprest,  
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
 Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,  
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;  
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows;  
 Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,  
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold  
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;  
 Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,  
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!  
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,  
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;  
 Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys  
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,  
 And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,  
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord.  
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,  
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tow'r;  
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,  
 Though confiscat'ion's vultures hover round.  
 The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away  
 Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,  
 Increase his riches and his peace destroy.  
 Now fears in dire vicissitude invade;  
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade:  
 Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,  
 One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the sky assails,  
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales:  
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
 Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more Democritus, arise on earth,  
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth;  
 See motley life in modern trappings drest,  
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:  
 Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice  
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;  
 Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;  
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;  
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
 Or seen a new made mayor's unwieldy state;



Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,  
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause:  
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,  
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!  
Attentive, truth and nature to descry,  
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.  
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,  
The robes of pleasure and the veils of wo:  
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain  
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.  
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,  
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind:  
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,  
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;  
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call;  
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.  
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.  
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;  
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;  
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,  
That hung the bright palladium of the place;  
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,  
To better features yields the frame of gold;  
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line  
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;  
The form distorted justifies the fall,  
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?  
Though freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,  
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;  
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,  
And ask no questions but the price of votes;  
With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full blown dignity, see Woisey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;  
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign:  
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;  
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
His smile alone security bestows:  
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;  
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;  
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,  
And rights submitted left him none to seize

At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state  
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate  
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,  
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :  
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,  
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.  
 With age, with cares, with maladies opprest,  
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,  
 Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine ?  
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?  
 For why did Wolsey near the steep of fate,  
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?  
 Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,  
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,  
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?  
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,  
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd ?  
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,  
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :  
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,  
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.  
 Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,  
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth !  
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,  
 Till captive science yields her last retreat ;  
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;  
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ,  
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :  
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes  
 And pause awhile from learning, to be wise ;

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,  
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes ;  
 See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,  
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
 From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,  
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent ;  
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,  
 And fatal learning leads him to the block :  
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep,  
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep

## SECTION X.

*The vanity of human wishes, continued.*

THE festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ;  
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine :  
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,  
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,  
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,  
 And mortgag'd states their grandsire's wreaths regret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ,  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;  
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;  
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,  
 And one capitulate, and one resign ;  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;  
 "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,  
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,  
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;  
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
 And winter barricades the realms of frost ;  
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;—  
 Hide blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day !  
 The vanquish'd hero, leaves his broken bands,  
 And shows his miseries in distant lands,  
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,  
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?  
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;  
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord,  
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,  
 With half mankind embattled at his side,  
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,  
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;  
 Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,  
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more ;  
 Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,  
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;  
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,  
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;  
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,  
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;  
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,  
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains :  
 Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast  
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
 Tries the dread summits of Cesarean pow'r,  
 With unexpected legions bursts away,  
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;  
 Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;  
 From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze  
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;  
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,  
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;  
 The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom  
 Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,  
 His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,  
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.



Enlarge my life with multitude of days,  
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :  
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,  
That life protracted is protracted wo.  
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
And shuts up all the passages of joy :  
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r—  
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
He views, and wonders that they please no more ;  
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,  
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.  
Approach ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,  
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :  
No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,  
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;  
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,  
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend :  
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.  
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,  
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest :  
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer  
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;  
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,  
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense ;  
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,  
And mould his passions till they make his will.  
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,  
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :  
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;  
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.  
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime  
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime :  
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away :  
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,  
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;  
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :  
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?  
Yet e'en on this her load misfortune flings,  
To press the weary minute's flagging wings :  
New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.  
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away:  
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,  
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage;  
 Till pitying nature signs the last release,  
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await  
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.  
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!  
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of detage flow,  
 And Swift expires a driv'ller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:  
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,  
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.  
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;  
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night;  
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;  
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,  
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?  
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,  
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.  
 With distant voice neglected virtue calls;  
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance 'alls;  
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein,  
 And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.  
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.  
 The guardians yield, by force superior play'd,  
 To int'rest, prudence; and to flatt'ry, pride.  
 Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distrest;  
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?  
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?  
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
 Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain  
 Which Heav'n may hear; nor deem religion vain.  
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice;  
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.  
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar  
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,  
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
Yet when the sense of Sacred Presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;  
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;  
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;  
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat :  
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,  
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;  
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

DR. JOHNSON.

## APPENDIX :

Containing Biographical Sketches of the authors mentioned in the introduction to the English Reader, "The English Reader" itself, and the "Sequel to the Reader." With occasional strictures on their writings.

ADDISON, Joseph, — one of the most celebrated men in English literature, was born in the year 1672. After receiving the rudiments of his education at different schools, he was admitted into Queen's College, Oxford. In 1693, he took his degree of Master of Arts, and was eminent for his Latin poetry. He distinguished himself by several small pieces; and in 1694, obtained from king William a pension of 300*l.* year, to enable him to travel. He went leisurely through France and Italy, improving his mind to the best advantage; as appears from his "Letter to Lord Halifax," esteemed the most elegant of his poetical performances; and his "Travels in Italy."

His celebrated "Campaign," procured him the appointment of a commissioner of appeals. In 1706 he was made under secretary to the secretary of state; and in 1709, the Marquis of Wharton being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, took Addison with him, as his chief secretary. In 1716 he married the countess dowager of Warwick. This marriage neither found nor made the parties equal: and Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love. In 1717, he rose to his highest elevation, being made secretary of state to George the First. His insuperable diffidence, and his want of talent for public speaking, joined to his declining health, induced him soon afterwards to solicit his dismissal from office. This was granted, with a pension of 1500*l.* a year.

He had for some time been afflicted with an asthmatic disorder, which ended in the dropsy. He employed the leisure of his closing life, in supporting those religious principles, which had accompanied the whole course of it. He drew up a "Defense of the Christian Religion," which was published in an unfinished state after his death. When all hopes of prolonging life were at an end, Addison sent for a young man, nearly related to him, (supposed to have been his stepson the earl of Warwick,) and grasping his hand, said to him with tender emphasis, "See in what peace a Christian can die." He expired in 1719, in the 48th year of his life.

The writings of Addison are, chiefly, poetical, critical and moral. He had a large share in the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian; and other periodical works. His hymns are much admired for their ease, elegance, and harmony, as well as for the cheerful and correct strain of piety that pervades them. "The Spectator" stands at the head of all publications of a similar kind. With the happiest combination of seriousness and ridicule, these papers discuss the *smallest*



*models* and the decencies of life, elegance and justness of taste, the regulation of temper, and the improvement of domestic society. In some of them, Addison takes the higher tone of a religious monitor. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. His papers in "The Spectator," are marked by some one of the letters composing *clio*. The popularity of this work rose to such a height, that, in a much less *reading* age than the present, *twenty thousand* of the papers were sometimes sold in a day.

As a poet, Addison claims a high praise, though not the highest. Generally elegant, sometimes strong, and frequently ingenious, he has but little of that vivid force and sublime conception, which characterize a poet of the first rank: nor has he that fine polish and dazzling brilliance, which give a title to an exalted place, in the second. It is from his own original vein of humour, and of ingenious invention, displayed in his periodical works, that Addison derives his highest and most durable literary fame. As a model of English prose, his writings merit the greatest praise. "Whoever," says Dr. Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

AKENSIDE, Mark,—an English poet and physician, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1721. His father was a substantial butcher, who gave his son a liberal education, intending to qualify him for the office of a dissenting minister. The son, however, preferred the study of physic, and in 1744 took the degree of Doctor.

In this year appeared his capital poem, "On the Pleasures of the Imagination;" which was received with great applause, and at once raised the author to poetical fame. In 1745, he published ten odes, on different subjects, and in a style and manner much diversified.—These works characterized him as a zealous votary of Grecian philosophy, and classical literature, and an ardent lover of liberty.

He wrote several medical treatises, which increased his practice and reputation. But it is said he had a haughtiness, and ostentation of manner, which were not calculated to ingratiate him with his brethren of the faculty, or to render him generally acceptable. He died of a putrid fever, in 1770, in the 49th year of his age.

The rank which Akenside holds among the English classics, is principally owing to his didactic poem, on the "Pleasures of the Imagination," a work finished at three-and-twenty, and which his subsequent performances never equalled. Its foundation is the elegant, and even poetical papers, on the same subject, by Addison, in the Spectator; but he has so expanded the plan, and enriched the illustrations from the stores of philosophy and poetry, that it would be injurious to deny him the claim of an original writer. No poem of so elevated and abstracted a kind was ever so popular. It is thought by some persons of fine taste, to be the most beautiful didactic poem that ever adorned the English language.

ARNSTRONG, John,—a poet and physician, was born in Scotland.

about the year 1709. He studied in the university of Edinburgh and took his degree with reputation, in 1732. He settled in London, where he appeared in the double capacity of author and physician: but his success in the former, as has frequently been the case, seems to have impeded his progress in the latter. He wrote several small pieces, both in prose and verse. But his reputation, as a poet, is almost solely founded on his "Art of preserving Health;" for his other pieces scarcely rise above mediocrity. This may well rank among the first didactic poems in the English language. Though that class of poetry is not of the highest order, yet the variety incident to his subject, has given him the opportunity of displaying his powers on some of the most elevated and interesting topics; and they are found fully adequate to the occasion. The work is adopted into the body of English classics, and has often been printed, both separately and in collections.

His last publication was a pamphlet entitled "Medical Essays; in which he complains of his literary critics. He died in 1779, leaving considerable savings from a very moderate income.

BEATTIE, James,—a philosopher and poet, was born in Scotland, in the year 1735. After the requisite preliminary acquisitions in his neighbourhood, he repaired to New Aberdeen, and went through a regular course of study in the university established there. His first publication was a volume of "Original Poems and Translations," which appeared in 1760. The "Judgment of Paris," was published in 1765. These poetical effusions, especially the beautiful piece called, "The Hermit," obtained for him great applause.

This very distinguished writer occupied, in early life, the humble station of an usher in a grammar school. Whilst in that situation, he wrote his celebrated work, entitled the "Minstrel; or the Progress of Genius;" part of which appeared in 1771. The elegance and feeling which characterize this poem, cause regret that it was never finished, according to the author's views. His merit became so conspicuous that the magistrates of New Aberdeen elected the assistant of their grammar school, to the honourable and distinguished office of Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in their University.

Not long after this event, he published an "Essay on the Immutability of Truth in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism." This work demonstrated him to be an anxious promoter of the best interests of mankind; a judicious philosopher; and a pertinent and captivating reasoner. It extended his reputation, and enlarged the circle of his friends: amongst whom may be reckoned Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, the earl of Mansfield, Dr. Johnson, Lord Lyttleton, and doctors Hurd and Porteus, the bishops of Worcester and London.

In 1783, he published "Dissertations Moral and Critical," in one volume quarto and in 1786, by the recommendation of the present bishop of London, "Evidences of the Christian Religion," in two small volumes. In 1790 and 1793, appeared "The Elements of Moral Science," in two volumes octavo. All these works display good sense, extensive knowledge, and able reasoning. Dr. Beattie's ill state of health disqualified him, for some time before his death,

for performing the duties of his office in the university. He died in 1803, in the 68th year of his age.

Dr. Beattie possessed a vigorous understanding and a most benevolent heart. His talents were improved to a high degree, by almost every species of science and literature. He had deeply studied the evidence on which the truth of Christianity rests; and the result was, an unshaken persuasion of its Divine original. This induced him to labour zealously to convince others of what he himself so firmly believed; and so highly appreciated.

His poetical talents were very considerable; and had he continued to cultivate them, in advanced life, he would probably have attained still higher celebrity. But there is reason to suppose that he long neglected the mountain of "Olympus" for the hill of "Zion," and was more anxious to attain the character of a christian hero, than that of the greatest of modern bards.

BERKLEY, George,—the celebrated bishop of Cloyne, was born in Ireland, in 1684. He possessed a most comprehensive and acute mind, which received all the aids of education. His first essays as a writer were published in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*; which entertaining works he adorned with many pieces in favour of virtue and religion. He published several very ingenious treatises on philosophical subjects; the most celebrated of which is his "*Minute Philosopher*."

He conceived a noble and benevolent plan for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Sommer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda. But the design, after several years labour to accomplish it, was frustrated by the ignorance or misconduct of those on whom he depended for support. He died, suddenly, in 1753, at Oxford; and was buried in Christ Church, where there is a monument erected to his memory.

His morality, religion, manners, and disposition, were equal to his extraordinary abilities. Pope, by whom he was well known, sums up his character in one line. After mentioning some particular virtues, which characterized other prelates then living, he ascribes

"To Berkley every virtue under heaven."

BLAIR, Robert,—a Scottish divine and poet, was born about the beginning of the eighteenth century. He had a very liberal education in the University of Edinburgh; and was afterwards sent abroad by his father, for improvement, and spent some time on the continent. After undergoing the usual trials appointed by the church of Scotland, he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, in 1731, where he passed the remainder of his life.

As his fortune was easy, he lived very much in the style of a gentleman, and was greatly respected by all persons of character in the neighbourhood. He was not only a man of learning, but of elegant taste and manners. As a poet he is entitled to considerable distinction. But his highest praise is, that he was a man of sincere piety;



and very assiduous in discharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher, he was serious and warm, and discovered the imagination of a poet. He died of a fever in 1746, in the 47th year of his age.

His poem entitled "The Grave," is his greatest work, and amply establishes his fame. It is a production of real genius, and possesses a merit equal to many pieces of the first celebrity. It is composed of a succession of unconnected descriptions, and of reflections that seem independent of one another, interwoven with striking allusions, and digressive sallies of imagination. Whatever subject is either discussed or aimed at, the poet always endeavours to melt the heart and alarm the conscience, by pathetic description and serious remonstrances; and his sentiments are delivered in a novel and energetic manner, that impresses them strongly on the mind. He is always moral, yet never dull; and though he often expands an image, yet he never weakens its force. If the same thought occurs, he gives it a new form; and is copious without being tiresome. He writes under the strong impression of christian and moral truths. Conviction gives force to imagination; and he dips his pen in the stream which religion has opened in his own bosom.

BLAIR, Dr. Hugh,—was born in Edinburgh, in the year 1718. After the usual grammatical course at school, he entered the Humanity Class in the University of Edinburgh; and spent eleven years at that celebrated seminary, assiduously employed in literary and scientific studies. He was ordained as a minister in 1742; and commenced his public life with highly favourable prospects. Besides the testimony given to his talents and virtues, by successive ecclesiastic promotions, the University of St. Andrews, in 1757, conferred on him the degree of D. D. a literary honour which, at that time, was very rare in Scotland. In 1762, the king erected and endowed a professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Letters, in the University of Edinburgh; and appointed Dr. Blair, "in consideration of his approved qualifications," Regius Professor, with a suitable salary.—His lectures were well attended, and received with great applause. In 1783, when he retired from the labours of the office, he published his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Letters; and the general voice of the public has pronounced them to be a most judicious, elegant, and comprehensive system of rules, for forming the style, and cultivating the taste of youth.

It was long before he could be induced to favour the world with the publication of his discourses from the pulpit. These elegant compositions experienced a degree of success, of which few publications can boast. They are universally admitted to be models in their kind; and they will long remain durable monuments of the piety, the genius, and sound judgment of their author. They circulated rapidly and widely, wherever the English tongue extends; and they were soon translated into almost all the languages of Europe.—The king thought them worthy of a public reward; and conferred on their author a pension of 200l. a year, which continued unaltered till his death.



In 1748 he married an excellent woman, possessed of great sense and merit. By her he had a son who died in infancy; and a daughter who lived to her twenty-first year, the joy of her parents, and adorned with all the accomplishments that become her age and sex. He lost his wife a few years before his death, after she had, with the tenderest affection, shared in all his fortunes, and contributed near half a century to his comfort and happiness.

His last summer was devoted to the preparation of the fifth volume of his sermons; and, in the course of it, he exhibited a vigour of understanding, and capacity of exertion, equal to the powers of his best days. But the seeds of a mortal disease were lurking unperceived within him. At the close of the year 1800, he felt that he was approaching the end of his course. He, however, retained to the last moment the full possession of his mental faculties; and expired with the composure and hope which become a christian pastor.

“Dr. Blair was the perfect image of that meekness, simplicity, gentleness, and contentment, which his writings recommended. He was eminently distinguished through life, by the prudence, purity, and dignified propriety of his conduct. His mind, by constitution and culture, was admirably formed for enjoying happiness. Well balanced in itself, by the nice proportion and adjustment of its faculties, it did not incline him to any of those eccentricities, either of opinion or of action, which are too often the lot of genius. He was long happy in his domestic relations; and, though doomed at last to feel, through their loss in succession, the heaviest strokes of affliction; yet his mind, fortified by religious habits, and buoyed up by his native tendency to contentment, sustained itself on Divine Providence, and enabled him to persevere to the end, in the active and cheerful discharge of the duties of his station; preparing for the world the blessings of elegant instruction; tendering to the mourner the lessons of Divine consolation; guiding the young by his counsels; aiding the meritorious with his influence; and supporting, by his voice and by his conduct, the best interests of his country.”

CARTER, Elizabeth,—was born in the year 1718. She very early in life discovered the superior cultivation, which her mind had received from the superintendence of a sensible, learned, and worthy parent. She was so well versed in the Latin and Greek languages, and so well qualified to teach them, that she gave to her only brother Henry his classical education, before he went to Canterbury school.

In 1758 she translated from the original Greek, all the works of Epictetus which are now extant; to which she added an Introduction and many critical Notes. The learning and ability which she displayed in the execution of this work, are well known; and they have received very high applause. This performance may justly be said to do honour to her sex, as well as to herself.

In 1762 she published a volume of miscellaneous Poems. They were celebrated among the verses of lord Lyttelton, who had read them in manuscript. The merit and beauty of these compositions

have been highly applauded. Simplicity of sentiment, sweetness of expression, and morality the most amiable, grace every page.

She was also the contributor of two Papers to "The Rambler," which were much esteemed by Dr. Johnson. The one is an allegory, in which Religion and Superstition are delineated in a masterly manner; and the other an ingenious ironical letter on modish pleasures, bearing the signature of *Charicissa*.

This excellent woman was greatly respected for her superior understanding, extensive knowledge scientific and familiar, from the highest researches in philosophy to the most common useful acquisitions. Though she possessed masculine powers of mind, she was invested with such innate modesty, that her eminent attainments never intruded into company. Her heart was susceptible of the keenest sensibility to all the distresses of the afflicted; and her mind piously resigned to meet with fortitude the changes and chances of life. Her firm faith in the Christian religion strengthened in her the performance of every duty: and it may be truly said, that with all her very rare endowments, goodness of heart, mildness of temper, and suavity of manners, were eminently conspicuous. This amiable and distinguished person died in the year 1806, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years.

CICERO, Marcus Tullius,—an illustrious Roman orator and philosopher, was born 105 years before the Christian era. Whether we consider him as an orator, a statesman, or a philosopher, he appears to have been one of the greatest men of antiquity. After having served his country, in an eminent degree, he was assassinated by the orders of Antony, his inveterate enemy. He was distinguished by great powers of mind, which were cultivated to the highest pitch. He had many virtues; but they were obscured by an excessive vanity, which can be palliated but little by the principles and the manners of the age in which he lived.

His dialogues on Old Age, and on Friendship, are extremely elegant and agreeable pieces of moral writing; and his Orations are perfect models, in that species of composition.

COTTON, Nathaniel.—Of his family, birth-place, and education, there are no written memorials. He was bred to the profession of physic, in which he took the degree of doctor. He settled as a physician at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, where he acquired great reputation in his profession, and continued to reside till his death. In the latter part of his life, he kept a house for the reception of lunatics.

In 1751, he published his "Visions in verse, for the Entertainment and Instruction of Younger Minds." This publication was favourably received by the polite and religious world. His "Visions" are the most popular of his productions, and not inferior to the best compositions, of that nature, in the English language. His "Fables" approach the manner of *Gay*; but they have less poignancy of satire.

Of his miscellaneous poems, "The Fire Side," is the most agreeable. The subject is universally interesting; the sentiments are pleasing and pathetic; and the versification elegant and harmon

ous. The verses "To a Child five years old," are exquisitely beautiful. The "Ode on the New Year," is pious, animated, and poetical. His lighter pieces are not deficient in ease and sprightliness, and may be read with pleasure.

Cotton died at St. Albans in 1788, and in an advanced age. His moral and intellectual character appears to have been, in a high degree, amiable and respectable. His writings are distinguished by strong marks of piety, learning, taste, and benevolence. As a poet, his compositions are marked by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent simplicity of expression. He writes with ease and correctness, frequently with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are just and pure. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his compositions. Under his direction, poetry may be truly said to be subservient to religious and moral instruction. Every reader will regard, with veneration, the writer who condescended to lay aside the scholar and the philosopher, to compose moral apologies, and little poems of devotion, "for the entertainment and instruction of younger minds."

COWPER, William,—an English poet of great celebrity, was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, in the year 1731. In his infancy he was extremely delicate; and his constitution discovered, at a very early season, that morbid tendency to diffidence, melancholy, and despair, which produced, as he advanced in years, periodical fits of the most deplorable depression. He was educated at Westminster school, where his natural timidity was increased, by the arrogant and boisterous behaviour of some of his school-fellows. "I was," said he, "so dispirited by them, that I did not dare to raise my eyes above the shoe-buckles of the elder boys."

He was removed from school to the office of an attorney, from whence, after three years, he settled himself in chambers of the Inner-Temple, as a regular student of law, where he resided to the age of thirty-three. But this profession did not suit his diffidence, his love of retirement, or his poetical genius. "I rambled," said he, "from the thorny road of my austere patroness, jurisprudence, into the primrose paths of literature and poetry." Cowper was appointed Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords; and a parliamentary dispute making it necessary for him to appear at the bar of the house, his terrors on this occasion rose to so astonishing a height, that they overwhelmed his reason: he was obliged to relinquish a station so formidable to his singular sensibility.

In a few months, his mind became tranquil and clear; and resolving to abandon all thoughts of a laborious profession, and all intercourse with the busy world, he settled, in 1765, in the town of Huntingdon. Here commenced his acquaintance with a respectable clergyman, and his amiable wife, who resided in that town: their name was Unwin. About two years afterwards, the husband died; and from that period, during the course of near thirty years, this excellent woman was a most distinguished friend and guardian of Cowper. Of her piety and virtue, and her eminent, invariable kindness to him, he has left many affectionate and grateful memo-



trials. In the lapse of these years, he was several times oppressed with derangement of mind, which was extremely distressing to his friends, who entertained for him the purest sentiments of esteem and regard. During his lucid intervals, which continued several years, he was perfectly himself; and exhibited, in his writings, the most unequivocal proofs of it. His gratitude to the Supreme Being, for the mercies and deliverance he had experienced, was fervent and exemplary; and his life was distinguished by every correspondent virtue.

Cowper wrote a number of little poems, which are marked with fine traits of the pathetic and descriptive; and which show the exquisite delicacy of his feelings, and the goodness of his heart. His "Task," which was published in 1785, placed him in the first rank of English poets. This work is finely characterized by Hayley, his biographer, "The Task," says he, "may be called a bird's-eye view of human life. It is a minute and extensive survey of every thing most interesting to the reason, to the fancy, and to the affections of man. It exhibits his pleasures, and his pains; his pastimes, and his business; his folly, and his wisdom; his dangers, and his duties; all with such exquisite facility, and force of expression, with such grace and dignity of sentiment, that rational beings, who wish to render themselves more amiable, and more happy, can hardly be more advantageously employed, than in the frequent perusal of the "Task." In 1791 appeared his "Translation of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, in blank Verse." This work, from first to last, gave Cowper ten years of useful and pleasing employment. It has considerable merit; particularly in its near approach to that sweet majestic simplicity, which forms one of the most attractive features in the great prince and father of poets.

The inquietude and darkness of Cowper's latter years, were terminated by a most gentle and tranquil dissolution. He died in the year 1800.—We shall close this sketch of him, with a striking eulogium made by his biographer on his character and writings: "The more the works of Cowper are read, the more his readers will find reason to admire the variety, and the extent, the graces, and the energy, of his literary talents. The universal admiration excited by these, will be heightened and endeared, to the friends of virtue, by the obvious reflection, that his writings, excellent as they appear, were excelled by the gentleness, the benevolence, and the sanctity of his life."

CUNNINGHAM, John,—was born in Dublin, in 1729. He received his education at the grammar school of Drogheda; and early began to exhibit specimens of his poetical powers. His passion for the stage induced him to engage, when young, in the profession of an actor; and he continued in it, with little variation, till his death.

In 1762, he published "An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins;" which was read with pleasure, even after Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard;" of which it is an obvious imitation. He wrote also "The Contemplatist, a Night Piece;" "Fortune, an Apologue;"



"Day, a Pastoral Poem," and many other small pieces of poetry: all of them evince considerable powers of description.

After lingering some time under a nervous disorder, during which he burnt all his papers, he died in 1773, in the 44th year of his age.

CURTIUS, Quintus,—a Latin historian, who wrote the life of Alexander the Great, is only known by this work. He is supposed, by his style, to have lived in or near the Augustan age. His work is the most entertaining account we possess of the actions of Alexander.

DODD, William,—an English divine, was born in Lincolnshire, in 1729. He was a celebrated and popular preacher in the metropolis; where he was remarkable for his zeal in promoting charitable institutions, particularly the Magdalen hospital, of which he became preacher. He was a classical scholar, and possessed considerable abilities. His writings are numerous, and some of them, not only well written, but useful. The popularity which he acquired made him vain, and his vanity led him into expenses, to which an opulent fortune would have been unequal. He became involved in debts which he could not discharge; and was tempted at length to commit forgery, by which he forfeited his life. He was committed to prison, tried, convicted, and executed at Tyburn, in 1777.

He died with all the marks of the deepest remorse, for the follies and vices of which he had been guilty; and with expressions of the most bitter regret for the scandal which, by his conduct, he had brought on his profession, and on the religion of which he had officiated as a minister.

His "Thoughts in Prison," which were published after his death, contain much admonitory matter, and have passed through numerous editions. His "Reflections on Death" have also been much read.

DODDRIDGE, Philip,—an eminent English non-conformist divine, was born in London, in the year 1702. He was a fine classical scholar, and had a mind adorned with a rich variety of knowledge. At Northampton, he kept an academy of distinguished reputation. During the twenty-two years, in which he sustained the office of tutor, he had about two hundred young men under his care, of whom one hundred and twenty engaged in the ministry. At Northampton, he laboured with great assiduity, as a minister and instructor, admired and esteemed, by men of every persuasion, for the extent of his learning, the amiableness of his manners, and the piety of his life. This excellent man died in 1751, at Liston, whither he had gone with the hope of recovering his health.

His work entitled "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, &c." was warmly applauded by persons eminent for rank, learning, and piety, in the established church, as well as by the dissenters; and soon went through many editions, not only in this country, but in America, and on the continent of Europe. His "Family Expositor," in 6 vols. octavo, is his grand work. It possesses great merit, and has been very useful in promoting the cause of piety and virtue. His life of Col. James Gardiner is drawn up with the war

feelings of friendship. It is, however, a valuable performance, and well calculated to recommend religion and goodness. Besides these works, he wrote many treatises, all designed to explain or enforce the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel.

We shall conclude this sketch, with the testimony of Dr. Kippis, who says, "Dr. Doddridge was not only a great man, but one of the most excellent and useful christians, and christian ministers, that ever existed."

DYER, John,—an English poet, was born in Wales, in the year 1700. He received his early education in the country, and finished his studies at Westminster school. His father intended him for the profession of the law: but painting and poetry were his most agreeable studies. He travelled into Italy for improvement; and at Rome formed the plan of his poem called "The Ruins of Rome;" which he finished soon after his return, in 1740.

A serious turn of mind, ill health, and the love of study, solitude, and reflection, inclined him to the church; and he accordingly entered into orders. He was a very amiable and respectable man; beloved by his friends for the sweetness and gentleness of his disposition, and respected by the world, as a person of superior endowments.

In 1757, he published his "Fleece:" but he did not long survive it. He died in 1758, in the 58th year of his age.

Dr. Johnson says, that "Dyer's 'Grongar Hill' is the happiest of his productions. It is not indeed very accurately written: but the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to the general sense or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again."

ENFIELD, William,—an eminent dissenting minister, and an elegant writer, was born at Sudbury, in 1741. In 1763, he was ordained minister of a congregation at Liverpool, where he soon obtained notice as a pleasing preacher, and an amiable man in society. In 1770, he accepted an invitation to officiate as resident tutor, and lecturer in the belles lettres, in the academy at Warrington; and he fulfilled these offices for several years, with great diligence and reputation. In 1785, he took the charge of the principal congregation at Norwich; where he continued usefully and honourably occupied, till his death, which happened in 1797.

His publications are various: the chief of them are, an "Abridgment of Brucker's History of Philosophy," a work in which the tenets of the different sects of philosophers, are displayed with much elegance and perspicuity; "Biographical Sermons on the principal Characters in the Old and New Testaments;" "Institutes of Natural Philosophy, theoretical and experimental;" and a compilation called "The Speaker," a very popular school book.

FENELON, Francis de Salignac de la Motte,—archbishop of Cambray, one of the most excellent and distinguished persons of his time, was born of an ancient family in France, in the year 1651. He made a rapid progress in learning; and being destined to the eccle-

ecclesiastical profession, became a preacher as early as his 19th year. At the age of twenty-four, he entered into orders, and exercised the most laborious offices of his ministry. His singular talents of pleasing and instructing, induced the king to nominate him chief of a mission for the conversion of heretics. This post he would not accept, but on condition that no other arms should be employed in the work, than those of argument and charity.

In 1689, he was appointed preceptor to the duke of Burgundy the heir apparent, and to his brothers. By his excellent lessons of religion and morality, he so softened the harsh and haughty character of the duke of Burgundy, as to make him a model of all that could be wished, in the expected sovereign of a vast empire. His services were rewarded in 1695, with the splendid preferment of the Archbishopric of Cambray.

His book entitled "An explication of the Maxims of the Saints concerning the interior life," gave considerable offence to the guardians of orthodoxy; and his enemies procured it to be condemned by the Pope; and obtained the banishment of the archbishop to his diocese. In this retreat, he united the characters of a nobleman and of a christian pastor. In the latter, nothing could surpass his simplicity of manners, his charity, his minute attention to all his duties, his fervent piety, united to indulgence and moderation. He frequently took walks round the environs of Cambray, entered the cottages of the peasants, sat down with them, and administered consolation and relief in their distresses. When the alarms of war had driven them from their habitations, he opened his house to them, and even served them at his table. The amiableness of his manners and character produced veneration even in the enemies of his country: for in the last war with Louis XIV. the duke of Marlborough, amidst the general devastation, expressly ordered the lands of Fenelon to be spared.

This excellent man died in 1715. He expired in perfect tranquillity, deeply lamented by all the inhabitants of the Low-countries, and especially by the flock committed to his charge.

Besides other works, he wrote the following, "Dialogues on Eloquence:" they contain the most solid principles on the art of persuasion, of which he treats both like an orator and a philosopher.—"Telemachus," a highly popular work. Never were purer, more useful, and more elevated maxims of public and private conduct, offered to the heir of a monarchy. "A Treatise on the Education of Daughters;" an excellent work. "Dialogues of the Dead."—"A demonstration of the existence of God, by proofs drawn from Nature." "The most touching charm of Fenelon's works," says an eminent writer, "is the sensation of peace and repose, with which he inspires his reader. He is a friend who joins himself to us; who sheds his soul into ours; who tempers, and at least for a time, suspends our troubles and afflictions."

FRANKLIN, Benjamin,—a philosopher and statesman, of great celebrity, was born at Boston, in New-England, in 1706. From the early indications of a disposition for literature, which he exhibited,



his father destined him for the church: but the expense of a large family prevented him from continuing the education commenced for this purpose; and, at the age of ten, he was taken home to be employed in the offices of the family trade, which was that of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler. He, however, soon after became an apprentice to an elder brother, who was a printer. In a short time he removed to Philadelphia, and engaged in the service of a printer, in that city. He contracted an acquaintance with several young men fond of reading; in whose society he spent his evenings, and improved his taste. His strong powers of mind, joined to uncommon industry, furnished him with a large stock of useful knowledge, and rendered him highly respectable. He gradually passed through a variety of public employments, constantly gaining an accession of honour and esteem. His fame stood high both in the political and scientific world. He was sent as American ambassador to France; and in 1778, was successful in negotiating an alliance with that country. He also acted as one of the plenipotentiaries, in signing the treaty of peace with England in 1783. In 1785, he returned to America; and received from his grateful countrymen the most honourable proofs of their esteem and regard. His increasing infirmities caused him, in 1788, to withdraw from all public business; and, in 1790, he closed, in serenity and resignation, his active and useful life of eighty-four years.

Dr. Franklin has been surpassed by few, if any, men, in that solid practical wisdom, which consists in pursuing valuable ends by the most appropriate means. His cool temper, and sound judgment, generally secured him from false views and erroneous expectations. In his speculations and pursuits, something beneficial was ever in contemplation. He justly says of himself, "I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good*, than on any other kind of reputation." He possessed the rare talent of drawing useful lessons from the commonest occurrences, which would have passed unimproved by the generality of observers.

He published several useful works, on electricity, meteorology, and mechanics: and since his death have appeared in two small volumes, his "Essays, humorous, moral, and literary;" with his "Life," chiefly written by himself.

GAY, John,—an eminent English poet, was born near Barnstaple, in Devonshire, in 1688. He received his education at the free-school at Barnstaple; and was afterwards put apprentice to a silkmonger. But after a few years of negligent attendance, he separated from his master, by agreement. He had a small fortune, which enabled him to apply to other views, and to indulge his inclination for the muses. In 1711, he gave to the public his "Rural Sports," inscribed to Pope, then a young poet of the same age with himself. This compliment, joined with the sweet unassuming temper of Gay, laid a foundation of mutual friendship, which death alone could dissolve. In 1712, he accepted an offer of residing with the dutchess of Monmouth, in quality of her secretary. The same year he produced the poem entitled "Trivia, or the Art of walking



the Streets of London." This piece was admired; and is, indeed, one of the most entertaining of the class. In 1714, he published "The Shepherd's Week." The pictures which it contains of rural life, and its accompanying scenery, are natural and amusing; and are intermixed with circumstances truly beautiful and touching.-- Gay was appointed secretary to the earl of Clarendon, in his embassy to the court of Hanover. In 1726, he produced his "Fables," written professedly for the instruction of the Duke of Cumberland, and dedicated to that prince. These fables have great merit, and are almost universally read and admired. He wrote several dramatic works, which added to his literary reputation. But his most popular performance of this kind has been justly accused of having a tendency to sap the foundations of all social morality: though it is highly credible, that Gay had no mischievous intentions in writing it.

Gay met with disappointments, which dejected his spirits and affected his health. He however employed himself occasionally in composition, till the year 1732, when he died of an inflammation of the bowels, at the age of forty-four.

The private character of Gay was that of easy good nature, and undesigning simplicity; and he was much beloved by his friends.—He possessed but little energy of mind; and had too much indolence to support that independence, to which his principles inclined him.

GILPIN, William,—a clergyman of great worth, was born in the year 1724. He first attracted public notice by his merit as a biographer, in 1753, when he published the life of his lineal ancestor, the celebrated Bernard Gilpin, commonly called "The Northern Apostle." He afterwards wrote the lives of Latimer, John Wicliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and Zisca. They are lively, well written, interesting pieces of Biography. His "Lectures on the Church Catechism," have been much read and approved. He was author of several other publications, which do credit to his taste and abilities. His life corresponded with his writings. Few men have left behind them a higher character for wisdom, piety, and virtue. He died in the eightieth year of his age.

GOLDSMITH, Oliver,—a celebrated English writer, was born in Ireland, in the year 1731. He was the son of a clergyman, who gave him a literary education, and sent him, at an early period, to Dublin college. Being designed for the medical profession, he removed to the university of Edinburgh, where he continued about three years. Unable to pay a debt which he had contracted there, he left Edinburgh clandestinely; but he was arrested at Sunderland, and was indebted to the friendship of two fellow-collegians, for his release from confinement. Under these unfavourable auspices, he launched into the world; and in spite of penury, resolved to gratify his curiosity by a European tour. He remained four years on the continent, travelling over the greater part of it, enjoying the scenes of nature, and studying the human passions. His learning and other attainments, procured him a hospitable reception at the monasteries; and his German flute made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany." "Whenever I approached a peasant's house in

wards nightfall," he used to say, "I played one of my most merry tunes; and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day."

On his return to England, he was in so narrow circumstances, that it was long before he could get employment in London, being rejected by several apothecaries, to whom he offered himself as a journeyman. Some of his first employments were those of occupying a department in the *Monthly Review*, and writing periodical papers in the *Public Ledger*. For some years he exercised his pen in obscurity: but in 1765, he suddenly blazed out as a poet, in his "*Traveler, or a Prospect of Society*." Of this work, that great critic, Dr. Johnson, liberally and justly said, that "there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." The public were equally sensible of its merit, and it conferred upon him great celebrity. His poetical fame reached its summit in 1770, by the publication of "*The Deserted Village*," a charming poem, which was universally admired. It would not be easy to point out, in the whole compass of English poetry, pieces that are read with more delight, than "*The Deserted Village*," and "*The Traveller*." The elegance of the versification; the force and splendour, yet simplicity, of the diction; the happy mixture of animated sentiment with glowing description; are calculated to please equally the refined and the uncultivated taste. Besides other works, in prose, he wrote "*A Roman History*," "*A History of England*," "*A History of Greece*," "*A History of the Earth and Animated Nature*," and "*The Citizen of the World*."—These performances are both amusing and instructive.

In the latter part of his life, he was afflicted with a despondence of mind, which brought on a low fever and great debility, under which he sunk in the year 1774.

Doctor Goldsmith's general conduct demonstrated great want of prudence and self-command. He was rather admired for his genius, and beloved for his benevolence, than solidly esteemed. His literary character is compressed by Dr. Johnson in the following terms.—"Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion: whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

GRAY, Thomas,—an eminent English poet, was the son of a respectable citizen of London, and born in Cornhill, in the year 1716. He was educated at Eton school, and thence removed to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in 1734. He applied himself to the study of the law: but on an invitation from his friend, the celebrated Horace Walpole, he accompanied him in his travels through France and Italy. Soon after his return to England, he went to reside at Cambridge; and was seldom absent from college during the remainder of his life. Mason the poet was his intimate friend, and has proved himself faithful to his memory and just to his reputation, in the "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray*." In 1768 Gray was appointed professor of modern history; but his health declining, he was

never able to execute the duties of the appointment. He died of the gout in the year 1771.

He wrote several small pieces of poetry; but that by which he is most distinguished, is, the "Elegy written in a Country Church Yard." This work is, perhaps, the first of the kind, in any language. The subject is universally interesting; the allegorical imagery is sublime; and the natural description picturesque; the sentiment is mostly simple and pathetic; and the versification has a melody, which has not often been attained, and cannot be surpassed. The "Ode on Spring," the "Ode to Adversity," and the "Ode on Eton College," possess the true spirit of poetry, and exquisite charms of verse.

Gray was a man of extensive learning. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and the profound parts of science; and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil: he had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and he was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements: and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, music, gardening, and architecture. He was, moreover, a man of good breeding, virtue, and humanity.

GREGORY, John,—professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, was born at Aberdeen, in 1724. He received a very judicious education; and was extremely diligent in attending a variety of lectures connected with the medical profession. In 1752, he married Elizabeth, daughter of William Lord Forbes; a young lady who, to the exterior endowments of great beauty and engaging manners, joined a very superior understanding, and an uncommon share of wit. During the whole period of their union, which was but nine years, he enjoyed the highest portion of domestic happiness.

Dr. Gregory, soon after the death of his wife, and, as he himself says, "for the amusement of his solitary hours," employed himself in the composition of that admirable tract, entitled, "A Father's Legacy to his daughters." This work is a most amiable display of the piety and goodness of his heart; and his consummate knowledge of human nature and of the world. He published also, "A comparative View of the State of Man and other Animals." Besides his moral writings, he wrote with great ability in the line of his profession. This excellent man died suddenly in the year 1773.

HARRIS, James,—an English gentleman of very uncommon parts and learning, was born at Salisbury, in 1709. After his grammatical education, he was removed, in 1726, to Wadham College in Oxford, but took no degree. He, however, cultivated letters most attentively; and in the theory and practice of music, he had few equals. In 1763, he was appointed one of the lords commissioners of the admiralty. In 1774, he was made secretary and comptroller to the queen; which post he held till his death. He died in 1780, after a long illness, which he bore with calmness and resignation.

He is the author of several valuable works. 1. "



concerning Art; Music, Painting, and Poetry; and Happiness." 2. "Philosophical Arrangements." 3. "Philological Inquiries." 4. *Hermes*; or, a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar." Of this work bishop Lowth speaks very highly; and adds, "This is the most beautiful and perfect example of analysis, that has been exhibited since the days of Aristotle."

HAWKESWORTH, John,—a celebrated English writer, was born in 1715. He was brought up to a mechanical profession; but possessing a refined taste, and a lively imagination, he chose to devote himself to literature. He resided some time at Bromley in Kent, where his wife kept a boarding-school. As an author his "*Adventurer*" is his capital work; the merits of which it is said, procured him the degree of LL. D. from Herring, archbishop of Canterbury. He compiled "*A Narrative of the Discoveries in the South Seas*;" and it is said he received for it the enormous sum of six thousand pounds.—The performance did not however satisfy the public. The province of Hawkesworth was works of taste and elegance, where imagination and the passions were to be affected; not works of dry, cold, accurate narrative.

He died in 1773; some say of chagrin from the ill reception of his "*Narrative*:" for he was a man of the keenest sensibility, and obnoxious to all the evils of that unhappy temperament.

In the last number of "*The Adventurer*," are the following pathetic admonitions: "The hour is hastening, in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired, will be remembered with equal indifference. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder, in the dust, the hand which is now writing it; and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection. But let not this be read, as something that relates only to another: for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written."

HERVEY, James,—a pious and ingenious English divine, was born at Hardingstone, in Northamptonshire, in 1714. After he had received his academical education at Northampton, he was removed to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he was distinguished for his classical attainments, and the seriousness of his deportment. He succeeded his father in the livings of Weston Favell and Collingtree; and diligently pursued his studies, and the labours of the ministry, under the disadvantage of a weak constitution.

In 1746 he published his "*Meditations among the Tombs, and Reflections on a Flower Garden*;" and the following year appeared the "*Contemplations on the Night and Starry Heavens*; and a *Winter Piece*." The sublime sentiments in these pieces, are conveyed in a flowing and elegant style. The language has, however, been deemed too flowery and rather too elevated. These publications have been much read, and have often cherished pious and grateful emotions towards the Author of all good. In 1755 came out his "*Theron and Aspasio*; or, a Series of Dialogues and Letters on the most important Subjects." This work has had many admirers, and some opposers. The Dialogues are generally introduced with descriptions of some of the most delightful scenes of the creation



As his works had a great sale, his profits were large; but he applied the whole of them to charitable purposes. His charity was, indeed, very remarkable. It was always his desire to die just even with the world, and to be, as he called it, his own executor. This truly good man died in the winter of 1758, leaving the little he possessed, to purchase warm clothing for the poor in that severe season.

HOME, Henry, lord Kames,—an eminent Scottish lawyer, and author of many celebrated works on various subjects, was born in the year 1696. In early youth he was lively, and eager in the acquisition of knowledge. He never attended a public school; but was instructed in the ancient and modern languages, as well as in several branches of the mathematics, by a private tutor, who continued to be his preceptor for many years.

He was long an ornament to the Scottish Bar; and in 1752, was advanced to the bench, as one of the judges of the court of session, under the title of lord Kames.

He wrote several tracts respecting law and equity, which exhibit marks of great penetration and profound knowledge. Several of his publications also show that he was distinguished for his taste in polite literature. It is observed by a late celebrated author, that “to read, write, and converse, in due proportions, is the business of a man of letters: and that he who hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.” By practising these lessons, lord Kames rose to literary eminence, in opposition to all the obstacles which the tumult of public business could place in his way.—He died, honoured and regretted, in the year 1782, of debility resulting from extreme old age.

Lord Kames’s “Elements of Criticism,” 3 volumes octavo, show that the art of criticism is founded on the principles of human nature. It is not only a highly instructive, but an entertaining work. His “Sketches of the History of Man,” contain much useful information, and are lively and interesting.

HOOKE, Nathaniel, celebrated for a “Roman History,” extending from the foundation of the city to the ruin of the commonwealth, died in 1764, but the time of his birth cannot be ascertained. By the recommendation of the earl of Chesterfield, Hooke was employed by the dutchess of Marlborough to digest “An account of the conduct of the dowager-dutchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to court to the year 1710.” He executed this work in so masterly a manner, and so much to the satisfaction of the dutchess, that she complimented the author with a present of five thousand pounds.

In 1723 he translated from the French, “A History of the late Archbishop of Cambray,” and soon after published a translation of Ramsay’s Travels of Cyrus. He was concerned in several other works, which contributed to support his literary reputation; and he long enjoyed the confidence and patronage of men, not less distinguished by virtue than by titles.

HORNE, George,—bishop of Norwich, was born in 1730, at Otham, near Maidstone, in Kent. At the age of fifteen he removed from

Maidstone school to University College, Oxford. At college his studies were, in general, the same as those of other virtuous and ingenious youths; while the vivacity of his conversation, and the propriety of his conduct, endeared him to all whose regard was creditable. In 1753, he entered into orders, and was soon distinguished as an excellent preacher. He appeared also as an acute writer, particularly in controversy. After several preferments and honours, he was appointed bishop of Norwich: but his infirmities were then very great. As he entered the palace, he said, "I am come to these steps at a time of life, when I can neither go up them nor down them with safety." He died at Bath, full of faith and hope, in the year 1792. It seldom falls to the lot of the biographer, to record a man so blameless in character and conduct as Bishop Horne. Whatever might be his peculiar opinions on some points, he was undoubtedly a sincere and exemplary christian.

His writings are numerous and valuable. We shall only mention, "Considerations on the Life and Death of St John the Baptist;" "A Commentary on the Psalms;" "Five volumes of Sermons on several subjects and occasions;" "A Letter to Adam Smith, LL. D. on the Life, Death and Philosophy of David Hume;" "A Letter to Dr. Priestley, by an Under-graduate."

HUME, David,—a celebrated philosopher and historian, was born in Scotland, in the year 1711. He possessed shining talents, which were greatly improved by education, study, and observation of the world. The desire of literary fame was his ruling passion: but his endeavours to accomplish this object, were, at first, and for a long time, unsuccessful. Even his history of Britain under the house of Stuart, (which afterwards formed a part of his great work the History of England;) was, on its first publication, almost universally decried. He felt this disappointment very keenly, and his spirits were so much sunk by it, that he formed the resolution of retiring to France, changing his name, and bidding adieu to his own country forever. But his design was frustrated, by the breaking out of the war of 1755, between France and England.

He wrote several Treatises, of a moral, philosophical and political nature; the merits of which have been variously appreciated. But the work for which he has been most deservedly celebrated, is the "History of England, &c." He may with great propriety, be styled a profound and elegant historian. We find, however, even in this history, some scepticism on the subject of religion, and sentiments not friendly to Christianity. It is to be lamented that so fine a writer as Hume, whose works are so extensively circulated, had not satisfied his mind of the truth of Christianity: and ranged himself among the advocates of a religion, which is completely adapted to the condition of man in this life, and which opens to him the sublimest views of happiness hereafter.

Dr. Beattie, a zealous and enlightened philosopher and christian, on reviewing the philosophical writings of Hume, expresses his regret and surprise, in the following terms. "That he whose manners in private life are said to be so agreeable to many of his acquaint-

once, should yet, in the public capacity of an author, have given so much cause of just offence to all the friends of virtue and mankind, is to me matter of astonishment and sorrow. That he, who succeeds so well in describing the fates of nations, should yet have failed so egregiously in explaining the operations of the mind, is one of those incongruities in human genius, for which, perhaps, philosophy will never be able fully to account. That he who has so impartially stated the opposite pleas and principles of our political factions, should yet have adopted the most illiberal prejudices against natural and revealed religion; that he, who on some occasions hath displayed even a profound erudition, should, at other times, when intoxicated with a favourite theory, have suffered affirmations to escape him, which would have fixed the opprobrious name of Sciolist on a less celebrated author; and finally, that a moral philosopher, who seems to have exerted his utmost ingenuity in searching after paradoxes, should yet happen to light on none, but such as are all, without exception, on the side of licentiousness and scepticism: these are inconsistencies perhaps equally inexplicable. His philosophy has done great harm. Its admirers I know are very numerous: but I have not yet met with one person, who both admired and understood it.”\*

Hume was a man of mild dispositions, of command of temper, and of an open, social, and cheerful humour; capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all his passions.

In the spring of 1775, he was affected with a disorder in his bowels, which, though it gave him no alarm at first, proved incurable, and at length mortal. It appears, however, that it was not painful, nor even troublesome or fatiguing. The natural evenness and tranquillity of his temper, enabled him to bear the gradual decay of his bodily powers with remarkable composure. He died in the summer of 1776, and was interred at Edinburgh, where a monument was erected to his memory.

JAGO, Richard,—an English poet, was born in Warwickshire in 1715. He was educated at University College, Oxford; and entered into orders, in 1737. The poet Shenstone was his particular friend, by whom he was introduced to persons of merit and distinction.

Whilst he was engaged in the duties of his profession as a country clergyman, which he performed with exemplary diligence, he found leisure to indulge his early propensity to the study of poetry. His principal performance, is a descriptive poem, entitled “Edge-Hill.” This piece ranks with the “Cooper’s Hill,” of Denham, the “Grongar Hill” of Dyer, and similar compositions of other writers, who have proved their powers in loco-descriptive poetry. His elegies on the “Black-birds,” the “Goldfinches,” and the “Swallows,” are characterized by an amiable humanity, and tender simplicity of

\* Beattie’s Essay on the immutability of Truth. The Preface.—See a Letter to Adam Smith, LL. D. on the Life, Death, and Philosophy of David Hume. By Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich.



thought and expression, which justly entitle him to the exclusive distinction of the "Poet of the Birds."

As a descriptive poet, Jago evinces a picturesque imagination, a correct judgment, and a delicate taste, refined by a careful perusal of the ancient classics. His moral and intellectual character was truly amiable and respectable.

After a short illness, he died in 1781, in the 66th year of his age.

JOHNSON, Dr. Samuel,—who has been styled the brightest ornament of the 18th century, was born at Lichfield in Staffordshire, in the year 1709. His father, who was a bookseller of some reputation, placed him at the free school of Lichfield. He early displayed strong marks of genius. Some of his school exercises, which have been accidentally preserved, justify the expectations which determined a father, not opulent, to continue him in the paths of literature. Before he was fourteen years old, his mind was disturbed by scruples of infidelity: but his studies and inquiries being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion is true; and what he had learned, he ever afterwards endeavoured to teach. Grotius's excellent book "On the Truth of the Christian Religion," was very useful in removing his doubts, and establishing his belief.

In 1728, he was entered as a commcner at Pembroke College, Oxford. Dr. Adam said of him, "that he was the best qualified young man, that he ever remembered to have seen admitted." Here he produced a fine Latin version of Pope's Messiah. Pope read the translation, and returned it with this encomium; "The writer of this poem will leave it a question, for posterity, whether his or mine be the original." From his father's insolvency, and the scantiness of his finances, he was obliged to leave Oxford before he had completed the usual studies, and without a degree.

From the university, he returned to Lichfield, with little improvement of his prospects; and soon after engaged as usher in a school in Leicestershire. But being unkindly treated by the patron of the school, he left it, after a few months, in disgust. In 1735 he married a widow of Birmingham, much older than himself, and not very engaging in person or manners. She was possessed of 800*l.*; which enabled him to fit up a house and open an academy. But this plan also failed for want of encouragement: he obtained only three scholars, one of whom was the celebrated David Garrick. In 1737 he settled in London, where, for several years, he derived his principal employment and support, by writing for the Gentleman's Magazine.

In 1738, he published his "London," an admirable poem, which laid the foundation of his fame. It contains the most spirited invectives against tyranny and oppression, the warmest predilection for his own country, and the purest love of virtue.—In 1744, appeared his "Life of Savage." The narrative is remarkably smooth and well disposed, the observations are just, and the reflections disclose the inmost recesses of the human heart.—"The Vanity of Human Wishes," was produced in 1749. It contains profound reflections: and the various instances of disappointment, are judiciously chosen, and strongly painted.—"The Rambler" came out in 1750. In this



work, Johnson is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his essays form a body of ethics: the observations on life and manners, are acute and instructive: and the papers, professedly critical, serve to promote the cause of literature. Every page shows a mind teeming with classical allusion, and poetical imagery.—In 1755 he published his grand work the “Dictionary of the English Language.” This performance may properly be called the Mount Atlas of English literature. The labour of forming it was immense; and the definitions exhibit astonishing proofs of acuteness of intellect, and precision of language.—His “Lives of the English Poets” were completed in 1781. This is an eminently valuable work. His judgment, taste, quickness in the discrimination of motives, and his happy art of giving to well-known incidents the grace of novelty, and the force of instruction, shine strongly in these narratives. Sometimes, however, his colourings receive a tinge from prejudice, and his judgment is insensibly warped by the particularity of his private opinions. He wrote also “The Idler,” “Rasselas,” “The Vision of Theodore,” “A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,” and many other works, which our limits will not allow us to characterize, or even to enumerate.

In 1783, the palsy gave Johnson warning of the failure of his constitution. A melancholy, which in him was constitutional, and which had harassed him more or less through every period of his life, joined to a very scrupulous sense of duty, filled him with apprehension of an event, which few men have had so good a right to meet with fortitude. The last days of his existence were however, less clouded by gloomy fears; and he departed this life, in the year 1784, with resignation and comfortable hope.

LANGHORNE, John,—an ingenious English writer, was born in Westmoreland: the year of his birth cannot be ascertained. After entering into orders, he became tutor to the sons of a gentleman in Lincolnshire, whose daughter he married. She lived but a short time; and was very pathetically lamented by her husband, in a monody. This piece may rank with the celebrated elegiac compositions of Lyttleton and Shaw; to which it is equal in poetical merit, and scarcely inferior in pathetic tenderness.

Langhorne was the author of several literary productions; amongst which are, Sermons in 2 vols.; “Effusions of Fancy,” 2 vols.: “Theodosius and Constantia,” 2 vols.: “Solyman and Almena,” “A Dissertation on Religious Retirement,” and “A Translation of Plutarch’s Lives.” This translation is executed with an elegance, fidelity, spirit, and precision, that merit high commendation. The life of Plutarch is well written; and the notes are very valuable.”

One of his last publications was, “The Country Justice,” which appeared in 1777. This piece breathes throughout a genuine spirit of poetry and humanity. From this time his health gradually declined; and he died in 1779.

Langhorne’s private character appears to have been very amiable and excellent.—As a poet, his sentimental productions are tender and beautiful; his descriptive compositions show a luxuriant imagin-

ation; and his lyric pieces teem with the true spirit of poetical enthusiasm.

LOGAN, John,—a Scottish divine and poet, was born in the county of Mid Lothian, about the year 1748. After passing through the usual course of school education in the country, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he completed his classical education, and afterwards applied with success to the several branches of philosophy and theology. In 1779, he delivered a series of lectures on the "Philosophy of History;" and was gratified with the approbation and friendship of Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Ferguson, and other men of genius and learning.

In 1781, he published "Elements of the Philosophy of History." This work displays deep penetration, comprehensive views, and animated composition. The same year, he published a volume of poems, in which he reprinted, with some alterations, the "Ode to the Cuckoo." This ode is highly distinguished by the delicate graces of simplicity and tenderness.

After a lingering indisposition, he died in London, in 1788, in the 40th year of his age.

In 1790, a volume of "Sermons," selected from his manuscripts, was published at Edinburgh, under the superintendence of Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Hardy, professor of ecclesiastical history in the university.—His sermons, though not so highly polished as those of Dr. Blair, have been thought to possess, in a greater degree, the animated and passionate eloquence of Massillon and Atterbury.

LYTTLETON, George,—a nobleman of literary eminence, was born in 1709. He received the rudiments of education at Eton school, where he was so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his school-fellows. From Eton he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he retained the same reputation of superiority. Here he wrote several of his pastorals; and sketched the plan of his Persian Letters.

In the year 1728, he set out on the tour of Europe. His conduct, while on his travels, was a lesson of instruction to the rest of his countrymen. Instead of lounging away his hours at the coffee-houses frequented by the English, and adopting the fashionable follies and vices of France and Italy, his time was passed alternately in his library, and in the society of men of rank and literature. On his return to England, he obtained a seat in parliament; and distinguished himself by his patriotic exertions. He afterwards filled, with great reputation, several high offices in the state; and was created, by letters patent, a peer of Great Britain. In politics and public life, he made the general good the rule of his conduct. His speeches in parliament exhibit sound judgment, powerful eloquence, and inflexible integrity.

In 1742, he married Lucy, the daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. This lady's exemplary conduct, and uniform practice of religion and virtue, placed his conjugal happiness on the most promising basis.—But in the course of four years, this excellent woman died, in the 29th year of her age. Lord Lyttleton, on this melancholy event

wrote a monody, which will be read while conjugal affection, and a taste for poetry, exist in this country.

In 1747, he produced his celebrated "Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul;" a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. In 1760 he published his "Dialogues of the Dead;" in which the morality of Fenelon, and the spirit of Fontenelle, are happily united. His last literary production was the "History of Henry the Second," a labour of twenty years. This work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity. The style is perspicuous and unaffected, generally correct, and often elegant and masterly. The sentiments and remarks are judicious and pertinent; liberal with respect to religion, and friendly to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind.

During the last ten years of Lord Lyttleton, he lived chiefly in retirement, in the continual exercise of all the virtues which can enoble private life. In the summer of 1773 he was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the bowels, which soon terminated in his death. His last moments were attended with unimpaired understanding, unaffected greatness of mind, calm resignation, and humble but confident hopes in the mercy of God. As he had lived universally esteemed, he died lamented by all parties.

MELMOTH, William,—was born in 1710. His father was a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and the author of that excellent treatise, entitled, "The Great Importance of a Religious Life." The present subject of our biographical sketch, was the author of the elegant classical letters, which bear the name of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne. He wrote also, *Memoirs of his Father*: and published admirable translations of Pliny's and Cicero's Epistles. He died in 1799.

MERRICK, James,—an ingenious poet, was born about the year 1718. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford; where he took his degrees in art, and was elected fellow. He published "Poems on Sacred Subjects," and "A Translation of Tryphiodorus," a Greek poet, who wrote a poem on the destruction of Troy; but the work by which he is most known is, "The Psalms translated or paraphrased." This is the best poetical English version of the psalms, now extant. His "Annotations on the Psalms," are very learned and judicious. They are interspersed with many valuable notes by the late archbishop Secker.

Merrick died at Reading in 1769. His character is fair and respectable.

MILTON, John,—the most illustrious of the English poets, was descended from an ancient family at Milton, near Oxford. He was born in London, in the year 1608, and received the first rudiments of education under the care of his parents, assisted by a private tutor. For this tutor he felt a grateful regard; and, during several years, held an affectionate correspondence with him. He was afterwards placed at St. Paul's school, where he applied so intensely to books, that he hurt his constitution, which naturally was not strong; for from his twelfth year, he generally sat up half the night at his studies.



This practice, with his frequent head-aches, is supposed to have occasioned the first injury to his eyes. From St. Paul's school, he went to Cambridge, where he took his degrees in the arts. He was designed for the clerical office; but not having much inclination for that profession, he declined it.

From 1632, to 1637, he resided at his father's house in Buckinghamshire; where he enriched his mind with the choicest stores of Grecian and Roman learning. Here he wrote his *l'Allegro, Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*, pieces which alone would have acquired for him a high literary fame.

In 1638, he travelled into France and Italy; where he was treated with singular respect and kindness, by persons of the first eminence, both for rank and learning. On his return to England, he settled in London, and kept a seminary for the education of a few children, sons of gentlemen. From this period to the Restoration, he was so deeply engaged in the controversies of the times, that he found no leisure for polite learning.

In 1651 appeared his famous book in answer to the *Defence of the king*, written by Salmasius, for which the parliament rewarded him with a thousand pounds. This piece was so severe, and so much read, that it is said to have killed his antagonist with vexation.—Whilst he was writing this work he lost his eye-sight, which had been decaying for several years.

The great work of "Paradise Lost," was finished in 1665. He sold the copy for *five pounds* in hand, five pounds more when 1300 should be sold, and the same sum on the publication of the second, and the third editions. Such was the first reception of a work that constitutes the glory and boast of English literature; a work that, notwithstanding the severity of criticism, may be ranked among the noblest efforts of human genius. Of the moral sentiments of this performance, it is hardly praise to affirm, that they excel those of all other poets. For this superiority he was indebted to his accurate knowledge of the sacred writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works, with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence: but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

The "Paradise Regained" appeared three years after the publication of Paradise Lost. It has suffered much by comparison: it is obscured by the splendour of its predecessor. But had any other than Milton been the author, it would have claimed and received universal applause.

Our author, worn down with the gout, paid the debt of nature, in 1674. His funeral was splendidly and numerously attended.

MOORE, Edward,—was born at Abingdon in Berkshire, in the year 1712. Of his personal history, the particulars recorded by his biographers, are insufficient to satisfy curiosity, and disproportionate to reputation among the periodical essayists, and the writers of verse.



His father dying when he was about ten years old, the direction of his education was kindly undertaken by his uncle at Bridgewater. With him he spent some years of his early life, and was then removed to the school of East Orchard, in Dorsetshire.

His original destination appears to have been trade: and, at a proper age, he was placed with a wholesale linen-draper in London.—But his taste not corresponding with the views of his friends, he relinquished the business to which he was bred, became a candidate for fame, and attached himself to the muses. In 1744, he courted public attention by producing his first performance entitled, “*Fables for the Female Sex;*” which was favourably received. In 1753, he began a periodical paper, called “*The World, by Adam Fitz Adam,*” which he carried on in weekly numbers for four years. The design, as he explains it in the first number, “was to ridicule, with novelty and good humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities, of that part of the human species which we call the *World*; and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements.” The wits of the age were invited to join in it, and they gave it their assistance. The demand for this work greatly exceeded expectation; and, during its appearance, it was the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public.

It is to be lamented, that this respectable person did not acquire the means of a comfortable subsistence. All his exertions were barely sufficient to ward off the inconveniences of poverty. He died in 1757, in the 45th year of his age.

The character of Moore was truly amiable and estimable. He had a peculiar sweetness of temper, and was a most entertaining and cheerful companion. The simplicity of his manners much endeared him to all his acquaintances, and made them always speak of him with particular regard. From the names of his coadjutors in the *World*, and of the persons to whom his several pieces are addressed, it appears that he was honoured with the friendship of almost all his contemporaries, who were themselves remarkable for talents and learning.

As a poet, his compositions are characterized by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent happiness of expression.—But his greatest recommendation, is the purity which pervades his writings, and the apparent tendency of them to promote morality and virtue. His *Fables*, the most popular of all his works, are equal to the best compositions of that kind in our language. In the freedom and ease of the versification, in the forcibleness of the moral, and in the poignancy of the satire, they approach nearer to the manner of Gay, than any of the numerous imitations of that popular fabulist. In poetical spirit, beautiful imagery, and harmony of numbers, they possess an unquestionable superiority. They have not only great merit of the moral kind, but they delight us as a just picture of human life.

MURRAY, William,—earl of Mansfield, was born at Perth, in 1705. He was happily endowed by nature, and happily educated.

He was bred to the law ; and after filling several distinguished stations, was, in 1756, made chief justice of the King's Bench. His merits as a lawyer, and his attachment to the common law of England, have been variously appreciated. He had warm friends and zealous enemies. The address of the gentlemen of the Bar to him, after his resignation of office, is an honourable testimony to his merit ; and virtually refutes the charges made against him.

Lord Mansfield was a most eloquent speaker. His eloquence was not, indeed, of that daring, declamatory kind, so irresistibly powerful in the momentary-bustle of popular assemblies ; but it was possessed of that pure and Attic spirit, and seductive power of persuasion, that delight, instruct, and eventually triumph.

After having long eminently served his king and country, he perceived the infirmities of body to press upon him ; and, in 1788, he thought it his duty to resign the office of chief justice, and to retire from public business. From this period, his bodily powers continued to decline ; and in 1793 he died, in the 89th year of his age.

The last will of lord Mansfield begins with the following elegant and pious paragraph, with which we shall close our sketch of him.

"When it shall please Almighty God to call me to that state, to which, of all I now enjoy, I can carry only the satisfaction of my own conscience, and a full reliance upon his mercy through Jesus Christ, I desire that my body may be interred as privately as may be : and out of respect for the place of my early education, I should wish it to be in Westminster Abbey."

PARNELL, Dr. Thomas,—a well known poet, contemporary with Pope, Swift, &c. was born in Dublin in 1679. When he was only thirteen years old, he became a member of Trinity College, Dublin : and in 1700 was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts. About three years afterwards, he entered into priest's orders : and, about the same time, married a young woman of great beauty and merit. He first visited England about the year 1706, where his friendship was very generally sought, even before he had distinguished himself by his writings. Pope was particularly fond of his company ; and appears to have been under some obligations to him, in his translation of the *Iliad*.

Amidst his honours and expectations, he had the affliction to lose his amiable wife, which made a deep impression on his mind. They had lived together in great conjugal felicity. His grief for this loss induced him to seek relief in society ; and brought on habits which were injurious to his health. He died at Chester, in his way to Ireland, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Parnell was a man of great benevolence, and very agreeable manners : his conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing. His prose writings, are, his papers in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, his *Essay on Homer*, *Life of Zoilus*, and remarks on *Zoilus*. In general, they have not been thought to display a great degree of force or comprehension of mind : but they are rich in imagery, and full of learning, good sense, and knowledge of mankind. As a poet, he is not distinguished by strength of intellect, or fertility of invention

His taste was delicate, and improved by classical study; but his admiration of the ancients in some degree precluded originality. His thoughts, without being very new, are just and pleasing. The images, though not great, are well selected and happily applied: his sentiments are natural and agreeable. The moral tendency of his poems, is excellent; and his language pure and correct. *The Night Piece on Death* merits high commendation. It is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's "Elegy;" but, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, Gray has the advantage, in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment. The most popular of Parnell's Poems has always been his *Hermit*; which is certainly conspicuous for piety of design, utility of moral, and elegance of description.

PERCIVAL, Thomas,—was born at Warrington, in the year 1740. His education commenced at a private school in the neighbourhood from whence he was, in his eleventh year, transferred to the Free Grammar School of Warrington, in which he gave striking promise of talents and industry. In 1757, he was enrolled the first student of the Warrington Academy: and after prosecuting his studies there with diligence and reputation, for more than three years, he removed to the University of Edinburgh; in which place he employed a considerable time in close application to the study of physic. In the year 1764, at an unusually early period of life, he was unanimously elected Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

Having passed sometime at Paris, Hamburgh, and various other places on the Continent, but principally at Leyden, in the university of which he graduated, he returned to England in the year 1765. The theatre of his professional practice then became the object of his serious deliberations: and, after a variety of plans proposed and rejected, his choice was ultimately directed to Manchester; in which town he settled in the year 1767, and there continued till his death, in the unremitting exercises of his profession.

His merits as a practitioner of physic, and the benefits conferred by him on medical science, were very distinguished. A quick penetration, a discriminating judgment, a comprehensive knowledge, and above all, a solemn sense of responsibility, were the endowments which fitted him at once to discharge the duties, and to extend the boundaries, of the healing art. His external accomplishments and manners were alike happily adapted to the offices of his profession. To an address peculiarly engaging, from its uncommon mixture of dignity, respectfulness, and ease, was united a gravity of deportment that bespoke the seriousness of interest, not the gloom of apprehension. The expression of a genuine, benign sympathy, presented him likewise the comforter in the physician. And the topics of encouragement and consolation, which the goodness of his heart, and the ample stores of his cultivated mind, abundantly supplied, enabled him to administer relief to the wounds of the spirit, with no less efficacy than to the diseases of the body.

As a literary character, Dr. Percival held a distinguished rank. His earlier publications were devoted to inquiries extensively medical and philosophical, and they have long obtained for their author



high and deserved reputation amongst the learned. The subjects which occupied his pen, in latter years, were of a nature the most congenial to his feelings. In the several volumes of *Father's Instructions* and *Moral Dissertations*, which were originally designed to excite in the hearts of his children a desire of knowledge and a love of virtue, we find purity of style, genuine feeling, refined taste, and pious reflections. There is no object of higher importance than that which the author held in view the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of the rising generation. The last work which Dr. Percival published, the "Medical Ethics," and which appeared in the year 1803, is alone sufficient to establish his character, as a wise, good, and amiable man. This most valuable treatise, which he expressly dedicated, as a "paternal legacy," to a much loved son, may now be regarded as his bequest to his brethren of the faculty, and to the public. It is indeed a monument of professional integrity and honour.

In social discussions, Dr. Percival possessed powers of a very uncommon stamp. But highly as he was to be admired and loved for his engaging manners, and his intellectual endowments, these sentiments were yet more forcibly excited by the qualities which dignified and embellished his moral nature. These shed around his character that lustre which made him a public light. He was solicitous on all occasions to make the Holy Scriptures the interpreter and the test of religious truth; and he had imbibed, from the stated perusal of the sacred volume, an enlightened familiarity with the great vital principles of Christianity.

In the relations of husband, friend, and parent, he was in a high degree exemplary. The endearments with which his instructions were conveyed, the lenient remonstrances with which youthful errors were reprov'd, the tempered indulgence with which the reins of paternal authority were guided, procured for him from his children their fondest regard, and most friendly confidence.

It was the lot of this virtuous and distinguished person, to experience some severely afflicting providences, in that quarter where his tenderest affections were engaged. But here the consolations of Christian hope, and the unshaken assurances of Divine goodness, were his refuge and support. And whilst he bowed in resigned submission to that discipline with which it was the good pleasure of God to exercise his faith, and with pious Job was enabled to praise and glorify that Being, who both gave and took away; he turned with grateful contentment to those numerous domestic blessings, which were yet permitted him to enjoy, and which he continued with pious thankfulness to cherish and improve to the latest period of his life.—He died in 1804, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

PHILIPS, Ambrose,—an English poet, descended from an ancient family in Leicestershire, was born in 1671. He was educated at St. John's college, Cambridge. During his stay at the University, he wrote his "Pastorals," which at the time acquired him a high reputation. He possessed the friendship and intimacy of many of the celebrated geniuses of that age. But he had the misfortune to be



disliked by Pope; the ground of which is supposed to be, that jealousy of fame, which was so conspicuous in the character of this great poet.

In 1709, Philips wrote a little poem, called "A Winter Piece," dated at Copenhagen, and addressed to the earl of Dorset. This is a piece of descriptive poetry eminently beautiful. Sir Richard Steele mentions it, in the Tatler, with honour. "This is," says he, "as fine a piece as we ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters. Such images as these give us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflection, which accompany us wherever the like objects occur." Pope himself always excepted this piece from the general censure he passed on Philips's works.

Philips wrote also "The life of Archbishop Williams;" and several dramatic pieces; and was concerned in a series of papers called the "Free Thinker." He died in the year 1749, and in his 78th year. He appears to have been a man of integrity.

PITT, William,—one of the most illustrious statesmen and orators that have ever appeared in the world, was born in 1708. His vigour and sagacity in office, were only equalled by his disinterestedness. He was a most animated and powerful speaker; his eloquence often shook the senate, and echoed through the kingdom. This great man enjoyed the public confidence to a degree seldom, or never, before witnessed by any statesman.—He died in 1778; and a monument was erected in Westminster Abbey, to his memory, with the following highly honourable inscription.

Erected by the King and Parliament,  
as a testimony to  
The virtues and ability  
of  
WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham,  
During whose administration  
Divine Providence  
Exalted Great Britain  
To an height of prosperity and glory  
Unknown to any former age.

PLINY the younger,—was born at Como, in the year 62. He was brought into the world with him fine parts and an elegant taste, which he did not fail to cultivate early; for, at fourteen years of age, he wrote a Greek tragedy. He frequented the schools of the rhetoricians, and heard Quintilian; for whom he entertained so high an esteem, that he bestowed a considerable portion upon his daughter, at her marriage. In his eighteenth year, he began to plead in the Forum, which was the usual road to dignities. Here he displayed uncommon abilities and eloquence.

He was promoted to the consulate by the emperor Trajan, in the year 100, when he was 38 years of age. In this office he pronounced that celebrated panegyric on Trajan, which has ever since been

admired, as well for the copiousness of the topics as the elegance of address. It has always been considered as a master-piece of composition and eloquence. His "Epistles," are written with great politeness and spirit; and abound with interesting anecdotes of many eminent persons.

Pliny died about the year 116.—His manners, notwithstanding the general contagion of the age in which he lived, were pure. His writings breathe a spirit of transcendent goodness and humanity; his only imperfection appears to be, too great a desire that the public and posterity should know how humane and good he was.

POPE, Alexander,—an English poet of the first eminence, was born in London, in the year 1688. His father was a linen-draper, and a distant relation of the earl of Downe. He was taught to read very early, by an aunt; and learned to write without any assistance, by copying printed books. The family being of the Roman catholic religion, he was placed at eight years of age under the care of a priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues together. From the disadvantages he laboured under, in point of tuition, he may be properly said to be one of those who are self-taught.

He early discovered an inclination to versify; and, at fifteen, he had scribbled a great deal of poetry of various kinds. Though, at first, he was a little intoxicated with the waters of Helicon, he afterwards attained to great sobriety of thought. "I confess," says he, "there was a time, when I was in love with myself; and my first productions were the children of self-love and of innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes; and I thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. But these delightful visions are vanished forever."

In 1704, he published his "Pastorals," which first introduced him to the wits of that period. His "Essay on Criticism" appeared in 1708. Of this work Dr. Johnson observes, that if he had written nothing else, it would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets; as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition; selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression. In 1712, he published "The Rape of the Lock." This is the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions. The creative power of imagination, which properly constitutes a poet, is, perhaps, more evident in this poem, than in all his other works put together. In 1715, he produced his "Iliad;" a translation of eminent merit. It is not the work of a mere scholar or versifier: it is the performance of a poet. This version is so exquisitely harmonious, that it may be said to have tuned the English tongue. In the year 1728, his "Dunciad" appeared. As a work of wit and ingenious satire, it has few equals. Without approving the petulance and malignity of the design, it may be said, that the vigour of intellect, and the fertility of fancy, which it displays, are equally admirable. In 1733, he published his "Essay on Man." Whatever objections may be made to this work, as an *ethical system*, the reader

will find it a store-house of great and generous sentiments: he will seldom rise from the perusal of it, without feeling his mind animated with the love of virtue; and improved in benevolence towards his fellow-creatures, and piety towards his Creator.

Pope was the author of many other poems, which cannot be enumerated in this sketch.—In 1753, he found his constitution much impaired; and he declined gradually till his death, which happened in the 57th year of his age.

PRIOR, Matthew,—an eminent English poet, was born in London, in 1664. His father died whilst he was very young; and an uncle, who was a vintner, gave him some education at Westminster school; and afterwards took him home, to train him to his own occupation. Young Prior, however, at his leisure hours, prosecuted the study of the classics, and especially of his favourite Horace. This introduced him to some polite company, who frequented his uncle's house. The earl of Dorset took particular notice of him; and procured his being sent to Cambridge, where he became a fellow of St. John's College. He was brought to court by the earl of Dorset. He served as secretary to several embassies; and in 1697 he was made secretary of state for Ireland. In 1700 he was appointed one of the lords commissioners of trade and plantations; and in 1711, he was sent minister plenipotentiary to France, to negotiate a peace with that kingdom. Amidst his various public employments, he found time to indulge his poetical talents; and published many pieces, which have been much read and applauded. As a poet, he holds a high rank for elegance and correctness. His *Alma* has many admirers. Of this poem, Pope said, that he could wish to have been the author. "The paraphrase on St. Paul's Exhortation to Charity," Dr. Johnson says, "is eminently beautiful."

Prior spent the latter years of his life in tranquillity and retirement, and died in the year 1721.

ROBERTSON, William,—a celebrated historian, was born in Scotland, in 1721. When his studies at the university of Edinburgh, were completed, he was licensed to preach; and, in 1743, two years afterwards, was presented to the living of Gladsmuir, in East Lothian. The income was inconsiderable, not exceeding one hundred pounds a year: but the preferment came to him at a time singularly favourable; for soon afterwards both his parents died, leaving a family of six daughters and a younger son, in such circumstances as required every aid which his slender fund enabled him to bestow. Undeterred by the magnitude of a charge, which must have appeared fatal to the prospects that had hitherto animated his studies, he resolved to sacrifice to a sacred duty all personal considerations; and, accordingly, he invited his father's family to Gladsmuir, and continued to educate his sisters under his own roof, till they were settled respectably in the world. This conduct bears the most honourable testimony to the generosity of his dispositions, and to the warmth of his affections.

In 1759, he published his "History of Scotland." This work was received by the world with applause so unbounded, that, before the



end of a month from its publication, he was desired by his bookseller to prepare for a second edition. In 1769, appeared his "History of Charles the Fifth," and in 1777, the "History of America." It would be difficult to speak of these works, in higher terms of praise, than they deserve. With respect to selection of materials, impartiality, arrangement, language, and interesting representation, they scarcely have any equal in historical composition.

In 1789, he produced "An Historical Disquisition concerning Ancient India." This work, which he performed in twelve months, exhibits, in every part, a diligence in research, a soundness of judgment, and a perspicuity of method, little, if at all, inferior to those which distinguish his other performances.

He was principal of the university of Edinburgh, historiographer for Scotland, and one of the king's chaplains for that country. He died in 1793.

**ROLLIN, Charles**,—A Frenchman, celebrated for eloquence, and skill in the belles lettres, was the son of a cutler at Paris, and born there in 1661. He early distinguished himself by parts and application, and easily obtained the first rank among his fellow students. In 1688, he became professor of eloquence, in the royal college; and no man ever exercised its functions with greater eclat. In 1694, he was chosen rector of the university of Paris. Here he made many useful regulations. He substituted academical exercises in the place of tragedies, and promoted among the students a greater attention to the Holy Scriptures. He was indefatigable in business, and educated a very great number of persons who did honour to the various departments of the state.

By the intrigues of ill-disposed persons, he was deprived of his office in the university. But whatever that seminary might suffer from the removal of Rollin, the public was a gainer: for he then applied himself to compose his treatise upon the "Manner of Studying and Teaching the Belles Lettres," which was published in 1726. This work has been much esteemed, and exceedingly successful. In 1738, appeared his "Ancient History." Of this publication Voltaire says, "It is the best compilation that has yet appeared in any language." He published soon afterwards his "Roman History." This performance was not so successful as his "Ancient History." It is, indeed, rather a moral and historical discourse, than a formal history. The reader will, however, find it replete with instruction.

This excellent person died in 1741.—He was a man of an admirable composition, very ingenious, consummate in polite learning, of rigid morals, and eminently pious. In all respects, except a little zeal of a superstitious nature, he was a very estimable and irreproachable character. We find in his works, generous and exalted sentiments; a zeal for the good of society; a love of virtue; a veneration for Providence; and, in short, every thing, though on profane subjects, sanctified with a spirit truly religious.

**SALLUSTIUS, Caius Crispus**,—a Latin historian, was born in Italy, 85 years before the Christian era. He was an excellent writer. Of his numerous works, nothing remains but his "History of Cata-



line's Conspiracy," and of the "Jugurthine Wars," with a few orations. No man has inveighed more sharply against the vices of his age than this historian: yet few persons had less pretensions to virtue than Sallust. On this occasion, it may be observed, that virtue derives some sanction from the praises of vicious men, whose reason forces them to approve what their passions will not suffer them to practise.

SCOTT, John,—an English poet, was born in the year 1730. In 1760, he published four "Elegies, descriptive and moral," which obtained the approbation of Dr. Young, and of several other eminent characters. When the author of the "Night Thoughts" received a copy of the "Elegies" from his bookseller, he returned his acknowledgment in these words, "I thank you for your present. I admire the poetry and piety of the author; and shall do myself the credit to recommend it to all my friends." In 1782, he published a volume of poems; besides which he wrote some ingenious essays, in fugitive miscellanies. His "Amwell" is an easy and melodious descriptive poem; and the "Critical Essays" possess a considerable degree of merit. His muse was singularly chaste and delicate. He was a man of great benevolence; and a zealous advocate for the poor and distressed. His charity was not limited to speculative benevolence; for he searched out, and relieved, the objects who stood in need of his bounty and consolation. He died in 1783.

SEED, Jeremiah,—an English divine, was born at Clifton, near Penrith, in Cumberland. He had his school education at Lowther; and his academical, at Queen's College, in Oxford, of which society he was chosen fellow, in 1732. The greater part of his life was spent at Twickenham, where he was assistant or curate to Dr. Waterland. He published two volumes of excellent "Discourses on several important subjects." He died in 1747. Seed was exemplary in his morals: he had an able head, and a most excellent heart.

SMART, Christopher,—a poet of some celebrity, was born in Kent, in 1722. He was one of those boys, whose minds display more early vigour than their bodies. He soon discovered a taste for poetry, which was encouraged and cultivated. At seventeen, he was removed from school to Pembroke-Hall, at Cambridge.

The slender means of support which he possessed, were ill adapted to his constant temptation to mix with a variety of company, which the admiration of his talents, his classical attainments, and his vivacity, produced. At college, therefore, he drew upon himself embarrassments which oppressed him during life. In 1753, he married and settled in London, having determined to subsist by his powers as an author. But this mode of life neither augmented his personal importance, nor the credit of his productions. As he was never sufficiently delicate in his person, his taste, or his acquaintance, he lost his dignity, his time, and his peace of mind. Yet, at one period, he enjoyed the familiar acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, Dr. James, Dr. Hawkesworth, Dr. Goldsmith, and most of the persons in London, who were then celebrated for genius or learning.

Though his constitution, as well as his fortune, required the utmost care, he was equally negligent of both: and his various repeated embarrassments, acting upon an imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind; which, at last, became so violent and continued, as to render confinement necessary. At length, after suffering the accumulated miseries of poverty, disease, and insanity, he died of a disorder in his liver, in 1771, in the 49th year of his age.

His writings consist of Prize Poems, Odes, Sonnets, Fables, Latin and English Translations, &c. His fine poems on the Divine Attributes, are written with the sublimest energies of religion, and the true enthusiasm of poetry. In composing them, he was frequently so impressed with sentiments of devotion as to write particular passages on his knees. The character of Smart was strongly varied by excellencies and failings. He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess; so much so, as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmost want himself. His chief fault, from which most of his other faults proceeded, was his deviation from the rules of sobriety; of which the early use of cordials, in the infirm state of his childhood and youth, might, perhaps, be one cause, and is the only extenuation.

THOMSON, James,—an excellent British poet, was born in the shire of Roxburgh, in the year 1700. From the school of Jedburgh, where he was taught the common rudiments of learning, he was removed to the university of Edinburgh. But at neither of these seminaries was he distinguished by any remarkable superiority of parts. He was educated with a view to the ministry; but his genius strongly inclining him to the study of poetry, he chose to relinquish his intention of engaging in the sacred function.

In 1726, he published his excellent poem on Winter. Though it was not, at first, eagerly received by the readers of poetry, it soon met with great applause: and Thomson's acquaintance was courted by persons of the first taste and fashion. The expectations which his Winter had raised, were fully satisfied, by the successive publications of the other seasons; of Summer, in the year 1727 of Spring, in the following year; and of Autumn, in 1730.

Soon after these works had appeared, he travelled with the honourable Charles Talbot, and visited most of the courts of Europe. He returned to England with his views greatly enlarged; not only of exterior nature, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, and of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations had been, we see in his poem on Liberty, which was begun a short time after he returned from his travels. In this poem we have the master-pieces of ancient and modern art, placed in a stronger light than many visitors can see them with their own eyes.

He composed and produced several dramatic performances, most of which met with public approbation. The last piece that he lived to publish, was "The Castle of Indolence." It was many years unde-

his hands, and finished, at last, with great accuracy. It is, perhaps, the most perfect of all his compositions. It is embellished with all the decorations which poetical imagination could confer. The plan is artfully laid, and naturally conducted, and the descriptions rise in a beautiful succession.

In the summer of 1743, he was seized with a fever, which soon put a period to his life.

Thomson was an amiable and good man. His love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine brightly in his writings. He possessed great benevolence of heart, which extended even to the brute creation. Through his whole life, he was not known to give any person a moment's pain, either by his writings or otherwise. These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail to receive their due reward. The best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection; the favour and applause of the public attended him; his friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and sincerely lamented his death.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind,—his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. He thinks always as a man of genius: he looks round on nature, and on life, with the eye which nature only bestows on a poet, the eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained; and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the "Seasons" wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he had never felt what Thomson impresses.

WATTS, Dr. Isaac,—a learned and eminent dissenting minister, was born at Southampton, in 1674, of parents remarkable for piety and virtue. From his infancy, he discovered a strong propensity to learning; and was early distinguished for the sprightliness of his wit; which, even in the years of younger life, was regulated by a deep sense of religion. At the school at Southampton, he was taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and in 1690 was sent to an academy in London, to complete his education. His tutor declared that during the whole time of his tuition at this academy, he was not only so inoffensive as never to give occasion for reproof; but so exemplary, that he often proposed him as a pattern to his other pupils.

In 1696, he was invited by Sir John Hartopp, to reside in his family at Stoke Newington, as tutor to his son. Here he continued about four years; and acquitted himself with fidelity and reputation. Believing it to be his duty, he determined to devote his life to the pastoral office, of the importance of which he had a deep sense upon his mind. He began to preach on his birth-day 1698, when he had completed his 24th year; and he met with general acceptance.

In 1712, he had a severe fever, which, by its violence and continuance, reduced him so much that he never perfectly recovered. The languishing state of his health drew upon him the attention of



Thomas Abney, who received him into his house ; where, with constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-six years, with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. From the time of his reception in this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive labours for the good of mankind ; the number and variety of which show the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity. In 1728, the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, without his knowledge, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

His writings are so numerous, that in this sketch, we cannot even give a list of them. They were collected and published in 1754, in 6 volumes quarto. His *Lyric Poems*, his *Psalms and Hymns*, and his *Divine Songs for Children*, are a sufficient proof of his poetical talents. They have had an amazing number of editions. His treatise on *Logic*, a masterly performance, has been long used in the most distinguished seminaries. His "*Improvement of the Mind*" is an excellent work, which may be recommended to all young persons.

This worthy and exemplary man became, towards the end of his days, so infirm that he was confined to his chamber and his bed, where he was worn gradually away, without pain, till he expired in the 75th year of his age.

Watts's intellectual and moral accomplishments are universally allowed to have been, in the highest degree, respectable and amiable. His acquaintance with the most celebrated writers, both ancient and modern, enriched his mind with a large and uncommon store of just sentiments, and useful knowledge of various kinds. As a Christian, he was eminent for pure and undissembled piety, humility, candour and charity. He maintained a free and friendly correspondence with Christians of different parties and denominations. He engaged in controversy with a pacific view, to heal and reconcile disputes among Christians, rather than to make proselytes to any party ; and he wrote with such a spirit of meekness and love, as is truly instructive and exemplary. His singular patience, and pious resignation to the will of God, in seasons of affliction, eminently denoted the true Christian.

WILKIE, William,—a Scottish poet, was born in the year 1721. He received his early education at the parish school of Dalmeny, under the care of a very respectable and successful teacher. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in the different classes of languages, philosophy, and theology ; and formed many of those friendships and connexions which afforded him much happiness through life. In 1757 he published his "*Epigoniad*," a poem in nine books. Hume characterized this work, "as one of the ornaments of our language." His "*Fables*" were produced in 1768. Previous to this publication, the university of St. Andrews conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was fond of agriculture, and remarkable for his knowledge of its different branches. After a lingering indis-



position, he died at St. Andrews, in 1772, in the 51st year of his age.

Wilkie was very attentive to the duties of religion. He employed a considerable portion of his time in reading the Holy Scriptures; and he regularly kept up the worship of God in his family. In every situation of life he was kind to persons in distress, and very liberal in his private charity.

As a poet, his compositions are not less distinguished by imagination and judgment, than his manners were remarkable for eccentricity and originality. His "Epigoniad," if he had written nothing else, is sufficient to entitle him to an honourable rank amongst British poets. His "Fables" discover an ingenious and acute turn of mind, and a thorough knowledge of the nature and manners of men; but they are not recommended by a great degree of poetical spirit. If Wilkie's Fables do not possess the ease of Gay, the elegance of Moore, or the humour and poignancy of Smart, they have the merit of an artless and easy versification; of just observation; and even, occasionally, of deep reasoning; and they abound in strokes of a pathetic simplicity.

YOUNG, Edward,—was the son of a clergyman of the same name, and was born in 1681. At a proper age, he was matriculated of All-Souls College, Oxford, being designed for the civil law, in which profession he took a degree. In 1704, he published his poem called "The Last Day," which was soon followed by "The Force of Religion," or "Vanquished Love." These productions were highly approved; and procured him many respectable friends. He was intimate with Addison, for whose "Spectator" he wrote many papers. The turn of his mind inclining him towards the church, he entered into orders, was made chaplain to the king, and obtained the rectory of Welwyn, worth about 500*l.* per annum, but he never rose to higher preferment, though it was long the object of his solicitude.

When he was pretty far advanced in life he married lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the earl of Litchfield. This lady was a widow, and had an amiable son and daughter, both of whom died young. What he felt for their loss, as well as for that of his wife, is finely expressed in his "Night Thoughts;" in which the young lady is characterized under the name of Narcissa; her brother, by that of Philander; and his wife, though nameless, is frequently mentioned.

His satires called "Love of Fame the Universal Passion," have always been much esteemed. His "Complaint," or "Night Thoughts," exhibit him as a moral and deeply serious poet, and are his principal performance. For this grand and rich mass of solemn poetry, he has received unbounded applause. As an Essayist, his "Centaur not Fabulous," and his "Conjectures on Original Composition," are his most considerable productions. This last mentioned work, he published when he was more than eighty years of age.

He died in 1765, very much regretted both here and in foreign countries

Dr. Young's turn of mind was naturally solemn. When at home in the country, he usually spent many hours of the day, walking in his own church yard among the tombs. His conversation and his writings mostly have some reference to a future life: and this serious disposition mixed itself even with his improvements in gardening. He had the representation of an alcove and a seat, so well painted, that at a distance, it had the complete appearance of reality. On approaching it, the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared, *Invisibilia non decipiunt*, "The things unseen do not deceive us." He was, however, fond of innocent sports and amusements; and often promoted the cheerfulness of his company. His wit was generally poignant, and was often levelled against those who testified any contempt for decency or religion. It may be truly said, that he filled his post with great dignity.

THE END.









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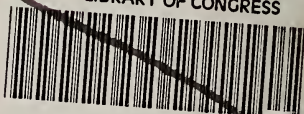


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